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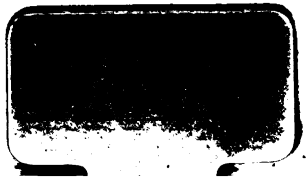

THE

Churchman's Monthly Companion.

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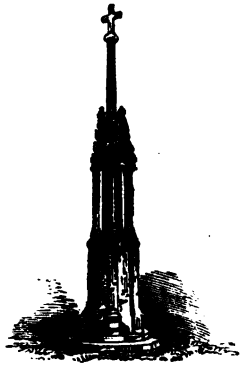

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ON RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Religion cannot be preserved without forms.

The want of religion in the generality of the common people, does not appear owing to a disbelief or denial of it, but chiefly to thoughtlessness and the common temptations of life. The chief business, therefore, of the Clergy is, to endeavour to beget a practical sense of it in their hearts, as what they acknowledge their belief of, and profess that they ought to conform themselves to. And this is to be done by keeping up, as well as we are able, the form and face of religion with decency and reverence, and in such a degree, as to bring the thoughts of religion often to their minds; and then endeavouring to make this form more and more subservient to promote the reality and power of it. The form of religion may indeed be, where there is little of the thing itself; but the thing itself cannot be preserved amongst mankind without the form: and this form, frequently occurring in some instance or other of it, will be a frequent admonition to bad men to repent, and to good men to grow better; and also be the means of their doing so.

How the forms of religion have been, and are, kept up in other countries.

That which men have accounted religion in the several countries of the world, generally speaking, has had a great and conspicuous part in all public appearances, and the face of it been kept up with great reverence throughout all ranks, from the highest to the lowest; not only upon occasional solemnities, but also in the daily course of behaviour. In the heathen world, their superstition was the chief subject of statuary, sculpture, painting, and poetry: it mixed itself with business, civil forms, diversions, domestic entertainments, and every part of common life. The Mahometans are obliged to short devotions five times between morning and evening. In Roman Catholic countries, people cannot pass a day without having religion recalled to their thoughts by some or other memorial of it; by some ceremony, or public religious form, occurring in their way; besides their frequent holidays, the short prayers they are daily called to, and the occasional devotions enjoined by confessors. By these means their superstition sinks deep into the minds of the people, and their religion also into the minds of such among them as are serious and well-disposed.

The conduct of our reformers in abridging ceremonies.

Our reformers, considering that some of these observances were in themselves wrong and superstitious, and others of them made subservient to the purposes of superstition, abolished them, reduced the form of religion to great simplicity, and enjoined no more particular rules, nor left any thing more of what was external in religion, than was in a manner necessary, to preserve a sense of religion itself upon the minds of the people. But a great part of this is neglected by the generality amongst us; for instance, the service of the Church, not only upon common

days, but also upon saints' days; and in several other things that might be mentioned. Thus they have no customary admonition, no public call to recollect the thoughts of God and religion from one Sunday to another.

The state of things under the Law was far otherwise.

"These words," says Moses to the children of Israel, "which I command thee, shall be in thy heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." And as they were commanded this, so it is obvious how much the constitution of that law was adapted to effect it, and keep religion ever in view. And without somewhat of this nature, piety will ever grow languid even among the better sort of men, and the worst will go on quietly in an abandoned course, with fewer interruptions from within than they would have, were religious reflections forced oftener upon their minds; and consequently with less probability of their amendment.—Indeed, in most ages of the Church, the care of reasonable men has been (as there has been for the most part occasion) to draw the people off from laying too great weight upon external things, upon formal acts of piety. But the state of matters is quite changed now with us. *These things are neglected to a degree, which is and cannot but be attended with a decay of all that is good.* It is highly seasonable now to instruct the people in the importance of external religion. — *Bishop Butler.* (A. D. 1751.)

"AND THEN?" ——

A story is told of a very good and pious man, whom the Church of Rome has enrolled among her saints on account of his great holiness. He was

living at one of the Italian Universities; when a young man, whom he had known as a boy, ran up to him with a face full of delight, and told him that what he had long been wishing above all things in the world was at length fulfilled, his parents having just given him leave to study the law; and that thereupon he had come to the law-school at this University, on account of its great fame, and meant to spare no pains or labour in getting through his studies as quickly and as well as possible. In this way he ran on a long time; and when at last he came to a stop, the holy man, who had been listening to him with great patience and kindness, said, "*Well! and when you have got through your course of studies, what do you mean to do then?*"

"*Then I shall take my doctor's degree,*" answered the young man.

"*And then?*" asked St. Filippo Neri again.

"*And then,*" continued the youth, "*I shall have a number of difficult and knotty cases to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation.*"

"*And then?*" repeated the holy man.

"*And then . . . .*" replied the youth; "*why then, there can't be a question, I shall be promoted to some high office or other: besides, I shall make money, and grow rich.*"

"*And then?*" repeated St. Filippo.

"*And then,*" pursued the young lawyer, ... "*then I shall live comfortably and honorably, in health and dignity, and shall be able to look forward quietly to a happy old age.*"

"*And then?*" asked the holy man.

"*And then,*" said the youth, "*and then . . . . and then . . . . then I shall die.*"

Here St. Filippo lifted up his voice, and again asked, "*And then?*" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head, and went

away. This last "*And then?*" had pierced like a flash of lightning into his soul, and he could not get quit of it. Soon after he forsook the study of the law, and gave himself up to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works.

My brethren, the question which St. Filippo Neri put to the young lawyer, I would put to all of you. I would urge you to put it frequently to yourselves.

(*From Archdeacon's Hare's Sermons.*)

THE RESURRECTION.

"Christ, though He be risen only, yet He is not risen wholly, till we be risen too."—*St. Bernard.*

Though Thou, O Lord, hast risen alone,
Thou art not wholly risen;
For still Thy captive members groan
In this their earthly prison.

Then, O ye members of the Lord,
To Him, your sacred Head,
United by love's holy cord,
Awake ye from the dead!

Awake, awake! that Christ may rise
Again, ye saints, in you;
And raise to glory in the skies
His mystic body too!

WHAT WOULD A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN THINK OF AN ENGLISH SACRAMENT SUNDAY?

What would have been the feelings of an Apostle, or of any *faithful* Christian of the first ages, if he had been enabled to *see* prophetically the conduct of English Christians of this age, with respect to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

To make out what his feelings would have been, let us first consider what his own conduct was, and what

were his own personal feelings, with respect to the Supper of his Lord. He believed that that Christ, who had redeemed him by His blood from the power of sin and Satan to the hope of heaven and immortality —who had *regenerated* him by the Spirit in baptism, and whose promised *coming again* was the earnest hope of his life—he believed, I say, that that Christ had appointed a Sacrament, in which the consecrated bread and wine were to represent, and to all intents and purposes to be, His Body and His Blood. He knew that the whole Church believed with him, that the Body and Blood of Christ (thus presented to Christian men, in the second great Sacrament of the Catholic Church) was the food of immortality to all who partook of it in faith; the food that was to repair and restore the decays and losses, that each day's weakness or sinfulness occasioned: that unless a man ate this Flesh of Christ, and drank this Blood, he could have no life in him: that this therefore was "that bread that came down from heaven," compared with which the *manna* which God's people ate in the wilderness—miraculous as its supply was—did not deserve to be mentioned. *No day* passed away, in which he had not partaken of this holy Sacrament: had not shown forth, in this appointed way, his belief and trust in the Lord's death. Every day the recollection of his Lord's death, and of his absolute dependence upon that Lord, were brought back by this visible service to his mind; and the hope of his Lord's return renewed within his heart. What then, as I before asked, would be his feelings, when he was enabled to see, in some prophetic vision, the conduct of the English Church, after eighteen hundred years should have passed away; after Jerusalem had been lying desolate for nearly that space of time, and the unconverted, impenitent Israelites scattered amongst every nation of the world, a standing monument of Christ's wrath against all who would not receive Him as their Mes-

siah? He would see this Holy Sacrament celebrated —not every day, but often *four* times a year:—very seldom—in very, very few places—more than once a month! But not only this:—he would see that thousands and thousands of baptized Christians never partook of this sacrament:—when the celebration of it was about to begin, he would see the greater part of the congregation leaving the Church!! "Alas!" he would say, "are these under the curse of the Church's displeasure? are so many *cut off* from the right of partaking of the Body and Blood of their Saviour?—What a view does this present of the sinfulness of the age! for it is not in *one* congregation only, that this large number appears to be under sentence of exclusion from the Sacrament, but in every congregation, in every part of the land: in small hamlets, and in large and wealthy towns." I pass over, as not belonging to my present subject, much that would shock him in the look and order of that body of *spectators*, as he would think, mere *lookers-on*, and not WORSHIPPERS; men that neither knelt, nor answered *Amen*, nor took any share in the congregation's part of the service:—but to go on with his feelings, when he saw the *majority*, perhaps the large majority, of the congregation pouring out of the Church before the celebration of the Sacrament. His first notion, as I said, would be, that they were persons under the Church's censure; *cut off* for a time from the privilege of partaking of the Holy Sacrament. Still he would be *puzzled*. "How is it," he would ask himself, "that these persons were allowed to join in the previous service of the Church so freely? There was nothing in the manner in which they were placed; nothing in the manner or looks of others towards them, and assuredly nothing in *their own* manner or looks, to show that they were *performing penance*: there was no particular *allusion* to them, no *personal address* or *exhortation* to them in the service: they sat promiscuously, just appa-

rently as it happened, with others: they were not *placed together:* there was nothing in the language or form of the service, which conveyed any notion that they were persons *suing penitently* for restoration to their Church privileges; and there was nothing of sorrowful desire, nothing of visible contrition, nothing of deep humiliation in their own looks. And still stranger is their behaviour, if I follow them on their road from the church. Does any particle of *contrite feeling* show itself in their manner? They are greeting one another, and chatting cheerfully about indifferent things. There is one man, indeed, whose clouded brow holds out some promise, and who does appear to have some deep feeling: yet, alas! even that seems a feeling, not of sorrow and anxiety for himself, but of indignation against his appointed minister, for he is remarking, in the tone of contemptuous pity, that he does not preach the Gospel!"

Alas! alas! when this Christian of old times was informed, that the vision indeed was *true*, but that his first interpretation was *quite erroneous;* that this crowd which streamed from the Church, were not *cut off* from the Sacrament by Church censures, but had voluntarily *cut themselves off;* that they were *pledged soldiers and servants of Christ* thus refusing to show forth their *faith* in their Lord's death; that *many of them* had *never yet* ONCE eaten the Flesh and drunk the Blood of their crucified Lord, and yet freely mixed with their brethren every where, with no *shame:* talked about the Church, criticized preachers and doctrines, and so on—what *would*, I ask, be the *surprise*, the *grief*, the *horrour*, the righteous INDIGNATION of the holy man! With how sad a feeling would he think of his Lord's touching question: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he *find faith* on the earth?" He would believe that *Antichrist* was let loose; and that the spirit of Antichrist was working deeply and fatally in every Christian congregation!

And this belief would assuredly be right. There *is* a *spirit deeply and fatally opposed to Christian holiness and Christian truth*, wherever the Holy Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood is despised, either by *neglect*, or by *irreverent, fearless participation*.

ANECDOTES OF ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER BALL.

In a large party in the island of Malta, of which Sir Alexander Ball was then the governor, I had observed a naval officer of distinguished merit listening to his words, whenever he joined in the conversation, with so marked a pleasure, that it seemed as if his very voice had been delightful to him: and once, as he fixed his eyes on him, I could not but notice the mixed expression of awe and affection, which gave a more than common interest to so manly a countenance. During his stay in the island, this officer honoured me not unfrequently with his visits; and at the conclusion of my last conversation with him (in which I had dwelt on the wisdom of the governor's conduct on a late and difficult occasion), he told me that he considered himself as indebted to the same excellent person for that which was dearer to him than his life. "Sir Alexander Ball," said he, "has, I dare say, forgotten the circumstance; but when he was Lieutenant Ball, he was the officer whom I accompanied in my first boat-expedition, being then a midshipman, and only in my fourteenth year. As we were rowing up to the vessel which we were to attack, amid a discharge of musquetry, I was overpowered by fear, my knees trembled under me, and I seemed on the point of fainting away. Lieutenant Ball, who saw the condition I was in, placed himself close beside me, and still keeping his countenance directed towards the enemy, took hold of my hand, and pressing it in the most friendly manner, said in a low voice, 'Courage,

my dear boy! don't be afraid of yourself! you will recover in a minute or so: I was just the same, when I first went out in this way.' "Sir," added the officer to me, "it was as if an angel had put a new soul into me. With the feeling that I was not yet dishonoured, the whole burden of agony was removed; and from that moment I was as fearless and forward as the oldest of the boat's crew; and on our return the lieutenant spoke highly of me to our captain. I am scarcely less convinced of my own being, than that I should have been what I tremble to think of, if, instead of his humane encouragement, he had at that moment scoffed, threatened, or reviled me. And this was the more kind in him, because, as I afterwards understood, his own conduct in his first trial had evinced to all appearances the greatest fearlessness, and that he said this therefore only to give me heart, and restore me to my own good opinion."

II.

Shortly after the general peace was established, Captain Ball, who was now a married man, passed some time with his lady in France, and, if I mistake not, at Nantz. At the same time, and in the same town, among the other English visitors, Lord (then Captain) Nelson happened to be one. In consequence of some punctilio, as to whose business it was to pay the compliment of the first call, they never met; and this trifling affair occasioned a coldness between the two naval commanders, or, in truth, a mutual prejudice against each other. Some years after, both their ships being together close off Minorca, and near Port Mahon, a violent storm nearly disabled Lord Nelson's vessel; and in addition to the fury of the wind, it was night-time, and the thickest darkness. Captain Ball, however, brought his vessel at length to Nelson's assistance, took his ship in tow, and used his best endeavours to bring her and his own vessel into Port Mahon. The diffi-

culties and the dangers increased. Nelson considered the case of his own ship as desperate, and that unless she was immediately left to her own fate, both vessels would inevitably be lost. He, therefore, with the generosity natural to him, repeatedly requested Captain Ball to let him loose; and on Captain Ball's refusal, he became impetuous, and enforced his demand with passionate threats. Captain Ball then himself took the speaking-trumpet, which the fury of the wind and waves rendered necessary, and with great solemnity, and without the least disturbance of temper, called out in reply, "I feel confident that I can bring you in safe; I therefore must not, and, by the help of Almighty God, I will not leave you!" What he promised he performed; and after they were safely anchored, Nelson came on board of Ball's ship, and embracing him with the ardour of acknowledgement, exclaimed, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed!" At this time, and on this occasion, commenced that firm and perfect friendship between these two great men, which was interrupted only by the death of the former.

III.

The two men whom Lord Nelson especially honoured were Sir Thomas Troubridge and Sir Alexander Ball; and once, when they were both present, on some allusion made to the loss of his arm, he replied, "Who shall dare tell me that I want an arm when I have three right arms; this (putting forward his own), and Ball and Troubridge?" In the plan of the battle of the Nile, it was Lord Nelson's design that Captains Troubridge and Ball should have led up the attack. The former was stranded; and the latter, by accident of the wind, could not bring his ship into the line of battle till some time after the engagement had become general. With his characteristic forecast and activity of (what may not improperly be called) practical imagination, he had made ar-

rangements to meet every probable contingency. All the shrouds and sails of the ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders of wood: every sailor had his appropriate place and duty, and a certain number were appointed as the fire-men, whose sole business it was to be on the watch if any part of the vessel should take fire; and to these men exclusively the charge of extinguishing it was committed. It was already dark when he brought his ship into action, and laid her alongside l'Orient. One particular only I shall add to the known account of the famous engagement between these ships, and this I received from Sir Alexander Ball himself. He had previously made a combustible preparation, but which, from the nature of the engagement to be expected, he had purposed to reserve for the last emergency. But just at the time when, from several symptoms, he had every reason to believe that the enemy would soon strike to him, one of the lieutenants, without his knowledge, threw in the combustible matter; and this it was that occasioned the tremendous explosion of that vessel, which, with the deep silence and interruption of the engagement which succeeded to it, has been justly deemed the sublimest war-incident recorded in history. Yet the incident which followed, and which has not, I believe, been publicly made known, is scarcely less impressive, though its sublimity is of a different character. At the renewal of the battle, Captain Ball, though his ship was then on fire in three different parts, laid her alongside a French eighty-four; and a second longer and obstinate contest began. The firing on the part of the French ship having at length for some time slackened, and then altogether ceased, and yet no sign given of surrender, the senior lieutenant came to Captain Ball, and informed him, that the hearts of his men were as good as ever, but that

they were so completely exhausted, that they were scarcely capable of lifting an arm. He asked, therefore, whether, as the enemy had now ceased firing, the men might be permitted to lie down by their guns for a short time. After some reflection, Sir Alexander agreed to the proposal, taking of course the proper precautions to rouse them again the moment he thought requisite. Accordingly, with the exception of himself, his officers, and the appointed watch, the ship's crew lay down, each in the place to which he was stationed, and slept for twenty minutes. They were then roused; and started up, as Sir Alexander expressed it, more like men out of an ambush than from sleep; so at a moment did they all obey the summons! They re-commenced their fire, and in a few minutes the enemy surrendered; and it was soon after discovered, that during that interval, and almost immediately after the French ship had ceased firing, the crew had sunk down by their guns, and there slept, almost by the side, as it were, of their sleeping enemy.

IV.

[The following anecdote belongs to the time when the French were besieged in Vallette by the English and Maltese.]

At the dire command of famine, the Maltese troops did indeed once force their way to the ovens in which the bread for the British soldiers was baked, and were clamorous that an equal division should be made. Sir Alexander was sitting at table with the principal British officers, when a certain general addressed him in strong and violent terms concerning the outrage of the Maltese, reminding him of the necessity of exerting his commanding influence in the present case, or the consequences must be fatal. "What," replied Sir Alexander Ball, "would you have us do? Would you have us threaten death to men dying with famine? Can you suppose that the

hazard of being shot will weigh with whole regiments acting under a common necessity? Does not the extremity of hunger take away all difference between men and animals? and is it not as absurd to appeal to the prudence of a body of men starving, as to a herd of famished wolves? No, general, I will not degrade myself or outrage humanity by menacing famine with massacre! More effectual means must be taken." With these words he arose and left the room, and having first consulted with Sir Thomas Troubridge, he determined, at his own risk, on a step which the extreme necessity warranted, and which the conduct of the court of Naples amply justified. For this court, though terror-stricken by the French, was still actuated by hatred to the English, and a jealousy of their power in the Mediterranean; and this in so strange and senseless a manner, that we must join the extremes of weakness and treachery in the same cabinet, in order to find it comprehensible. Though the very existence of Naples and Sicily, as a nation, depended wholly and exclusively on British support; though the royal family owed their personal safety to the British fleet; though not only their dominions and their rank, but the liberty, and even the lives of Ferdinand and his family were interwoven with our success; yet, with an infatuation scarcely credible, the most affecting representations of the distress of the besiegers, and of the utter insecurity of Sicily if the French remained possessors of Malta, were treated with neglect; and the urgent remonstrances for the permission of importing corn from Messina, were answered only by savage edicts against it. Sir Alexander Ball sent for his senior lieutenant, and gave him orders to proceed immediately to the port of Messina, and there to seize and bring with him to Malta the ships laden with corn, of the number of which Sir Alexander had received accurate information. These orders were executed without delay, to the great delight and profit of the

ship-owners and proprietors: the necessity of raising the siege was removed; and the author of the measure waited in calmness for the consequences that might result to himself personally. But not a complaint, not a murmur proceeded from the court of Naples. The sole result was, that the governor of Malta became an especial object of its hatred, its fear, and its respect.—*Coleridge: altered here and there.*

"High prices and plenty," says Adam Smith, "are prosperity; low prices and scarcity are misery."

"It is to no purpose," said Dr. Johnson, "to tell me that eggs are a penny the dozen in the Highlands; that is not because eggs are many, but because pence are few."

THE NORMAN BOY.

High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,
From home and company remote and every playful joy,
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman boy.

Him never saw I, nor the spot, but from an English Dame,
Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered child
Whom, one bleak winter's day, she met upon the dreary Wild.

His flock, along the woodland's edge, with relics sprinkled o'er
Of last night's snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of more,
Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their feed;
And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious heed.

There *was* he, where of branches rent and withered and decayed,
For covertf rom the keen north wind, his hands a hut had made;
A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be
A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he.

The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked aught
That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had wrought
Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers nice,
To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice.

That Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power and best
For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest
In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and wide,
The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must hide.

That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true
And faithful service of his heart, in the worst that might ensue
Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste
Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was placed.

—— Here, Lady! might I cease; but nay, let *us*, before we part
With this dear holy Shepherd-boy, breathe a prayer of earnest heart,
That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,
The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing stay.

Wordsworth.

I have heard of a formal old gentleman, who, finding his horse uneasy under the saddle, alighted, and called to his servant in the following manner:— "Tom, take off the saddle which is upon my bay horse, and lay it upon the ground; then take the saddle from thy grey horse, and put it upon my bay horse; lastly, put the other saddle upon thy grey horse." The fellow gaped all the while at this long preachment, and at last cried out, "Lack-a-day, sir, could you not have said at once, *Change the saddles?*" We see how many actions are comprised under those three little words, "*Change the saddles;*" and yet the master, for all his exactness, did not particularize the tenth part of them; lifting up the flap of the saddle, pulling the strap, raising the tongue, drawing out the buckle, taking up the saddle, pulling it towards him, stooping to lay it down, lifting up his body again, and so forth: but had he stayed to enumerate all the steps his man must take in executing his orders, they would not have got home by dinner-time.—(*Tucker's Light of Nature.*)

WHAT IT IS TO REVERENCE GOD'S ORDINANCES.

There are countries, where even English Christians have hardly ever an opportunity of partaking of the rites and sacraments of the Church: and though the *want* of them reduces many whole districts to a state almost of heathenism, yet in some faithful hearts it excites a *longing desire* of them, that conquers all difficulties, when the *rare* opportunity does occur. Of this the Bishop of Nova Scotia once mentioned, in my hearing, a most affecting instance. He was going to hold a confirmation in a certain town. A female, who had not been confirmed, though she was considerably past the time of life at which that ordinance is generally received, anxiously desired to avail herself of this opportunity. Her home was forty miles from the place where the confirmation was to be held; and the only means she had of reaching it was by going in a small open boat, the coast being a very exposed one. She arrived too late: her first enquiry was, where the Bishop was to hold his next confirmation: it was at a town twenty miles further off, the only road to which was a difficult path over mountains, which few in this country would think passable: without any loss of time she set out again; was travelling on that *rough path* all the night, and arrived in time to be confirmed the next day. I need not add, that she received the Bishop's blessing, and the laying on of his hands with *faith and joy*: and will not God's blessing follow her through life, and *increase* that *faith* till it conquers the world?

This was indeed to reverence God's ordinance!—May the Spirit that enabled her thus to show forth her faith be our spirit. Let *us reverence* for Christ's sake every ordinance which is established in his Church; and especially those two blessed ordinances—the Holy Sacraments—that He appointed, and committed to the keeping of the Church as her best treasures!

A BABE IN CHRIST.

Alas! I am a babe in Christ,
And draw but feeble breath,
Unless I have repented of
All works of sin and death.

Alas! I am a babe in Christ,
An infant even now,
Unless I know and act upon
My first baptismal vow.

Alas! I am a babe in Christ,
Unless, with hope and dread,
I know that there will be for all
A rising from the dead.

Unless I know that God will raise
This body from the tomb,
Before its Saviour to appear
For an eternal doom!

Oh! let me not, with faithless heart,
A babe for ever be!
Assist me, Jesus, to become
A perfect man in Thee!

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1. Is a man confident of his present health and strength? Why an unwholesome blast of air, a cold, or a surfeit took by chance, may shake in pieces his hardy fabric; and in spite of all his youth and vigour send him, in the very flower of his years, pining and drooping to his long home. Nay, he cannot, with any assurance, so much as step out of his doors, but, unless God commissions His protecting angel to bear him up in his hands, he may dash his foot against a stone, and fall, and in that fall breathe his last.—*South.*

2. People forget how little it is that they know, and how much less it is that they can do, when they grow confident upon any present state of things.—*South.*

SERMON ON THE SERVICES OF ALL SAINTS' DAY.

HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.

"Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us: looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

The last Saints' day in the year is All-Saints' day; a day in which the Church calls to remembrance all her faithful sons and daughters, who, having run their race of faith with patience, have been removed from earth to the safety and present happiness of Paradise, and to the hope—nay, certain expectation—of their future unutterable glory.

Nothing can be thought of more beautiful, more animating, than the lessons for the day. The first (though from the Apocrypha) is very important, as showing that the Jews, before Christ had fully brought life and immortality to light, did yet entertain a confident persuasion that the souls of the faithful did not die. "The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die; and their departure is taken for misery:"—and so on; ending with the assertion (which is so like the Gospel-truth, that it must have been revealed by prophecy): "They shall judge the nations, and have dominion over the people, and their Lord shall reign for ever." So in the afternoon lesson from the same book: "The righteous live for evermore: their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High. Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's right hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them."

The second lesson of the morning gives us that noble account of the faith of the Jewish believers before the coming of Christ: of those "who through

faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead, raised to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

The Apostle adds: "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect." These, he said, "received not the promise." What promise had they not received? The explanation is this:—'The promise,' means 'the thing promised.' They did not, in their days, receive the promised blessing of the Messiah's appearance: that was reserved (he says) for our days: that better thing was reserved for us, that they might not be made perfect without us.

The Apostle then called upon the Christians he was addressing, to be animated and stirred up by these examples of Jewish faith, which they had not yet come up to. He exhorts them, as if they were men running a race for a prize at one of the great games of those days; where, instead of earthly witnesses or spectators to look on and encourage them, were sitting the hosts, the clouds of witnesses who had run the race and won the prize, themselves, in their days of trial;—those to whom, in the Revelation, white robes are given; and they are bid to rest

yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants also, and their brethren that should be killed, as they were, should be fulfilled, or rather, "should be perfected;" for it is the same word as in our passage. "Wherefore (he says), seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses (that is, spectators) let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us; looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds. Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin."

But the trial came, my brethren, and Christian faith had its triumphs, that equalled and surpassed the triumphs of Jewish faith. More resisted unto blood, than had ever done before: men, women, and children; aged men, weak women, the new-married bride; the mother, called upon to leave her infant first-born for—not death only, but fire, the sword, the axe, the wild beast—nay, and babes, and almost sucklings, glorified God, and astonished the world, and gladdened Angels, by the calmness with which they took a martyr's death. Such triumphs were gained, such crowns of glory were won by an Ignatius—that disciple of St. John, who longed to be food to the savage beasts, to whom he was going to be thrown; to be ground by their teeth, that he might be found pure bread of Christ: by a Polycarp—also a disciple of St. John—who, when called upon to deny Christ, answered, "Fourscore and six years have I served Him, and He never injured me; how then can I blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" and refused to be fastened to the stake; saying, that He who would enable him to endure the flames, would also

enable him, without other help, to stand unmoved in the midst of them. Such were those martyrs of Lyons, who, after insults and tortures innumerable, were slain, and their bones thrown into the Rhone, by men who boasted that they had thus prevented their ever rising again. Such was the youthful Epipodius, who, when struck violently on the mouth by order of an unjust judge, made a good confession of faith in Christ, even whilst his mouth was filled with crushed teeth and blood; and was then tortured, and afterwards dispatched with the sword. Such was Perpetua—a mother with an infant still at the breast, but a Christian mother, who, as such, resisted the prayers of her gray-headed father, and even the silent prayers of her babe's unconscious helplessness; and who, when the deadly axe was badly aimed, cried indeed for pain, but maintained so resolute a spirit, that she was able herself to direct the hand of the unskilful executioner, that he might at once put an end to her misery in this world, and open to her the beginning of happiness in the next! Such was Felicitas, who became a mother in prison, but left her infant in God's hands, and after insult and violence, took her death-blow without uttering a word or a cry. Such was St. Laurence, who was roasted on a slow fire. Such was Nicephorus, who, when his friend denied Christ from fear, exclaimed, "I am a Christian, and I believe in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom that man has denied." Such were the great fathers of the Church, Cyprian, Irenæus, and many more, who sealed their testimony to Christ by their deaths, and passed through that fierce 'baptism by blood' (as they often called it) to the life eternal with Christ!

In this spirit, my brethren, did those whom the Apostle exhorted, and their immediate followers, resist unto blood, when their blood was required: so were *they* perfected, and are clothed in white garments, and rest for a little season, till the number of

their brethren—of all who shall die or suffer for Christ's sake—shall be fulfilled.

The other passages of Holy Scripture, read on All Saints' day, told of the Church Triumphant. We had, in the portion read for the Epistle, the sealing of all God's servants in their forehead, that no hurt might be done to them: the vision granted to the beloved Apostle, of "a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, who stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb." And in the second lesson for the evening, we read the judgement of the great whore (from the Revelation), and the marriage between the Lamb and His wife, arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of Saints.—Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb!

Such were the subjects of Christian thought, the encouragements to Christian practice, which the lessons of that day supplied. It is matter of deep regret, that in Christian England so few attend such services; though those who stay away are to be pitied as well as blamed, not only for the loss they sustain, but also because they have not been trained to attend them and to value them. It is earnestly to be hoped that Churchmen[1] in this country will attend more and more to the festival days appointed by the Church. These days, which contain (besides days appointed for thankful commemoration of the Apostles) a regular commemoration of all the great events of Christ's life on earth, from His birth to His glorious Ascension: a full acknowledgement and profession of the existence of Angels, and their office as ministering spirits; and of the great doctrine of one Com-

[1] Many a Clergyman would gladly have service on the Saints' days, if he could hope to have a congregation.

munion of Saints—of all the saints, whether living or dead, bound up in one holy fellowship, in and through Christ.

My present business is to call upon you, my brethren, to consider yourselves as belonging to this holy fellowship. You were admitted into it by Baptism; were made members of Christ,—living members of his body, the Church. You were then bound to live in this faith: you were taught, in your earliest years, that the souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and that no torment touches them: you have been made familiar with all the histories of faith that both Testaments contain; with the offering of Abel; with the translation of Enoch to heaven, without seeing death; with Noah's patient building of his great ark, amidst the contemptuous scoffs of a doomed world; with Abraham, living in the faith of that deferred promise, and then raising up his hand, at God's bidding, to sacrifice the son of promise to Him who gave the promise and the son; with Moses, choosing rather to suffer with his brethren, than to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; with the faith of Rahab, which saved her when the walls of Jericho fell flat before the Lord's army; with the faith of the heroic David, who slew the giant with his smooth pebbles from the brook; with the faith of the three Jews, by which they walked, free and unhurt, and with a Son of God by their side, in the furnace into which they had been thrown bound; with the faith of Daniel, by which the mouths of the lions were stopped; with the faith of Stephen, the first who shed that martyr-blood, that is "the seed of the Church;" with the faith of Peter, of John, of James, of Paul, and of all those holy Apostles and ministers of Christ, who subdued kingdoms, not by the arm of the flesh, but by the spiritual arms of Christ's doctrine and faith. You then are called upon to run a race before these spectators for the prize of your high calling in Christ—the prize of all those glorious re-

wards that are shadowed forth in the book of the Revelation: shadowed forth, I say, for all those images of splendour—of streets paved with gold—of rubies, of pearl, of crystal—of a city that needs no light of sun or moon—do but poorly shadow forth the glory that shall be! You have not resisted unto blood: it is not likely that you will ever be called upon to glorify Christ by dying for Him. The age of persecution unto death is over, or *seems* to be so; for remember that in a neighbouring country a fiercer persecution raged but half a century ago, than had raged for many hundred years before. But at all events, you have to run a race, and are therefore called upon to lay aside every weight; and especially that great encumbering cloak of sin, in which no man *can* win the prize. If a man is mad enough to think that he can win the prize, if he is not temperate in all things, like those who run for an earthly prize, there are no hopes of him; the devil has got possession of his heart, and sealed up his understanding. The adulterer, the fornicator, the glutton, the liar, the backbiter—they *cannot* run the race: but neither can *we* hope to win the prize, my brethren, unless we try to be wholly Christ's. Christ only can strengthen our feeble limbs for that race; and I need not tell you, that it is Christ only, who has earned the right to be crowned even for the winners of the race! But what a sad sight it is for the cloud of witnesses, who have won their white robes, and are waiting anxiously for the filling up of the number of the Saints, which must be completed, before the Eternal kingdom of the Redeemer comes, even to them, in all the fulness of its glory and happiness, to see an age of indolent, cold Christians;—men who hardly cast a thought on the prize—hardly look at the conditions of the race—feel sure of winning the prize, without any long, careful, and laborious preparation for the struggle. He who wins an earthly prize must practise real temperance in all things; real self-denial. And St.

Paul teaches us, by this favorite allusion of his to a contest, a race, that we too must practise real self-government, real self-denial.

God grant that we may with patience run our appointed race! May we fix all our hopes, all our hearts on the great prize—the eternal reward of heaven—to be granted after a trial, an examination of the works done in the flesh. "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

ANDREW JONES.

I hate that Andrew Jones: he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage:
I wish the press-gang, or the drum
Would with its rattling music come—
And sweep him from the village.

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tipple;
But for the poor dear sake of one,
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man, a travelling Cripple.

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,
Some Horseman, who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor Cripple was alone,
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been droughty weather:
So with his staff the Cripple wrought
Among the dust, till he had brought
The halfpennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way
Just at the time; and there he found
The Cripple in the mid-day heat
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stooped and picked the penny up:
And when the Cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "Under half a crown,
What a man finds is all his own;
And so, my friend, good day to you."

And *hence* I said, that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wished the press-gang or the drum
Would, with its rattling music, come—
And sweep him from the village.

Wordsworth.

AN IRISH "HEDGE SCHOOL."

In the western parts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to say of people that they cannot even speak English, is intended to mark the extreme barbarism in which they live. All endeavour to learn the English language, as without it they are quite helpless the moment they leave their native hills. I had an opportunity by the road-side of seeing a genuine Irish hedge-school, and truly an interesting and affecting spectacle it was. The school-house was a clay cabin, roofed with sods, and without so much as a window. The smaller of the ragged scholars sat as close as they could to the entrance, towards which they turned their books, to catch as much as possible of the light from without. Some were lying on the ground; behind these were a few seated on a board; and behind these were the taller boys, leaning over those in front, likewise to catch the light. The teacher was seated in the middle of the group, and

was clad in what I have already described as the national costume of the country—rags. In front of the school-house lay as many pieces of turf as there were students within, each boy having brought one as a tribute to his teacher. As I entered through the narrow entrance, the dominie (master) rose from an inverted [2] butter-cask, on which he had sat enthroned. "Indeed, I am very sorry, your honour," said he, "that I have not the opportunity of offering you a chair." He was teaching his pupils the English alphabet, and they all looked fresh and cheerful, notwithstanding their poverty, as indeed most Irish children do, in the country at least, in spite of their ragged attire and their scanty food. Both children and teacher lived some miles away from the school-house, which stood by the side of the road. When the hours of study are over, the boys thrust their spelling-books into their pockets, and the master, after having fastened the door of his college, collects the tributary turf into a sack, throws the burden over his shoulder, and having grasped his staff, trudges away to his cabin on the other side of the bog.—*Ireland, by J. G. Kohl.*

If the queen bee in a swarm, following after the company, but because of the weakness of her wings or tenderness of her constitution (being never abroad before, and so not able at first to endure the cooler air) fall down; they that be her present attendants, and saw her fall, stop with her, encircle her, and, if she rise not and return to the hive, or go to the main body of the swarm (settled perhaps a little distance with longing and trembling expectation of her presence), stay with her, and starve with her, rather than forsake her, contenting themselves with the condition of their leader.—And shall afflictions be the way that the Master enters into glory, and the mem-

[2] Turned upside down.

bers find fault with them? Shall the head be crowned with thorns, and the members wrapped in softness? This is an unhandsome indecency, and a disunion too near an antipathy. Whoever will be Christ's disciple must take up his Cross, deny himself his own fonder appetites, and trace his Master's footsteps, though marked out with blood that He shed for our redemption; for he that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose it shall save it to all eternity.—*Purchas's Theatre of Political Flying Insects.*

LETTER FROM PARIS TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Paris, Dec. 9.

My dear little Godchildren,

I think you may perhaps like to hear something of old aunt and uncle, and what they see at Paris. The first thing I see in the morning, whilst I am dressing, is a baker's shop opposite our window, where crowds of poor people come to buy bread, which bread is made in loaves about a yard and a quarter long, and a quarter of a yard in circumference; and many a little girl carries home a loaf much taller than herself. Our rolls for breakfast look exactly like two rolling-pins: they are rather hard to break, but by pulling them against our knees we can break them, just as you would a stick.—The next thing I see, is about a dozen oldish women, with immensely large coarse straw hats on their heads, short petticoats, and wooden shoes, and brooms in their hands, and another broom and wooden shovel tied to their backs. These all set to work to sweep the street, and a man with a great stick follows them, to see that they do their work properly.

K—— and C—— would be much amused with the variety of Omnibuses here. They are known as much by their colour as their name: there is the

green Omnibus, the coachman of which wears a white hat; there is the yellow one, the coachman's hat green; there is a red one, the coachman's hat yellow; and by means of these colours you can tell, when you see an Omnibus a long way off, whether it is the one you want.

Instead of the nice coal fires you have in England, here we burn nothing but wood: when you buy wood the cart-load is thrown down in the street at your door, and a man sets-to to saw it up into little pieces: but as the French like to do every thing differently from the English, the man *see-saws* his wood upon the saw, instead of *see-sawing* the saw upon the wood. Wood-smoke is very bad for the eyes, and indeed it seems to turn many of the ladies here blind, for they are obliged to be led about by a little dog, which they hold by a string, and we have nearly been thrown down sometimes by these strings of the little dogs coming across our path. I think there must be some other use though in these little dogs, because the fine ladies, instead of being led along by their little dogs, carry them very kindly in their muffs.

The houses opposite to ours are about eight stories high, and a separate family lives in each story. They keep their windows shut and blinds drawn all day, except about nine o'clock in the morning, when the military band passes down the street; then every window is thrown open, and every body hangs upon the balcony to stare. In one you see three or four little children, with an Italian nurse, who wears a white-lace veil, fastened with her comb, and flowing down her back: at another a young man in a scarlet dressing-gown, and his wife by his side in her night-cap. Higher up you see two long fellows, who look as if they had popped out of bed at the sound of the music. A little higher is an old man in a velvet cap and tassel, with a long pipe in his mouth, and his wife—so smart—smoking too; for you must know

it is the fashion for ladies to smoke here—not cigars, but cigarettes, highly perfumed, with a gold mouth-piece. At the top window of all is an old man with a long white beard; and you pant for breath, when you think how much breath it must have cost him to get up there. And now I think I have nothing more to tell you, except that aunt and uncle love you both, and papa and mamma too. I must put in an extra bit of love and some kisses for your dear L——, because to-morrow is your birthday, and I think it is the first birthday that I have not been able to give you a kiss. Uncle sends his love and many kisses; and I am, my dear *little* girls, and my dear *great* girl, B——,

Your affectionate Aunt, A——

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIANS.

I.

The chief Butler's dream.

Pharaoh's chief butler dreamt that a vine was before him, "and in the vine were three branches, and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth, and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes."

A very accurate old historian, who had travelled through Egypt, and examined very carefully into all he saw, published a book, which is one of the oldest we have in the Greek language[3]. This writer tells us, that the Egyptians in his day drank a kind of beer, for that there were no vines in Egypt. All the unbelievers (who are a kind of men ready enough to believe any body and any thing that contradicts the Bible) were delighted at this: it proved, they said, that the book of Genesis was written by some later writer, who had never been in Egypt. Unluckily for them, a great deal has come to light about Egypt of late years: especially a great many

[3] Published about 456 years before the birth of Christ.

temples and tombs have been opened, in which are found walls covered with paintings, of which the colours are still quite fresh. These walls show us pictures of all the trades, and employments, and feasts of the Egyptians; of their houses, their battles, the prisoners they took, the nations that brought them tribute, and so on. On the walls and pillars of the temples and tombs, and in other places, are what the Egyptians used instead of writing; a sort of picture-language, in which letters are not used, but the figures of animals, and other signs [4]. It was plain, by the regular way in which they stood, and from their being so often repeated, that they gave an account of the pictures and of the names of the kings painted. At last men have learnt to read this picture-language; and all that has been made out by the pictures and the picture-language agrees wonderfully with the books of Moses.

It is proved by these pictures, that the good old Greek writer made a mistake about the vines, and that Moses did not. The pictures show that in Egypt, even in the most ancient times, the vine was cultivated and wine made. "In the grottoes of Beni Hassan are found representations of the culture of the vine, the vintage, the bearing away and the stripping off of the grapes, two kinds of wine-presses, the one moved merely by the strength of the arms, the other by mechanical power; the putting up of the wines in bottles or jars, the carrying them into the cellar, the preparation of boiled wine [5]:" and so on.—The old Greek writer would have been very glad to be set right; I fear that the unbelievers will not.

[4] Called Hieroglyphics. [5] Champollion.

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'IN THE CHALDEAN LANGUAGE.'

In Bibles that have the marginal references, you will find printed by the side of the eleventh verse of the tenth chapter of Jeremiah, 'in the Chaldean language:' that is to say, 'in the language spoken at Babylon.'—The meaning of this remark is this: the prophecies of Jeremiah were, of course, written in the Hebrew language; the language of the Jews:—but in the middle of one of them there occurs a passage in the language of the Babylonians. This seems very strange, but we shall find a good reason for it, and a reason, that teaches us a good lesson.

When Jeremiah prophesied, the Jews were about to be carried away for their sins into the country of Babylon, where they were to remain seventy years, far away from Jerusalem, the city of David, from God's house, the glorious Temple, and its daily offices of sacrifice and worship. — In Babylon, they would be surrounded by idolaters; and these idolaters would mock the God of the Israelites, who had been too weak (they would say) to defend them and their country;—and would praise their own Gods, who had given them the victory, and enabled them to

carry away the Jews captive, to be the slaves of the Babylonians. — This and the constant example of idolatrous worship would be likely to lead many Jews astray: they had already shown, again and again, how ready they were to fall into idolatry: and so God mercifully put an answer into their mouths, which every Jew was to use, when he was tempted by the people of the land to idolatry. "*Thus shall ye say unto them*" (this is the verse)— "*The Gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens.*"—This answer God taught the Jews, and He taught it them in the language of the people, who were about to carry them away captive. How mercifully did God act in this! When a Jew was tempted to fall away from his God, and go after the gods of the Babylonians, he would remember that an answer to the temptings he was subjected to, had been supplied to him by God!—This would be to him a strong call to believe in the foreknowledge of God (who had seen what was to happen, and guarded against one of its accompanying evils), and to trust in the goodness of God, who had thus protected him. It would also remind him of God's hatred of that idolatry, which He had thus warned him against, in so singular a manner.

To feel this: suppose that we had been conquered by the French in the last war, and numbers of us carried away as prisoners into France, at the time that the wickedness and madness of the nation was at its height in the time of the French Revolution, and the nation had thrown off the very name of Christianity. Suppose that we had then found in our Bibles a verse in French (which had always been in French from the time when that part of the Bible was written) saying, "*The nation that denies the God that made heaven and earth, and His Christ who purchased us with His blood, even that nation shall never prosper*"—a verse which all had known familiarly,

and which all (whether they knew French or not) could at once use in reply to any one who should tempt them to deny God and Christ:—would not this be a great safeguard to many? a great proof of God's foreknowledge, and goodness, and power? Such was the proof of God's foreknowledge, goodness, and power, which the Jews would have in the verse of Jeremiah, which they had learnt to repeat in the foreign language it was written in.

I want, however, to make another use of this verse:—to show from it the importance of short statements, committed to memory—in other words, of Catechisms and Catechizing.

When the Israelites were in great danger of being led away to worship idols, God armed them beforehand with an answer to any tempter, who might try to seduce them. He taught them this answer in a language they did not understand: but this form committed to memory, was sure to be of use to them afterwards. So the child is made to commit to memory a form of words which it does not fully understand. But when temptation comes in after life, these familiar words rise up with their warning sound, and save, or (if they do not save) condemn him, who learnt them as mere words. — Suppose, for instance, a person to be told by some deceiver, that Baptism is but a form, and that forms cannot avail, till the heart is changed, and so on. "Why" (he may reply) "I was taught in my Church Catechism, that I was made by Baptism a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. Surely these are not only real, but immense spiritual benefits; and that cannot be a form only, that bestows such benefits." He will feel (though he may not be able to express his feeling in words), that Baptism must be, not a mere form, but a great channel of grace, if it conveys to us such blessings as these;—if it translates

us into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and makes us heirs of the promises.

So again, if any one who has been carefully catechized, is told that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is only a commemoration or remembrance of Christ's death, he will answer, that he was taught in the Catechism, that the Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper; and that he must believe, therefore, that he and every faithful receiver of that Sacrament receives our Lord's Body and Blood in the very sense which his blessed Redeemer intended, when He called the Bread His Body, and the Wine His Blood.—So it is, that such short statements committed to memory save men from errour: they are weapons, the power of which is felt in the hour of need. And this is the reason why the Church drew up the Creeds, or forms of belief, which were always committed to memory before the person was baptized,—and has always enforced so strongly the now much neglected duty of catechizing.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

Blessed are they, who mercy show
To all the creatures here below:
To bird and insect, fish and beast,
Even from the greatest to the least.
For, tell me whether wouldst thou be,
If thou couldst have thy mind,
The lark, at heaven's gate singing free;
Or in a cage confined?
The dog, that chases, blithe, his tail;
Or chained, the yard within?
The chafer, floating on the gale;
Or writhing on a pin?

The measure then of God's own hand,
Mete thou to all in thy command;
But chiefly to thy fellow kind,
In age or childhood, grief or pain:—
A Father's mercy thou shalt find,
Where none shall ever moan again.
Rev. J. Bush. (Lines on the Beatitudes.)

THE IRISH BEGGAR'S HUT.

As my friend was rather fatigued, he retired early, and I went out alone to take a walk late in the evening on the sea-shore, and soon perceived a something, I could not make out what, moving before me. As it passed a house, some rays of light from a window discovered to me a strange kind of head-gear decorated with flowers, which I recollected to have been worn by a beggar-woman, whom I had seen in the fish-market. She was one of the mob who had closed the gates behind us, and the wildness and eagerness of her gesticulations had suggested to me some doubts of her sanity; a suspicion somewhat confirmed by the fantastic character of her attire. She wore a yellow petticoat, the tattered remains of a large red shawl, which she trailed behind her in the dust like a train, and a man's round hat, with a broad brim, decorated with a garland of artificial flowers. In her hand she carried a stout stick, by the aid of which she moved swiftly along. Altogether she reminded me of a character in one of Walter Scott's novels, as these half-insane, oddly-decorated beggars always do; for she was by no means the only one of the class I had seen in Ireland.

Mary Sullivan, for that was her name, was now proceeding in a very quiet, orderly manner along the shore of Bantry bay; at last I approached and wished her good evening, and she made a perfectly civil reply. It appeared that the business for the

day was over, and, although she still wore the costume of her part, she had left the stage, and was on the point of returning to her private abode. As she said it was situated not far from the town, on the shores of the bay, I offered to accompany her to it, for I had a wish to see the dwelling of an Irish beggar at night.

We crossed some broken, rocky ground, and at last, as it seemed to me, turned quite out of the beaten path; but Mary Sullivan said there was no other way, so on we went. She said, if I would give her my hand, she would lead me in safety to her hut, which, it appeared, belonged, not to her, but to her sister. These poor people generally prefer a wild-looking place to live in; they seem to think they are more independent, if their abodes are not very accessible; and the benefits of the great undertakings of the English in road-making are by no means so universally acknowledged by the Irish as we might suppose. We reached at last the hut of the Sullivans, which stood on a naked, rocky ground, washed by the waters of Bantry bay, and crept in. The Irish are a very religious people, and have all kinds of pretty pious salutations always at hand. If they pass people at work in a field, the regular form is "God bless your work," and the answer "Save you too." If one praises a person or even a thing, or more especially a child, one must never forget to add "God bless it;" for praise always seems suspicious to an Irishman, and, unless accompanied by an invocation of God's blessing, it appears to him to indicate a desire, either to possess it oneself, or to destroy it, by calling towards it the attention of fairies and bad spirits, who are always on the look-out for what is beautiful. An Irish mother would rather hear a stranger say "What a nasty, screaming, disagreeable brat your child is!" than "What a charming little angel you've got there!" unless he instantly warned off the bad spirits by adding "God

bless him." As they never forget to ask a blessing, they are also most diligent in returning thanks. "Thanks to the great God," is a phrase often in their mouths, and certainly I believe in their hearts also. They often utter this thanksgiving, even when speaking of a misfortune, as "I've lost my poor dear little child, thanks to the great God;" a phrase that always reminded me of the Russian "*slawa bogu*," which generally closes every story.

We crept into the hut of the Sullivans, with the usual salutation of "God save you all," and heard the response "God save you kindly" from the sister of Mary Sullivan and her half-grown daughter, who was crouching over a turf fire, boiling potatoes. A little girl and boy were lying on the ground in company with some pigs, and gnawing a half-raw potato, which they had taken from the pot. The hut was lighted partly by the fire, and partly by a dim lamp, which hung from a rafter. The lamp was a large sea-shell, filled with fish-oil, in which was burning a rush wick.

The father was not at home, having been for some days upon the water, helping to collect coral sand; but another strangely-sounding voice came from the corner of the hovel, which had taken no part in the pious salutation. I asked who was moaning there. "It is my eldest son, your honour," was the reply; "he's an idiot—thank the great God—and he often moans so the whole day long."

By the feeble glimmer of the lamp I now recognised a poor creature, who seemed to me more miserable and helpless, than almost any I had ever beheld. It was a young man about twenty years of age, lying in a sort of box, representing a bed, and which was indeed the best bed the hut contained. He had under him straw and rags, and a pillow for his head, but he lay sobbing and trembling all over. His mother showed me some parts of his miserable frame. His arms and legs were like those of a

skeleton, and several of his fingers had grown together. As we touched him, he lifted up his head, and gazed at us with a vacant look.

"He has been so from his birth, your honour," said his mother. "For twenty years we have been obliged to feed him so, without his being able to do the least thing for us."

"And yet you love him?" said I to the poor mother—thinking, perhaps, that an unfortunate creature like this could hardly be attended to in the midst of such poverty.

"Love him?—to be sure, your honour. Isn't he my own son, God bless him? Eh, Mavourneen, look up then," she added, raising him carefully up, and laying his head on her arm, while she stroked his crippled hand. "I'm the only one, sir, that understands his language. He never asks after anybody but me. I give him every morning his potatoes, and, when I've got any, milk and porridge. You see he's got a better bed than any of us. Don't sob so, darling."

Mary Sullivan, the old aunt of the idiot, had, in the mean time, hung upon a peg her flower-adorned hat and the other parts of her costume, and taken from her pocket some potatoes and a fish, which had probably been given to her. The potatoes she laid at the corner of the fire, which she seemed to consider as her own, hung the fish by a wire over it to roast, and then took out her pipe and began to smoke. She told me, in answer to my question, that she spent about a half-penny a day in tobacco, that is, fifteen shillings a year, which, for a beggar, appeared to me to be no inconsiderable sum. For a half-penny one can buy, in Ireland, a large piece of bread; and I could not help wishing, that some second Father Mathew might arise, to preach a total abstinence from tobacco, and induce the poor Irish women to expend what it costs them, in wholesome food for themselves or their children.

Tenderness and hospitality are the universal characteristics of the Irish. They have also a certain easy politeness of manner towards strangers, which, in the higher classes, somewhat resembles that of the Parisians, but is met with just as often in the huts of the poorest beggars.

In many countries, the stranger, who enters the hut of a poor family, is stared at in dumb astonishment by the inmates, till they become familiar with him. Not so in Ireland. Dirty and ragged as they are, they offer what they have, without embarrassment, to the most fashionably-dressed visitor; and, although they never forget the respectful address, "your honour," yet they always appear to consider him, what he really is—their guest and equal.

When I parted from the Sullivans, I was accompanied to the door by many a warm "God speed ye," and by the most cordial thanks for the honour I had done them by my visit, and for the sympathy I had expressed for the unfortunate son and brother. The two little ones had, in the mean time, lighted a couple of dry fagots, by way of torches, and accompanied me out over their irregular mountain path. When at last I sent them back, and bade them farewell, I saw them for some time standing together on the hill-top, throwing the light of their torches before me on my path, while their clear, sharp, childish voices echoed around, as they shouted "Take care, your honour! take care. God speed ye!"—*Kohl's Ireland.*

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1. Think not to put off God by frequenting prayers, and sermons, and sacraments, whilst thy brother has an action against thee in the court of heaven.—*South.*

2. Surely, Nature gives no man a mouth to be always eating, and never saying grace.—*South.*

MOSES AND THE EGYPTIANS.

II.

The Israelites making bricks.

Pharaoh said to his people, "Come on, let us deal wisely with them (the children of Israel) lest they multiply, and it come to pass, that when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land." These words agree exactly with the state of things in that country. The inhabitants of the neighbouring deserts have always been the natural enemies of fruitful and cultivated Egypt; and it is never in greater peril than when these enemies find allies among its own inhabitants. Pharaoh, therefore, had good reason to fear that a foreign people, like the Israelites, who lived together in a district on the border of Egypt, might, if they felt themselves strong enough, join themselves to some of the wandering Arabian tribes, and make themselves free. The measures Pharaoh adopted for oppressing the Israelites are exactly in the spirit of these princes, whose proud severity against hated and despised foreigners knew no bounds. One of them, Sesostris, placed upon all his buildings erected by captives an inscription showing that no native citizens had been engaged in this servile employment[1]. Another writer[2] tells us, that he also harnessed captive kings to his chariot. Upon the sculptures in one of the temples, representing the triumphal return of Remeses III. after his conquests in the eastern war, there appear three captives tied under the axle of his chariot, whilst others, bound by ropes, walk by the side of his horses, as an offering to the deity of the place[3].

The particular way in which Pharaoh embittered the life of the Israelites was by 'hard bondage in

[1] Diodorus. [2] Pliny. [3] Wilkinson.

mortar and in brick,' and we find that in the preparation of these bricks straw was used. It is stated by all writers, that the use of brick was universal in Egypt for all buildings except the temples: and it appears, from the impressions found upon many Egyptian bricks, that they were made under the direction of the king, or of some privileged person. But the most remarkable agreement with the account in the Bible is the fact, that a small portion of chopped straw is found in the composition of the Egyptian bricks. This is proved (says Rosellini) by an examination of those brought from Thebes, on which is the stamp of Thothmes IV., the fifth king of the eighteenth dynasty. "The bricks," he says, "which are now found in Egypt belonging to the same period, always have straw mingled with them, although in some of those that are most carefully made, it is found in very small quantities."

But this is not all. Rosellini believes himself to have discovered in a tomb at Thebes, a picture of the Hebrews actually engaged in making brick. His own description of it is this. "Of the labourers, some are employed in carrying the clay in vessels; some in mixing it with the straw; others in taking the bricks out of the mould, and placing them in rows; others still, with a piece of wood upon their backs and a rope on each side, carry away the bricks that are already burnt or dried. The difference between these men and the Egyptians appears at the first view: their complexion, their physiognomy[4], and their beards, make it impossible for us to be mistaken in supposing them to be Hebrews. They wear at the hips the apron which is common among the Egyptians, but there is also represented as in use among them a kind of short trousers resembling the 'linen breeches' which reached 'from the loins to the thighs.'[5]

"Among these Hebrews are four Egyptians, very

[4] That is, the cast of their countenance. [5] Exod. xxviii. 42.

[illegible] of their limbs, figure, and colour. [illegible] sitting and the other standing, [illegible] in their hands, ready to fall upon two [illegible]. These would be were represented like the [illegible] still carrying on his shoulder a [illegible] under returning with his empty [illegible] prisoners. The tomb is that [illegible] surroundings.

[illegible] the fact of there being [illegible] to be employed in this [illegible] Hebrews, explains the [illegible] multitude" or (as it is [illegible] stature, that is, a great [illegible] with the Children of [illegible] than that a consi- [illegible] of native Egyptians, [illegible] in sorrow by their [illegible] with them that land, [illegible] only in name!—*From* [illegible] *Guidance*).

" My strength is gone;—my days are told:
" Ah! never more shall I behold
" The faces that I love. O Father, bless
" Thy servant in his deep distress."

Lizzy, as softly as she can,
Slips behind the aged man,
And whilst tear-drops dim her eyes,
Prepares for him a glad surprise:
The milk and bread that she had stored,
And all her precious, fragrant hoard
Of gather'd fruit the little maid
By that old man's side hath laid.

Soft and lightly back she stole,
That little maiden, true and good;
With tears she wish'd not to control,
Unseen, amidst the leaves she stood:
To watch, if milk and bread would bring relief
To that strong agony of grief.

Looking round with wondering eyes,
" Ah! who has brought me this?" he cries
Aloud: " Thou, gracious God, hast sent
" Thy Angel from above,
" And he, on mercy's errand bent,
" Has brought these pledges of Thy love."

Full joyously he ate and drank,
Nor ceased his gracious God to thank
For that blest succour: till at length,
Fill'd again with new-born strength,
He raised his heavy burden, still
Pouring out thanks to God who saves from ill.

In Lizzy's heart kind thoughts are thronging,
And, burning with an eager longing,
She hastens, by another road,
That good old man to meet:
Sure that she to his abode
Can safely guide his wandering feet.

With cheerful, happy voice of greeting,
She address'd him, on their meeting,
With unembarrass'd voice:
" Ah! sure," she said, " you've been astray,
" But I am thankful and rejoice,
" That I can put you in the way:
" For well the forest-paths I know;
" Come on: you have not far to go."

" Dear child," he eagerly began,
" Tell me the honest truth, I pray,
" Have you lately met a man,
" Who, when with hunger faint I lay,
" Snatch'd me from the grave away?"

Lizzy answered: " Ah! how slow
" Under this heavy weight you go:
" Sure, I am, your back must ache:
" Here, let me your bundle take:
" That's right—a man? why no, indeed,
" I have not met a single soul.
" All things are under God's control,
" He helps us ever in our need."

Nothing more the maiden said:
But her cheeks were hot and red.—
Soon at the forest's edge they stand,
The old man's home is full in view:
And Lizzy thrusts into his hand
Her all—a penny, bright and new;
Then homeward doth the maiden dart,
Light of foot, and light of heart.

From the German of Chr. Schmid.

I make not the least doubt in the world, but that the Church of England before the Reformation, and the Church of England after the Reformation, are as much the same Church, as a garden, before it is weeded and after it is weeded, is the same garden.—*Archbishop Bramhall.*

ABSTINENCE AND FASTING.

MARK ii. 2.

"But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days."

In the collect of to-day[1], we pray the Lord Jesus Christ, who for our sake fasted forty days and forty nights, to give us grace, that, our flesh being subdued to the Spirit, we may ever obey His godly motions, in righteousness and true holiness, to His honour and glory, who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end.

In this collect we first state a fact, that Christ fasted forty days and forty nights—and the reason why he did it—so far at least as to say, that it was for our sakes. We then pray to Him for grace, that we may use such abstinence, as may enable us ever to obey His godly motions in righteousness and true holiness; and we imply that we cannot do so, unless, by abstinence, our flesh is subdued to the Spirit.

Now, my brethren, the Almighty God is a being who must not be trifled with:—the Lord Jesus Christ is a being who must not be trifled with. And when we pray to Almighty God, through the Lord Jesus Christ—or, as here, to the Lord Jesus Christ Himself—we must not use deceitful words: we must not, if the words are put into our mouths by the Church, go on year after year, without trying to pray those words;—to say Amen to them in their full meaning, with full sincerity;—to make the wish uttered, the wish of our hearts — the wish of our inmost hearts, spoken to God (who made those hearts, and knows their every thought) in the solemn hour of prayer!

The prayer put by the Church into our mouths today, makes us express a wish that our flesh may be subdued to the Spirit: it makes us pray for God's grace, that we may, by its assistance, use a particular

[1] The first Sunday in Lent.

means of subduing the flesh to the Spirit, and of then obeying Christ's godly motions in our hearts in righteousness and true holiness.

The Christian who makes this prayer, must desire that his flesh should be subdued to the Spirit.—The flesh is used in the Bible, you know, for that old, corrupt nature of fallen man (that principle of sin within him) that will lead him to hell, if it is not conquered. It is the principle of all evil; the fountain of wicked thoughts and desires, that are so often rising up to the surface in most of us, and sometimes in us all; it is that which makes our progress in religion a struggle—a warfare. It is that whose natural fruits are (according to St. Paul) "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of which (adds that Holy Apostle) I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." This flesh, this evil thing within us, must be subdued. We have a better principle, the spirit, within us; and this spirit, at our Baptism, was united mysteriously to Christ, and made capable of being worked upon by Christ's Spirit: and Christ's Spirit (working on and in our spirits) brings forth those holy fruits that are to the honour and glory of God. "The fruit of the Spirit" (of God's Spirit, that is, working in us) "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such (says the Apostle) there is no law: and they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts."

If therefore, my brethren, we are truly Christians —if we pray this prayer of our Church with the heart—we desire, with the heart, that our flesh may be subdued to the Spirit: and more than this, we acknowledge, that abstinence is at least one way of bringing this flesh of ours under the power of the

spirit, and we pray for Christ's grace, that we may use this means.

Now what is abstinence? It is, the keeping ourselves back from fulness of meat and drink: the eating and drinking less than we should like. It is stronger in its meaning, than moderation in eating and drinking: it means more than just not eating too much: it carries with it the notion of some self-denial. And by praying for Christ's grace to do this, we surely as good as say, that such abstinence is a difficult thing to observe regularly, and one that is above man's unassisted strength. No one, therefore, can deny, my brethren, that we are grievous hypocrites; that we tempt God by asking what we don't want, and don't mean to use; if we pray for Christ's grace to use such abstinence as will subdue the flesh to the spirit, and enable us to obey Christ's godly motions in righteousness and true holiness, and yet aim at nothing more than avoiding excess in drinking:—at no more than merely not grossly over-eating ourselves: if we go on at all times alike eating and drinking our fill, without any thought or fear of the flesh—any wish to subdue it to the spirit by extreme moderation, by such abstinence as is sufficient for the purpose.

But ought we not to go further? In plain terms, ought we not to fast in Lent, and when the Church tells us to fast? The fast days are set down in our prayer-books. The observance of them has been often commanded. One of the homilies (as they are called), that is, of the sermons drawn up at the time of the Reformation, to be read in churches when the clergyman was too unlearned (as many then were) to make one, has for its title, "Of good works, and first of fasting." Moreover, the Christians of the earliest ages observed regular fasts; and our Lord's own fasting for our sakes, and his language on the subject, on several occasions, convince me, that fasting is a Christian duty.

Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself fasted for our sakes, and that, just before His being led into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. Now it surely seems to be a solemn consideration, that if we do not imitate our Lord in fasting, there is one point in which His conduct can be imitated, in which we do not imitate it. Moreover, Christ gave directions to the people how to fast, and said, that if they so fasted, God would reward them. He said of his Apostles and Disciples, that they should fast after the Bridegroom was taken from them, that is, after His death. And He said, when His disciples could not cast out the devil from the miserable demoniac, that that kind did not go forth except by prayer and fasting. By these remarkable and mysterious words He teaches us, that there is in fasting a spiritual power, the want of which, with the want of prayer, made the performance of a great miracle impossible.

Now think, my brethren, what reverence we owe to Christ—think what weight belongs, of right, to every word that proceeded out of His lips—every word being the word of the eternal God. And then consider the way in which His commands are often conveyed in the Gospels. How little is said about them! Take even Baptism itself: but one passage asserts it plainly, in so many words, to be necessary to all men for salvation[2]. Christ's words, however few, are enough for those that love Him. Those who receive them with honest and true hearts, learn, by obeying them, how holy and good they are, and they cling more and more to every hint of God's will. But the careless and the worldly overlook such hints; the command is not, to them, broad enough—not plain enough. It is not dwelt upon as they would have it; and so from

[2] St. Mark xvi. 16. Many other texts agree with this (especially St. John iii. 5), though they do not say it in so many words.

want of love, from want of obedience, they lose the power—the spiritual tact, if I may say so,—that catches Christ's meaning, and obeys His least command; even His only hinted commands — the slightest indications of His will.

In the matter of fasting, the will of Christ was interpreted by the practice of the Apostles. The Apostles fasted. In the 13th of the Acts we read, "that as they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away." Here you see the Holy Ghost came unto them, as they were fasting and praying. Again, when Paul and Barnabas ordained elders in every city, they prayed with fasting. St. Paul tells us that he was in fastings often; "that he kept under his body and brought it into subjection." And he speaks of married persons adopting a particular line of conduct by consent, for a time, that they might give themselves to prayer and fasting.

Christ then fasted. His Apostles fasted. Christians have fasted in every age. Our own Church commands us to fast; but her commands have been generally neglected for a hundred years or more—at least neglected by very many, by far the larger part of professed Churchmen. What then has been the character of the age in which we have learnt to be wiser than the Church? wiser than the old Christians? wiser than the Apostles?—have learnt that it is not necessary to fast? It has been an age when men have learnt that preaching is better than prayer; that is, that being exhorted and persuaded to worship is a better thing than worshipping; that worshipping God publicly on one day in the week is plenty; that it is easy to serve God and mammon:—an age that has allowed thousands upon thousands of human beings to be crowded together with no churches to worship in—that has carried luxurious living to an enormous

height: an age, in which reverence for God's house and Sacraments has almost disappeared from the great mass of mankind: in which drunkenness has fearfully increased: in which crime of every kind has fearfully increased. Surely, surely, the state of things does not lead one to think, that it is wise to give up the old rules of Church discipline; her frequent services; her abundant alms; her strict, but not superstitious, fastings. Had Christians, generally, kept true to the worship of the Church, and striven diligently to subdue the flesh to the spirit by abstinence, I feel sure that we should be now a holier and happier nation; with a far less amount of pride, of luxury, of schism, of drunkenness, of sensuality, of fleshly sins, to answer for and to provoke God's wrath against us. And I do hope, my brethren, that you will seek God's grace earnestly, and strive by it to subdue the flesh to the spirit by some considerable degree of real self-denying abstinence—at all events, by the utmost moderation in what you eat and drink. To this add more frequent prayer; more frequent reading of God's word; more frequent attendance at God's worship; more diligent self-examination; and also, as far as possible, alms-giving, and every work of kindness and charity. Do this in simplicity of faith, in sincerity, and God will assuredly bless you, and give you, for His dear Son's sake, that victory over the flesh, which we must win, or be miserable for ever.

Still may I feel, as each brief moment flies,
How high the Christian's calling, what his prize!
Strive for the mastery till the goal be won,
Yet plead my Saviour's blood, when all is done.

Smedley.

Doing what we like is but the appearance of liberty: the highest liberty is the absolute necessity of doing what is good.—*Hengstenberg.*

WILLIAM WORTLEY.

[This tale was originally published in a work which is now out of print.]

Adam Brent and William Wortley had come back in an angry discontented state of mind from the small town of N——. They had been to apply to the Board of Guardians for "their money;" but were told by a rather rough but honest-looking farmer, that he did not know they had any money of theirs. When did you bring it, my lads? he said; and which of us did you give it to? Wortley was a little put out by this question; but his companion tried to make out, that every man had a right to so much for each child from the parish. The Chairman explained to them, that the law gave no man a right of this kind; though the parish was still bound to support all who could not support themselves. On going into the cases, it proved to be only would not, as far as these applicants were concerned; they had not had work, it is true; but they had not chosen to look about for it. The bread of idleness was as good to them as the bread of industry, if they could get as much of it; or rather it was a deal better; for if ever two men disliked hard work, these did, and as to any unwillingness to be supported by others, they would have laughed at you, if you had talked to them about it.

Of course they received no relief from the Board, because the members of it knew that there was plenty of work to be had for asking. They returned home vext and out of humour: but they had very different homes to go to. Brent's wife was a violent-tempered woman, who had brought him a little money saved in service: they had begun with keeping a shop; but the husband's idle habits soon ran away with all the profits, and lost all the customers. The money they had set up with was soon gone; and they had not been married six months, before

Adam was a day-labourer, and the neat house, with its shop and back parlour, was obliged to be given up for one of the humblest cottages in the village. The change was a miserable one to both, for to neither of them was it softened by Christian feeling. It did not humble them; but it put them into bad humour with each other and with all the world. They learnt no lesson of prudence from what had happened; Sally had all along been alive to her husband's folly, and foreseen the ruin it would bring upon them; but she did not see, that it was her part to do all she could to ward it off, not merely by industry, but by trying to win her husband's affection by gentleness and sensible forbearance, that so she might establish a useful influence over him, and wean him by degrees from his bad habits. If she saw that this was her part, her violent temper prevented her from acting up to her knowledge. She could not govern that unruly member, the tongue,—and it proved in this case, what it always will prove when it gets its own way, a world of iniquity[3]. All that was said or done in that miserable cottage, had something of bitterness mixt with it . . . and Adam, being a man of no principle and without a home, became a regular sot. A family came on—and he was obliged to work sometimes; but still the old Poor Law stood his friend; paid him so much a head for each child as it came; and from this allowance and such wages as he got now and then, he contrived to have mostly a few pence to spend on the bad ale and worse principles of the Laxton Arms.

Things were not quite so bad with Wortley. He was almost as poor, and almost as idle as the other; but his wife was a very different woman from Sally Brent. They had always been poor; and though Mary Wortley had lost the happy spirits, that had made her the life of her parents' cottage, yet she was

[3] James iii. 6.

one of those to whom all things work together for good. She had learnt to love and obey God, whilst she was yet a child: old Betty Newton, her good mother, would set her on her knee in the dark winter evenings, when they were too poor to light a candle, and tell her in her homely way, but with a deal of truth and meaning, about God and his faithful servants of old time; and especially about Jesus Christ, and his holy nature, and wonderful miracles; and how He was rejected and slain by wicked men, but raised again by the power of God, to be a King and a Judge over men and angels: and she would tell her how that this wonderful Being was God as well as man . . . and would send his Holy Spirit to dwell in the heart of every Christian who had been given to God in Baptism, and would try to do his will. Mary had grown up in the fear of God, but her marriage with Wortley had been a false step. He had come to the village with a good character, and she was put off her guard by his cheerful open manner. Her parents were always indulgent to her . . . she was the child of their old age, and they were anxious to see her settled before they died, for she had no near relations who might take her when they were gone. In fact, there was a very common, but a very improper want of caution and due inquiry; and Mary Newton became the wife of William Wortley.

The difference of temper between the two wives never showed itself more plainly than on the evening after their husbands' application to the Board of Guardians. Sally made matters worse by her reproaches; provoked her husband till he rushed to the ale-house, after having all but struck her in his passion; and there she remained at home with hardly a mouthful to give the poor children for supper, and with nothing to buy a loaf with for the next day. Wretched and full of care, she had no trust in Him who careth for us: she had never learnt to cast all her care upon Him: she had never sought first

the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and therefore had never earned a Christian's claim to have all such things as food and raiment added unto her.

To Mary Wortley the refusal of relief to her husband was hardly a disappointment: at first she had enough to do to calm him, and keep him from making bad worse by going to the Laxton Arms. She did however succeed at last; . . and even prevailed upon him to apply to Mr. Burton for work next day, and to Squire Harmer for one of the allotments, which he was about to let out for gardens to the industrious poor. Heartily did she thank God in her prayers that night, and fervently did she implore Him to give her husband strength to keep the resolutions he had formed.

Well—work was found; and at last Wortley was admitted as one of Mr. Harmer's tenants. That kind-hearted man, and real, but judicious friend of the poor, was very unwilling to let him have a garden, when he first applied. But, for Mary's sake, whose worth he knew, and for the sake of her poor children, he was at last induced to try him. "William," he said, "I am afraid that the garden will do you no good; because I have seen nothing in you, that gives me any hope of your being able to keep a good resolution. I have made up my mind, however, to give you a trial; and I am sure, that if you choose to look out for regular employment, and to work after hours in your garden, you may earn money enough to support your wife and children in comfort. I have put a very low rent upon the garden; but this rent must be paid to the day. I know that it is better for a poor man to have some rent to pay, than to have a garden given him for nothing: and I tell you plainly, as I tell all my tenants, that I will not allow you to get behindhand . . . and that nothing shall induce me to keep a tenant who is known to be a drunkard, or of notoriously bad character."

William promised to pay his rent punctually; and he went home a happier man than he had been for months.

The plan of letting some land in small portions as cottage gardens, had been lately taken up by several gentlemen of that neighbourhood. It had been recommended by the Committee of an Industry Society at N——, and the example and persuasion of his neighbours had induced Mr. Wescott of the Grange to come into the plan. Wortley's garden had anwered so well the first year, that Adam Brent, whose idle habits had been something checked by the steady refusal of the Board of Guardians to support any who would not work, resolved to apply for a garden himself. Mr. Wescott let him one immediately, without troubling himself to ask him many questions: but as the Committee had strongly recommended the insisting upon a punctual payment of the rent, he declared his resolution to act upon this recommendation: and in making this declaration he used much stronger language than Squire Harmer, or at least, if he did not speak with the Squire's serious earnestness, he was much louder and noisier.

Unfortunately Brent's garden was very near Wortley's, and the road to both of them passed by the Laxton Arms. The summer was very hot; so that after a day's work it required some resolution to go on with two or three hours of extra labour. The ale at the Laxton Arms was better than usual that summer; and that Richard Perkins, with his glib tongue and vile character, came into the village the Lady-day before. Poor Mary Wortley! her hopes soon began to fail. Crops were forgotten altogether, or put in so late that they came to nothing. It was not as the year before, when Mary used to walk down evening after evening with her eldest boy, when the young ones were put to bed, and was always sure to find William there; and happy was she, poor thing! to help him to rake or water; and the boy too could

do something . . . hindrance or help, or something between both, . . . and they returned together in the dusk, happy and contented, though tired. Then too William was in Church almost every Sunday; and Mary began to have some hopes, that it had pleased God to answer her prayers for his amendment.

Poor Mary! the tears that had been dried up for one year of hope, began to flow again. Again her life was a life of anxiety and painful shifts; and again William's temper was soured, because he was no longer at peace with himself. Things went on worse and worse: though now and then his wife's gentle influence, and the recollection of the last year's comfort and almost easy circumstances, would make him work actively for a few days; so that the garden, poorly as it was now cultivated, was still some help to them. But rent-day was drawing near, and Mary's heart sank within her when she thought of it: hers was industry that could not be much increased: she tried indeed to increase it, but her health gave way under the attempt: and the day she had dreaded came at last; and William had to go up to the Hall, not with his rent in his hand, as last year, but with poor excuses, which he knew to be nothing better. Instead of cheering words, he received a severe but kind rebuke from Mr. Harmer; who declared again that he would not try him long, but would certainly take away the garden, if he did not pay some portion of his rent in a month. In the bitterness of his heart, William promised his wife to work hard to save the garden. He kept his word for a week or ten days—but Brent soon got hold of him, and told him that he was sure Squire Harmer wouldn't be so strict on him

came to; everybody gave him a good word,
the poor had no better friend than the Squire.
scott, he said, had been in a glorious passion
n, swearing at him, and almost turning him
he house; but still he thought even he would
o turn a poor man out for being a little behind-

hand with his rent. What was eighteen shillings to Squire Harmer? why, he GAVE Bet Harrison three pounds, when she lost her cow the year before. Though Wortley was not quite convinced by this reasoning, yet he did'nt know how to answer it, and he did think that the Squire would not press hard upon a poor man with a large family.

Some months went on, and there was no improvement in Wortley; though he was less boldly wicked than Brent and others. There was something still within him that occasionally struggled and held him back. Mr. Harmer saw that he was not quite hardened; and by often coming to the cottage, he got to know Mary better, and so to be more anxious to save her husband. Nothing that a kind, but firm and judicious friend could do, to help one that wouldn't be helped, was left undone by him: but it was all in vain; and at last he felt it to be his duty to take away the garden, and give it to an industrious man of good character, who was struggling to keep his family off the parish.

About six weeks after the garden was taken away from Wortley, Mr. Fenton, the clergyman of the parish, was sent for one morning to visit him. He found him to all appearance a dying man: but he lingered for many weeks; and there was not a day that he did not receive some kindness from Squire Harmer. The clergyman discovered, in the course of his long attendance, that he had joined a set of poachers; and being weak and ill fed, had caught a terrible cold, which he had taken no care of till it was too late. The poor man was, by God's grace, brought to a state of sincere contrition: the instruction and prayers of Mr. Fenton were followed up, hour after hour, by Mary Wortley, whose deep and genuine piety could hardly fail to win its way, at such a time, into the heart of one that loved her, and that had death before his eyes. Her prayers for her poor husband were heard; — but a turning to God

upon a death-bed is always a thing of misery and fear. Such conversions are very rare; and their sincerity is hardly ever certain. They who are so saved, are saved so as by fire: an entrance into heaven cannot be ministered abundantly[4] unto them; their case cannot be the case of those who have long sought for glory and honour and immortality, by a PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING[5].

Still, however, Wortley died a sincere penitent. One of the last evil feelings that Mr. Fenton had to combat, was the anger he cherished against Mr. Harmer, for having taken away his garden. This, however, was at last overcome; he was made to see, that the example set in his case had prevented the necessity of more instances of the same kind of firmness... for even Clough and Wilkinson had paid up their rent afterwards, and the Squire had now a dozen of thriving tenants; whereas Mr. Wescott, who had forgiven Brent and kept him on, was paid by nobody, and was soon obliged to take his land from the poor altogether. He was at last made to see, that Mr. Harmer's known anxiety for the welfare of the poor, being coupled with firmness and religious principle, was the very thing that made him keep his word; and he was led on to apply this to God's dealings with mankind, and to see that God is to be feared even because there is mercy with Him[6]. That mercy has made Him send His Son into the world, to suffer and to die for our sins; has made Him offer pardon to all who will believe in and obey that Son; has made him send His Holy Spirit, to assist all who will be saved. In a word, the mercy of God has made him grant us the most favorable conditions possible: we may be sure, therefore, that nothing more favorable is kept behind; and that all who do not accept these terms, have great reason to fear. God is not a

[4] 2 Peter i. 11. [5] Rom. ii. 2. [6] Psalm cxxx. 3.

God of mercy only, but of firmness and justice too. To the wicked our God is a consuming fire[7].

Wortley died on the 23d of last September, having received a promise from Mr. Harmer that his wife and children should never have to beg their bread.

LITANY OF ST. JAMES.

The following passage from this very ancient Litany will show how closely our own Litany has followed ancient examples:—

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, for thy Holy Church universal, to keep it unshaken and unwavering unto the end. We beseech Thee for me (the Bishop), for all the priests, deacons, and for all the clergy, that thou wouldest give them understanding, and replenish them with Thy Holy Spirit. We beseech Thee, O Lord, for the King, and those in authority. We beseech Thee for the widows of the Church, for those in holy wedlock, and childbearing, for the young children of Thy people. We beseech Thee for sick persons, for those in bitter slavery, for those in banishment and under proscription, for those that travel by land or by water. We beseech Thee for those that hate us and persecute us for Thy name's sake; for such as have erred and strayed, that thou wouldest turn them to good and soften their hearts. We beseech Thee for the catechumens of the church, that Thou wouldest perfect them in the faith; for those who are troubled by Satan, that Thou wouldest free them from the assaults of the devil; for our brethren who are penitent, that Thou wouldest receive their repentance, aud forgive them their sins, and us ours. We beseech Thee for kindly seasons, for abundance of fruits, so that continually partaking of good things from Thee, we may evermore praise Thee."—*Professor Blunt.*

[7] Heb. xii. 29.

TELL YOUR SOUL OF THE CROWN.

When the custom of evil things, and the desire of wealth keep on bewitching thee, do thou war against them by that way of thinking, which tells us, "Great is the reward we shall receive, for despising that pleasure which is but for a season;" and say to thy soul, "Art thou quite cast down because I cheat thee of pleasure? Nay, be of good cheer, for I am introducing thee into heaven. It is not for man's sake that thou doest it, but for God's. Be patient, therefore, a little while, and thou shalt see how great is the gain. Endure for the present life, and thou shalt receive an unspeakable confidence." If we would discourse with our soul in this way, and not only consider that what is burdensome in goodness, but also take account of the crown that comes thereof, we shall quickly withdraw her from all wickedness.—*St. Chrysostom.* (*Homily V. on St. Matthew*, § 14.)

GOD CONQUERS, AND WE CONQUER TOO.

Do not talk to me of labours and sweats: for not by the hope only of the things to come, but in another way also hath God made goodness easy, by assisting us every where, and putting His hand to our work. And if thou wilt only contribute a little zeal, every thing else follows. For to this end will He have thee too to labour a little, even that the victory may be thine also. And just as a king would have his own son present indeed in the battle-field; would have him shoot with the bow, and show himself, that the victory may be reckoned his, while he achieves it all himself; even so doth God in our war against the Devil. He requires of thee one thing alone, that thou show forth a sincere

hatred against that foe. Then, if thou give Him this, He by HIMSELF brings all the war to an end. Though thou burn with anger, with desire of riches, with any tyrannical passion whatever, if He do but see thee stripping thyself, and prepared against it, He comes quickly to thee, and makes all things easy, and sets thee above the flame, as He did those children of old in the Babylonian furnace: for they too carried in with them nothing but their good-will. —*St. Chrysostom.* (*Hom. V. on St. Matthew*, § 14.)

THE GOOD PARISHIONER.

THE GOOD PARISHIONER is at once near to the church, and not far from God; like unto Justus, "One that worshipped God, and his house joined hard to the synagogue." Otherwise, if his distance from the church be great, his diligence is the greater to come thither in season.

He is timely at the beginning of common prayer. Yet as Tully charged some dissolute people for being such sluggards that they never saw the sun rising or setting, as being always after the one and before the other; so some negligent persons never hear prayers begun, or sermon ended; the confession being past before they come, and the blessing not come before they are passed away.

In the sermon he sets himself to hear God in the minister. Therefore he divests himself of all prejudice, and listens very attentively. At every point that concerns himself he turns down a leaf in his heart, and rejoices that God's word has pierced him, as hoping that while his soul smarts, it heals.

He does not accuse his minister of spite for particularising him. It does not follow that the archer aimed, because the arrow hit; rather our parishioner reasons thus: If my sin be notorious, how could the

minister miss it? If secret, how could he hit it without God's direction? A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself, which otherwise would pass by. One causelessly disaffected to his minister, complained that he, in his last sermon, had personally inveighed against him, and accused him thereof to a grave religious gentleman in the parish. "Truly," said the gentleman, "I thought he meant me, for it touched my heart." This blunted the edge of the other's anger.

His tithes he pays willingly, with cheerfulness. How many part with God's portions grudgingly, or else pinch it in the paying! The tenth amongst the Romans was ever taken for what was best or biggest. It falls out otherwise in paying of tithes, where the least and leanest are shifted off to make that number.

He is bountiful in contributing to the repair of God's house. For, though he be not of their opinion who would have the churches under the Gospel conformed to the magnificence of Solomon's temple, (whose porch would serve us for a church), and adorn them so gaudily that devotion is more distracted than raised, and men's souls rather dazzled than lightened; yet he conceives it fitting that such places should be handsomely and decently maintained; the rather, because the decay of many churches may seem to happen in our days; so old are they, that their ruin is threatened, if not speedily repaired.—*Fuller.*

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CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH.

You ought to be as certain as Mary was, that Christ is in this very place where you are. When I consider this, I cannot but wonder how people can carry themselves as they commonly do at Church, with no more reverence and devotion than they do at home,—with no more concern upon them, than as if nobody was among them, or saw them, but their fellow-creatures. But I beg of you to consider, do ye believe what Christ said to be true? I hope ye do. Now, suppose you saw Him, the eternal Son of God, your Lord, your Saviour, your Judge: suppose you saw Him at this time standing in the midst of you, encircled with rays of glory and majesty about His head, and with all spiritual blessings in His hand, ready to distribute them to all that have a mind to them: if you thus saw Him, could ye be able to stand upon your legs? Would ye not all fall down and worship Him? Would not your eyes be all fastened upon Him, and your ears listen to what He saith? Would not ye beseech Him upon your knees to have mercy upon you,—to bless you, and give you the pearl of great price that is in His hand? I dare say ye would. And yet this is your case at all times, when ye meet together in His

Name. If you truly believe the Gospel, ye cannot but see your Saviour with the eye of faith in the midst of you, as plainly as Mary did when she sat at His feet. And then how gravely, how modestly, would ye behave yourselves before Him all the while you are in His house, and especially at His holy table, where ye see Him coming to you, and offering you His most blessed Body and Blood, to preserve your souls and bodies to everlasting life! You would then not stand looking about you, but upon Him who is in the midst of you, and strive all you can to do the business that He hath set you, so as that ye may please Him, and receive His blessing.

Which therefore that ye may, and so never come together altogether for the worse, but always for the better, let me advise you all, that whensoever ye go to the house of God, consider whither you are going, and Whom you are to meet there: and as soon as ever ye come into His presence, be sure to fall down upon your knees before Him, to assist you in doing the work you come about; and then, in humble confidence of His assistance, set upon it with all your might,—offering up your prayers and praises unto God, not only with your lips, but also from the bottom of your hearts; receiving the word you hear, not as the word of man, but, as it is in truth, the Word of God, "which effectually worketh in them who believe;" and feeding upon the blessed Body and Blood of your Saviour with such a lively faith, that "His grace may be always sufficient for you, and His strength made perfect in your weakness." I need not tell you, that you must be upon your knees all the while that you are praying to Almighty God; for that ye cannot but choose to be, if you pray in faith; and without that, ye had as good be out of the Church as in it, as to any good ye can either do or get there, as some here present have found, I fear, by long experience.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

"AND HOPE MAKETH NOT ASHAMED."

A LESSON FROM INSTINCT.

THE young ones with their mother fly
O'er the dreary breadth of ocean;
Dark the clouds above them lie,
Below are waves in fierce commotion.
Loud the timid young ones wail:
"Oh, how shall we maintain our flight?
No spot of land appears in sight:
Alas! our weary pinions fail!"

"My children,"—calm and undismay'd
Their mother spoke—"why thus afraid?
Feel ye not a strong desire,
Burning in your hearts like fire,
Spring and spring's delights to gain?
He who this instinct strong has given,
Will help us o'er the dreary main:
Sadness shall away be driven;
Soon, soon, with hearts of joy you'll sing
Amidst the new-born leaves of spring."

From the German of Fröhlich.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

"IF dinner's ready for me, I'm ready for it, I can tell you, Missis," said John Wheeler to his wife, as he came in from his work. The round table near the fire, with two or three yellow bowls upon it, and a knife to each, showed signs of dinner; and John's wife was just in the act of taking the pot off the fire when he came in. The smoking potatoes were soon ladled into the bowls, with a bit of bacon laid on the top of each; and the two children, who were just come in from school, seemed as ready as their father to begin. Only little Jem was obliged to

leave his share to cool, while he went to the beer-shop to get a pint of beer for his father; and his sister Molly said (not much to his satisfaction), that she should have eaten her own dinner and his too before he came back. The little boy, however, was not the slower for this hint, and soon returned with the mug full of beer, and then preparations were complete.

When John Wheeler had finished his dinner, he drew his chair closer to the fire, set his mug with some remains of beer on the hearth, and then began:—

"I've had a piece of luck to-day, wife; look here;" and he drew out of his pocket a thick pocket knife with a number of blades, a corkscrew, a horse-shoe pick, and other things. "I lighted on this just lying under the willow, by the stile. I shouldn't wonder at all but it 'longed to Master Harry, as they call him, for he's always a-cutting and hacking the trees about. But it's a good useful knife, whosoever be that's lost it."

"I'm a-going up to the hall this evening with the work," said Mary Wheeler, "and I can take it up, and ask if it's Master Harry's, if you like."

"Not a bit on't," said John, rather angrily; "if he wanted the knife, he should have kept it."

Mary, who knew very well that the knife wasn't John's, though he had found it, was silent because of his tone (for she knew her husband would not bear any more just then), and began to busy herself with setting aside the dinner-things. But little Jem's curiosity was roused about the knife, and having got it into his own hands, he was opening and shutting it, and asking his father what all the things were for, which made Mary more anxious to speak again, on account of the child; and she was thinking what she could best say, when a young, clear voice, somewhat loud, but still in some way different from that of a village child, was heard, not far from the door, talking to one of the neighbours. John has-

tily seized the knife from his boy's hands, and put it into his pocket.

"When I first went servant to Mrs. Philips," said Mary, "she says to me, Mary, says she, I'll give you a rule; there's some things in this house you know you may take, says she, when you want them, and some you mayn't; but, depend upon it, if you are ever afraid of my seeing what you've got, you've stolen it."

John, who was a little ashamed of his own consciousness, only laughed, and said, "O that's just like her old-fashioned notions, and yours too."

"When a person has found any thing," continued Mary, "I don't believe it's theirs, be it ever so trifling, till they've tried to find the right owner, and can't."

"And so, instead of the luck of finding a thing," said John, "one's to have the trouble of finding the owner."

"As to the trouble, you know," said Mary, "we are bound to do as we would be done by; and I'm sure you were glad enough yourself, when old Betty Wyles came all the way from Hayton to bring back the half-crown you dropped last summer in the hay-field."

"Well, well, woman, I wish you hadn't such a tongue of your own," said John, rising up to go to his work. "Here, take the knife, for I suppose I shall have no peace till it's gone, and mayhap they may gie ye a something for it."

"Well, I don't know," said Mary, "we are not so poor, as to need to be paid for being honest either." But before these words were ended, her husband had shut the door behind him.

"May I take it up to the hall, mother?" said little Jem, who thought if the knife was to go, he should at least like the taking it.

"Yes," said Mary; "and you, Molly, put on your bonnet and go with him: you can be back

before school-time. Ask to speak to Mr. Fisher, the butler, if you don't meet Master Harry on the road; and if the knife's his, he'll give it him, I warrant." *A. B.*

THE BAPTIST.

BEHOLD a prophet! yea, and more;
He dwells in solitude;
His food is but the wild bees' store;
His raiment coarse and rude.

With water he baptizes there,
To cleanse mankind from sin;
Yea, rather, doth the way prepare
For purity within.

He who comes after, doth baptize
With Spirit and with fire,
All those who to the glorious prize
Of happiness aspire.

And He again to earth will come
When the world's trial ends;
But first, to call the wanderers home,
His ministers He sends.

O may they so prepare His way,
That we be faithful found,
Leaning on Him, our hope and stay,
When the last trump shall sound.

Christian Year. (*Third Sunday in Advent.*)

The wicked suffer many reproaches, many rebukes in their hearts, which they will not discover, because they envy God that glory.—*Donne.*

Many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources—one pure, the other impure.—*Guesses at Truth.*

THE CHURCH IN OUR COLONIES.

No. I. (*New Zealand.*)

The following extracts throw light on the present state and future prospects of the Church in the English colony, New Zealand, under the wise guidance of its first spiritual ruler, the able, good, and zealous Bishop Selwyn.

AUCKLAND.

"Since my last letter I have had the great gratification of opening St. Paul's Church for Divine worship. The building was still in an unfinished state; but, feeling the great importance of collecting our congregation within the house of God, I gave directions for a private opening on the 7th of May, reserving the consecration for some future opportunity, when the church shall have been completed. The services began with a native congregation at nine, some of whom having only heard of the opening on Saturday evening, paddled a distance of twelve miles by sea, during the night, in order to be present. The greater number were in full European clothing, and took part in the Church service in a manner which contrasts most strikingly with that of the silent and unkneeling congregations of the English settlers. At eleven an English congregation assembled, and I had the great satisfaction of administering the Lord's supper to a more numerous body of communicants than I had ever met before in any English settlement. At three I officiated at the native afternoon service; and at four, Mr. Churton and I again met a good English congregation, whom he addressed in an earnest and impressive manner."

NEW PLYMOUTH.

"I have already reported the friendly and cordial manner in which I was received by the settlers at New Plymouth; a settlement which pleased me

much by its honest agricultural character, and the absence of attempt to appear what it is not, and cannot be. My impression was that an active and zealous clergyman would find a most hopeful field of usefulness among the Devonshire emigrants, who seemed really desirous of such a privilege."

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WAIMATE.

"We have now nine students in the College, and nine boys in the Collegiate School formed on the basis of the former Mission School. Of the nine students, six are candidates for holy orders, and are going through a course of divinity lectures with me, and of Greek with Mr. Cotton; besides lectures in the native language, medicine, and Latin. The regularity of our course has been more interrupted than I could wish, by the first difficulties of settling, and by the illness of Mr. Whytehead and Mr. Dudley. The ordination of Mr. Davis, and the recovery of Mr. Dudley, having enabled me to provide for the native duties of the station, I am now more at liberty to devote myself to the instruction of my students; for which my admirable library, now opened at the Kerikeri, will supply me with abundant materials. All things, in fact, seem, by the mercy of God, to be moving on, through much anxiety and affliction, towards that settled and peaceful state, which has in it the promise of present contentment and of better things to come."

QUALIFICATIONS REQUISITE FOR A NEW ZEALAND CLERGY.

"The plan of the Society, in furnishing me with the means of educating young men for the ministry, has given me the greatest comfort and hope during the many losses which we have sustained. If it can be carried on, I trust in God that we shall never want a supply of men to fill the numerous village stations into which the population of this country

will soon be divided. The great towns, which a temporary expenditure of capital forced into existence, cannot, I think, be expected to increase; but I look forward to the cantonment of a healthy, and I trust a godly, population, in every beautiful little valley, and by the side of every running stream, of which there are hundreds in every part of the islands. To supply these country curacies, for they will be nothing more, we must have men bred on the spot—men of simple piety, and simple habits—accustomed to live at small expense, and acquainted with all the little difficulties—for privations there are none—of a colonial life in New Zealand."

ADVANTAGE OF UNRESTRICTED GRANTS.

". . . In carrying into effect the various plans which I have felt to be necessary for the establishment of a sound Church system in this country, I have been continually reminded of the confidence reposed in me by the Committee, which has enabled me to act with decision in many cases where delay would seriously have injured the future prospects of the Church. It is impossible to foresee what may be the peculiar position of this Colony from year to year; even the course of population cannot be predicted. The relations with the native people involve a new element of uncertainty. If I had been fettered with strict rules, and obliged to refer every question to England; or if every clergyman were at liberty to communicate directly with the Society, instead of looking up to me as the director of his duties, and the source of his emoluments, I could never have met the changes which, even in one year, have completely altered many of the arrangements which I at first formed. Being entrusted with the charge of an undertaking altogether new and unexampled in our Church, and therefore experimental in its character, I have deeply felt the benefit of that confidential latitude which was kindly given to me

to dispose of a definite portion of the Society's funds for the establishment of religion in this diocese. Every year, I hope, will make my course of action more clear and definite, and consequently render my account to the Society more conformable to rule and precedent. In the mean time, I trust that I shall be enabled to follow, not any fancies of my own, but the best models of antiquity, and that I shall be guided by a spirit of dependence upon Divine grace, to which end I desire the prayers of my friends and the Church at home. With my earnest prayer for a blessing upon all your endeavours, I remain, &c.

G. A. NEW ZEALAND."

(*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*)

FORETHOUGHT AND AFTERTHOUGHT.

A GREEK TALE.

[The following pretty tale was invented by a Greek philosopher, who knew not, indeed, the true God, but came as near to that knowledge, as man ever came without revelation. His object was to explain how man came to be so defenceless as to his body, compared with the beasts of the field; and how he learnt to build cities, and was fitted for living in society. Pretty as this tale is, how much better is it to know, as we do, that man was created in the image of God; that he lost that image by sin, but that he may have it restored in him by the love of JESUS CHRIST, if he will but obey His will!

The tale was told at Athens, where St. Paul afterwards preached the resurrection from the dead, and a day of judgement in righteousness by Christ. The city of the Athenians was, you know, "wholly given to idolatry;" and its lively and clever inhabitants "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."]

There was once a time when the gods only existed, and as yet mortal creatures were not. But when the prescribed time for their being formed was come, the gods fashioned them in the bowels of the earth, mingling in due proportions earth and fire, and the existing combinations of these elements. When the time was at hand for their production into the realms of light, FORETHOUGHT and AFTERTHOUGHT were commissioned to furnish and adorn them with suitable powers and faculties, according to their kinds; and AFTERTHOUGHT persuaded his brother to entrust the distribution to him alone; 'and you,' said he, 'shall look over and review my performance.' Having obtained his brother's leave, he applied himself to the task. On some he bestowed strength only without speed; to others the want of strength was made up by swiftness. Some he armed with hoofs; whilst the species that were without this defence, received from him some other provision for their security: if small, they were furnished with wings for flight, or removed from harm in dwellings under ground; if of great size, their size itself was their protection. This principle of making up for disadvantages by advantages ran through the whole; and his object throughout was by this means to guard against the total destruction of any kind. When he had thus sufficiently provided for their security against one another, his next care was to arm them against the seasons; and this he accomplished by clothing them with thick hair or stout hides, which might, not only defend them equally against the cold of winter and the heat of summer, but also serve them at night for a sort of portable and natural bed. Some again he shod with hoofs, and others with a hard and callous skin. He then allotted to each kind its peculiar food, green herbs of the field, the fruit or roots of trees and shrubs. Some kinds were allowed to prey on other animals, but the females of these kinds were to bring forth but

few young ones; whereas the animals on which they were to prey, were endued with great fruitfulness. So far all was well; but AFTERTHOUGHT, who had overrated his judgement in this matter, found, when he came to man, that he had improvidently expended all the qualities and faculties he had received upon the brute creation. The human race was wholly unfurnished, and he knew not what was to be done. And now FORETHOUGHT comes to review his brother's distribution; and he finds all other animals duly and sufficiently provided for, whilst the human race remains utterly naked and defenceless: and now, too, the appointed day for man's introduction into the world was at hand! The difficulty was great, and the necessity urgent; so FORETHOUGHT, having secretly entered into the common mansion of MINERVA, the goddess of wisdom and female labours, and VULCAN[1], the god of fire and of working in metal, where they vied with each other in their respective labours, stole from them ART (and Fire, without which she could not be possessed nor usefully employed), and presented her to man, who obtained by her means whatever things were necessary for the body's defence and sustenance. But POLICY[2], who dwells with JUPITER, was beyond the reach of FORETHOUGHT; he might not set his foot within the citadel of heaven, the dwelling of JUPITER; and even with this privilege, he must have shrunk from the attempt, for the guards of JUPITER are terrible. Much, however, had already been gained; and as by the theft of FORETHOUGHT man had received a gift that belonged to the nature and condition of the gods, he alone, by reason of this relationship, came to a knowledge of their existence, and applied himself to raise temples and statues to their honour.

[1] This name, *Vulcan*, was corrupted from *Tubal-Cain*, "the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."—Genesis iv, 22.

[2] *Wise Government*.

Presently, too, he formed for himself articulate words, and arranged them into language; he invented dress, built houses, contrived the necessary articles of furniture, and made the earth supply him with food. So were men originally furnished; but they were dispersed over the earth, without cities to dwell in; and by reason of their weakness fell a prey to wild beasts; for though constructive Art was still sufficient to supply their bodily wants, she could not enable them to combat ferocious animals with success without the assistance of POLICY, on which warfare depends. They did, indeed, after a time build cities, and collect themselves into large bodies for their preservation; but then man injured man, and without POLICY nothing could be done, and presently they were again dispersed as before. So JUPITER, fearing nothing less than the destruction of the whole race, sent down his messenger MERCURIUS[3], with SHAME and JUSTICE for bonds to hold society together, and ornaments to grace it. He was instructed to distribute these, not to this or that person only, but alike to all, for a partial distribution would fail of its object; and he was moreover empowered to establish it as a law, in the name and authority of JUPITER, that the man who should be incapable of receiving these gifts, should be put to death as a disease in the state.—*Plato.*

THE SONS OF THE CHURCH.

I.

St. Stephen.

AMONG the first converts, the rich, you know, sold their estates, and threw the purchase-money into a common fund, from which all, rich and poor, were

[3] See Acts xiv. 12, where it is told, that the people of Lystra called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.

supported. The management of the fund was in the hands of the Apostles; but even then jealousy soon began to mutter its suspicions. The Greeks (that is, the Jewish Christians, who had been brought up in foreign countries, and probably spoke Greek as their native language) fancied that their widows were not fairly treated, but received less for the support of their necessities than the widows of the native Jews. The Apostles, therefore, thought it best to appoint seven officers (of whom several probably were Greeks, as their names indeed seem to prove), to attend to this particular business. They were solemnly ordained to their office by prayer and laying on of hands; and had, as we afterwards find, power to preach and baptize. One of these seven Deacons, as they were called, was Stephen, a man, we are told, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. This St. Stephen preached Christ with such power as well as zeal, that his adversaries were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake. Accordingly they tried to procure his condemnation by a false accusation, supported by false witnesses. Stephen made a bold and full defence before the Jewish Sanhedrim[1], the Holy Ghost fulfilling the promise of Christ, that He would put into the mouths of His disciples what they should say. He ended this memorable defence by telling them that it was their stiff-necked humour (as it had been that of their ancestors) to resist the Holy Ghost, and persecute the servants of God's Anointed, as their fathers had persecuted and slain the prophets who foretold His coming, and as they had already betrayed and murdered the Holy One of God Himself. His judges, touched to the quick by this stinging reproach, gnashed with their teeth in uncontrollable rage against the Saint; but he, full of holy faith, exclaimed that "*He saw the heavens opened, and the Son of Man*

[1] The highest council of the Jews.

standing on the right hand of God." This assertion, that HE whom they had nailed to the Cross, was now at God's right hand in heaven, and had appeared to strengthen the accused person then standing for trial at their bar, carried his judges beyond all bounds of moderation; and they immediately cried out that Stephen should be stoned—and that, against the law; for the right of putting criminals to death had (as we know from the history of the Crucifixion) been taken from the Jews by the Romans, and reserved for their own courts. They stopt their ears, that they might not hear his blasphemies (as they called them), dragged him violently out of the city, and stoned him to death,—he, the meanwhile, praying to CHRIST, "Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit;" and adding with a loud voice, as he fell on his knees, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge!" Having thus prayed, he fell asleep!—a beautiful expression for a calm, holy death, and which is the more beautiful here, from its contrast to the fierce, clamorous violence of his savage executioners; and the mangling of his body by the stones, beneath which he was crushed and buried.

Observe, that this Holy Martyr plainly prayed to Christ as to God! "*Lord Jesus, receive my Spirit!*" —What a lesson does the history of his martyrdom give of the faith of these early Christians, of the power of that faith, and its exceeding blessedness! In that judgement-hall, before the men (the very individuals, most of them) who had condemned his Lord to death, St. Stephen's mouth was opened to accuse them of unholy resistance to God's Spirit! He was blessed with a sight of CHRIST IN HIS GLORY! What was man or man's power to him! What was pain to him, who saw Christ beckoning him, as it were, to His glory—a glory, of which a glimpse was at that moment revealed to him! What but Christian faith could make a death of fearful pain a calm sinking to sleep? What but the CER-

TAINTY, that the Lord Jesus would immediately receive his spirit, and make it glorious, happy, and immortal? My brethren, CHRISTIAN FAITH is now what it has ever been!—it CAN be all it EVER WAS, if we can embrace it, and arrive at its full confidence of undoubting trust! We too, if we believe, shall see Christ with, at all events, the eyes of our spirit, standing at God's right hand. And He too will receive our spirits, if we will but commit them to His keeping with any thing of Stephen's faith! Nor must we forget to learn from the example of Stephen the lesson of forgiveness to all, and for all,—the lesson of praying for our worst enemies, and the worst enemies of the Church, that God may be graciously pleased not to lay their sins to their charge! "If you do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in Heaven forgive your trespasses."

The Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,—
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong—
Who follows in his train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O Lord! to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train! *Bp. Heber.*

FROM THE HOMILY OF FASTING.

THERE be three ends whereunto if our fast be directed, it is then a work profitable to us, and accepted of God.

The first is, to chastise the flesh, that it be not too wanton, but tamed and brought in subjection to the Spirit. This respect had St. Paul in his fast, when he said, "*I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection, lest by any means it cometh to pass, that when I have preached to others, I myself be found a castaway*[1]."

The second, that the Spirit may be more earnest and fervent to prayer[2]. To this end fasted the prophets and teachers that were at Antioch, before they sent forth Paul and Barnabas to preach the Gospel. The same two apostles fasted for the like purpose, when they commended to God, by their earnest prayers, the congregations that were at Antioch, Pisidia, Iconium, and Lystra, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles[3].

The third, that our fast be a testimony and witness with us before God, of our humble submission to His high Majesty, when we confess and acknowledge our sins unto Him, and are inwardly touched with sorrowfulness of heart, bewailing the same in the affliction of our bodies. These are the three ends or right uses of fasting.

[1] 1 Cor. ix. [2] Acts xiii. [3] Acts xiv.

THE PEASANTS OF THE ALPS.

THE long narrow district of Switzerland, called the Valais, is almost entirely surrounded by high mountains, which separate it from Italy, Savoy, and the neighbouring canton of Berne.

At the foot of one of the lofty Alps, which, from its forked appearance, is called Mount Furca, rises the river Rhone, which, increased by many a mountain stream formed by the melting of the snow, winds its rapid way through this district until it adds its waters to the beautiful lake of Geneva. Parts of this country are warm and fruitful, but some of the villages are placed on such rugged spots near the Alps, and those valleys or plains of ice called the glaciers,—that we should be tempted to think them more fit for the habitations of goats than of men, if we did not find that mountaineers gain, by practice, almost as much agility as goats themselves. This mountain region seems at the same time to feel the effects of summer and winter: with one hand, the traveller may grasp snow, with the other, beautiful flowers. There is sometimes danger in spring, when the heat of the sun loosens from the sides of the mountains immense masses of snow, called avalanches, which roll along with a noise like thunder, and occasionally overwhelm travellers, and even villages.

Most of the inhabitants of the Valais are shepherds: in the spring, they bring their flocks and cattle from their winter quarters in the valleys, to the first mountain slope from which the snow is melted; and afterwards ascend higher, as more grass is exposed to view, just putting up a shed to shelter themselves on each resting-place. They live a quiet life with their cows and their sheep. The cows are adorned with bells which jingle the favorite tune of Switzerland, and one cow takes the lead of the rest, and bears a larger bell, an honour of which she is said to be proud; but this may be a shepherd's fancy.

In a village perched among these rocky mountains, lived a widow with her three children. Her husband had been killed in the dangerous pursuit of the chamois, — the antelope of Switzerland. His son, young Walter, wished at an early age to be a hunter also, but he yielded to his mother's earnest wish that he should remain with her, and be a peaceful herdsman.

The sun was just risen; and Walter, dressed, not in shepherd-trim, but in his holiday suit, was eating his hasty breakfast; at his feet, looking impatient for the signal to depart, lay Alp, an Alpine spaniel of the famous St. Bernard kind. Walter's mother looked fondly at the dog, as she gave him his food; "Ah, Alp," said she, "I would scarcely trust my boy so far, if you went not with him."

There was to be a large fair this day at the town of Sion, the chief place of the district, and to this fair Walter was going, charged with the commissions of the family. It was seldom that any traders visited this secluded village; for, though the Valais is the high road from Switzerland into Italy, no carriage, no horseman even, could reach a spot which can only be gained by ascending steep steps cut in the rock, and by crossing narrow bridges over the torrents.

Sometimes a poor Italian, wandering on foot from Piedmont with his little store of barometers or images, lodged for a night with the hospitable villagers, or some adventurous pedlar worked his way up with his pack of useful articles for sale, but, in general, all purchases were deferred till the time of this fair. The charge of the cows and sheep was given over to Gaston, Walter's younger brother, who in his turn felt pleased and important, as he ascended the mountain with his troop. Mabel, the sister, brought the little bag that contained the money which she had gained by knitting, and confided it to her brother with whispers which were for his ear alone.

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The mountain air is keen and cold,
The lambs and kids require the fold;
It is too late the hills to roam,
Weary shepherds, hasten home!

Has any traveller lost his way?
Here let him stay till break of day:
We are not rich, yet gladly share,
With all who come, our simple fare.
'Tis far too late the hills to roam;
Welcome traveller to our home.

See our fire is burning bright,
Seek shelter from the freezing night;
Lest the stormy north-wind blow,
Bringing an avalanche of snow!
It is too late the hills to roam,—"

Mabel's song was suddenly checked, for she heard well-known voice of her brother, who in his turn lanted—

"It is too late the hills to roam,
Weary shepherds, hasten home!"

looked out eagerly,—two f e ascending path. "And Alp knows r," said she loud, "for he seems quite , sometimes cking his hand and gam him:—mo-ther," cried she, with the window, here is Walter at last with him!"

The supper was : there were curds, brimming bow s' milk, cheese, bread and fruit; s of pine-wood blazed upon the od dame was as hospitable as M ed to promise, and the stranger w ned, and helped to change his w he sat down to the evening me ston, glad that he was d to ttendant, kept talking, s clean shoes, about the

cows which had been left under his care for these two long days. Nor was Alp forgotten,—he seemed extremely happy, now casting his eyes on his master, now on the stranger, till at last, overcome with weariness, and having satisfied his hunger, he fell asleep before the blazing hearth. When the supper was ended, the stranger turned to the good dame, and after thanking her for her kind hospitality, he told his tale. He had been wandering on foot through great part of Switzerland, and had that morning ascended a steep mountain-path, where the rhododendron bloomed on the verge of a precipice of ice, and delighted with the beauty of the scene, he sat down to sketch the prospect before him. While thus employed, he did not observe the cloud behind him, and a sudden snow-shower came with such force as nearly to blind him, and soon covered all traces of his path. Terrified and bewildered, he endeavoured to find the right track, but missed his footing, and fell into a deep hollow, where he lay almost stupified, though not hurt, in that sleepy state in which people are before they become frozen.

Meantime, Walter was sheltering himself from the storm in a neighbouring shed, when, to his surprise, Alp roused himself, and rushed into the hollow; and presently returning, made signs to his master that he should follow. Walter obeyed, and soon discovered the traveller lying amidst the snow: by the help of his spiked pole, Walter quickly descended into the chasm, and placed the almost helpless stranger on the back of the good Alp, who bore him in safety to the shed, where Walter, by rubbing his feet and hands with snow, and giving him a few drops of the brandy which is always carried on these expeditions, soon restored his strength; and he was able, when the storm ended, to continue his journey without the assistance of his four-footed friend. But he had wandered far from the beaten road, and gladly accepted Walter's invitation that he would spend the

night in his mother's cottage. He was not so strong as the young Swiss, and gladly retired to rest soon after supper.

"Well, Mabel," said Walter to his sister, when their mother and the stranger had withdrawn,—"have you lost all your curiosity? You have not asked me yet what I have brought in my basket from Sion."

"And yet I am sure I wish to know," said Mabel, "only I have been thinking so much about this poor traveller, and about you and Alp. Well, now let us see the contents of the basket!"

"You will be disappointed, Mabel, I fear," said her brother, as he produced his basket, and took out first, the yarn for knitting, then the bag of salt, then the coarse cloth which was to be made into shirts; "these are the useful things you know which my mother wanted: the only things I have bought for you, Mabel, are this ribbon," and he showed her a bright cherry-coloured ribbon to tie round her hat: "and this," said he, producing a slate, "which is such a good thing to learn to write upon, because we can always rub out the writing again, and so the slate lasts for ever almost, and here is a piece of sponge."

"But what have you bought for yourself, Walter?"

"I have bought nothing for myself; here is my bag of money safe."

"But why? Were there no pretty things at Sion?"

"Indeed there were, Mabel, a great many; but some we could have no use for, and some I could not have carried safely up our rocky paths. There were plates and basins all painted with gold and bright colours like flowers and birds, but they cost a great deal of money, and break if you let them fall; so I say that our clean wooden bowls and trenchers are better for us: then there were pictures, and looking-glasses, and necklaces,—oh, there were heaps of pretty things! but there was only one thing,

Mabel, that I set my mind on, because I thought it might be a comfort to my mother, and I had not quite money enough for that, so I brought my purse back till I could save more to add to it."

"What was this thing?" asked Mabel impatiently.

"A clock," answered her brother; "there were numbers of clocks and watches at the fair, made by the Swiss who live on the other side of the lake of Geneva, in what they call the 'Pays de Vaud.'"

"I can almost always tell how the time goes on by the sun," said Mabel: "when the sun only tints the highest point of the mountains, I know that it is very early. I think I can tell almost every hour by observing what part of the country the sun shines on; and when it is just over our heads, and we have scarcely any shadow, who does not know then that it is twelve o'clock?"

"Very true, Mabel, but there are some days when the sun does not shine, and it never shines in the night."

"But we sleep in the night," said Mabel, "and then we do not want to know the hour."

"When Gaston had the fever," said Walter, "how my mother used to watch for the first break of day! I think it would be a comfort to her to have a clock, though you, who are strong and sleep all the night, may not want one."

"Well," said Mabel, "I had indeed forgotten the time when my poor mother used to sit and watch by Gaston's bed. I think she will like to have a clock; so we will go on knitting, and I will make as good cheese as I can, and perhaps by next fair we may have saved enough."

"Thank you, Mabel," said Walter, "you are a good little sister: now good night." The brother and sister spread out their beds of straw, and soon the whole family was fast asleep.

The next morning, Gaston conducted the stranger through the mountain-path as far as the more open

road by which he wished to continue his journey. It was a pleasant duty to Gaston, for he liked to hear the stranger speak of the countries in which he had travelled,—of that beautiful land on the other side of these rocky mountains,—fair, sunny Italy, the land of the olive, the mulberry, and the vine:—the olive, which yields oil,—the mulberry, which supplies the silkworm with food,—and the vine, with its purple clusters, which adorns so many cottages, and hangs in beautiful wreaths from so many trees.

"And Italy has its mountains, and strange mountains too," thought Gaston, when the traveller told him of mount Vesuvius and mount Etna, from which no snowy avalanches fall, but sometimes burning cinders and streams of lava, which may be likened to melted rock, for when it becomes cold, it is as hard as stone. "What a strange land!" said Gaston; "I would rather live among our mountains of snow, than near to those mountains of fire!" But when the stranger spoke of the beautiful orange trees, covered at the same time with fruit and blossoms, and told him that ice was hoarded as a valuable article in places built on purpose to secure it, called ice-houses, and said that it was used as a luxury to cool the water which the inhabitants drink, Gaston declared that he would see that country some day, he would study the book of geography which his brother had brought him from Sion,—he would not always tend his flock on the rocky slope.

"Farewell, my young friend," said the traveller; "you must gain a little more age and a little more wisdom, before you set out on your travels,—go home and be industrious."

Besides the great object which Walter and his sister had in view, and for which they were industriously spinning and knitting, they were now busy in trying to make a little garden for vegetables on a slope of the rock near their dwelling. It was hard work, for Walter was obliged to cut steps up the

ascent, and they were forced to bring the earth in baskets from below, with which they formed a scanty soil, where they hoped to grow a little spinach and a few lettuces. It was a great labour, but they were willing labourers.

When the crops appeared above ground, there was another difficulty in guarding them from the goats; cows are heavy animals, they do not leap precipices; sheep, too, are timid, and easily restrained by fences, but goats are so adventurous,—such bold leapers, that it required all the care which Walter and Gaston could bestow, to keep them from tasting the vegetables, which promised to be more juicy than their scanty herbage.

Months rolled on peacefully with our mountaineers; at last came another fair-day at Sion, and Walter thought that he and Mabel had stored up a sufficient quantity of goats' horns, cheese, and knitting (in addition to their former savings), to enable them to purchase the long-wished-for clock. The weather was fine, and the mother allowed Mabel to accompany her brother on the expedition,—Alp, as usual, being of the party.

They set off at a very early hour of the morning, when a deep mist hung over the valley, and no sound was heard as they stepped along the mountain-path, but the occasional whistle of a marmot. But soon the bright blue gentian, and the Alpine ranunculus, sparkled in the sunbeams; and, though Mabel was impatient to reach her journey's end, she could yet spare a glance for her favorite flowers.

Suddenly they caught a glimpse of a little bubbling stream, whose trickling they had long heard, but which had been concealed from their sight by rocks and groves of pine trees. "That," said Walter, "is the river Drance, a beautiful sparkling stream, as you see it now in summer, but in spring often a furious torrent, when it is swelled by the melting of the snow. I can never look upon this river without thinking of the dreadful flood which took place in

the year 1818, and of the brave men of our canton who worked so hard to save their country."

"How was it? tell me," said Mabel.

"In the spring of that year," said Walter, "some people were surprised to observe that the Drance remained a small stream, at a time when it is usually so much enlarged by the melting of the snows, and there was a written account that once, a great many years before, a dreadful flood had happened, when the fall of some masses of ice from the mountains had prevented this river from taking its usual course. So, in April 1818, some persons went up the valley to try if they could find out the cause of the Drance's remaining so shallow, and they discovered that vast masses of snow and ice had fallen into a narrow part of the valley, forming a dyke 600 feet wide, and 400 feet high, which obstructed the course of the river; and the waters, not finding a passage out, formed a lake. A very clever man, M. Venetz, was consulted, and he thought the best thing to be done, was to dig a passage through this wall of ice, to be begun at sixty feet above the height at which the water then was. He thought that this opening might be cut through the mass, before the water should have risen sixty feet higher in the lake. Fifty men worked at a time, then were relieved by another fifty, and they laboured day and night with the greatest perseverance and courage in the midst of danger."

"Danger! from what?" cried Mabel.

"From the fresh masses of ice which were continually falling. The water of the lake rose rapidly, and threatened every moment to burst the dyke, and sweep all away in its course, and the men suffered severely from cold and wet; but, at last, they completed their work, just before the water reached them, and the torrent rushed through the opening which they had made.

"But all was not yet so safe as they had hoped. The torrent was increased after three or four days

by the melting of that mass of snow and ice through which the passage had been cut, and the mighty stream hurried on at the rate of twenty miles an hour, destroying all before it. A large forest was not strong enough to obstruct its course, large trees were rooted up as if they had been osier wands, and borne away like floating branches in its tide. Very many cottages and half the town of Martigny were swept away. The flood rushed on as far as the lake of Geneva, where it subsided."

"How dreadful!" cried Mabel; "then no good was done at last by all that labour in making the opening?"

"O yes; great good was done," said Walter; "for it was thought, if great part of the water had not run off through this passage, before the dyke burst, the whole of the lower Valais would have been deluged; as it was, few lives were lost, because the inhabitants had received notice to guard against the danger, but many fields and vineyards were quite destroyed by being covered with gravel and stones. But do not let me talk to you now of danger and distress; see what a beautiful prospect is before us!"

Walter and his sister were now descending the last height; they beheld the beautiful Rhone winding in the valley, among orchards and vineyards (where the ripe grapes hung from the poles much as hops do in England), while the snowy Alps were seen in the distant back-ground, and beneath, the town of Sion with its rocks and castles. Mabel was delighted; she thought that she had never seen so beautiful a scene. "The little patches of corn among our mountains are scarcely yet ripe," said she, "here the harvest has been gathered in; and look, the vintage is begun! Have we passed from summer to autumn in one day?"

It was indeed a busy scene at Sion: here came waggons with barrels for the wine, just pressed from the grapes; here were peasants busily employed in cutting off the ripe clusters; while on a meadow

close to the town, was held the fair. Mabel had never before seen so many people collected together, nor such quantities of tempting articles; but she felt puzzled with the crowd and the different languages she heard, for in some parts of Switzerland German is spoken; in others, French; and there are many different dialects or patois. She clung fearfully to her brother's arm. One seller tried to tempt her with a splendid bell for a favorite cow; another told her it would be a pity to waste her money on a cow, and to leave herself unadorned, and showed her a fine bonnet. Mabel admired both the bell and the bonnet, but said in a low voice to Walter, that she did not think either her cow or herself needed the finery. "It is a good thing," whispered she, "that we made up our minds as to what we most wished for, before we came; do let us go to the clockseller, that we may not be tempted to buy any thing which we might repent of."

Walter had fortunately been recommended to an honest watchmaker who understood his business; his bargain was soon concluded, and his basket strapped upon his back. With a light step, though with a heavy load, did he ascend the mountain-path. With a pleased and important look, did he place the clock on the little shelf in his mother's cottage.

"Look, mother, it stands nicely there," cried Mabel; "and long may it *tick:* it's only Walter who knows how to set it ticking again, if it leaves off. The man who sold it told him how to manage it."

"It is a great ornament indeed to our cottage," said the mother; "and what gives me the most pleasure is knowing that it was gained by my children's industry. Yes! I am a happy woman, although I live in a poor cottage under mountains of ice, for my children love me and help one another."

From 'the Parent's Cabinet (by permission).'

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PERHAPS you are one who, having been well instructed in religion, have long been accustomed to pray your own prayers, to ask of God, and to thank Him in your own words, without difficulty. But all men who wish, and mean to pray, cannot do this. Some are so little of scholars, that they do not know how to pray for what they want in their own words. Most of these have been accustomed (if in the habit of praying at all) to repeat some prayer which they were taught in their infancy, probably the Lord's prayer; and they have said it over so often, that they are apt to begin at the beginning, and find themselves at the end of it, with no more in their thoughts than a general notion, that they have been doing something which God required of them. But this prayer, which they know so well, has every thing in it that a man can want to pray for in his utmost need, if he will but keep his heart up to the words, while he prays in them. There is not any thing a man ought to pray for, which he cannot make the Lord's prayer express for him by the help of his thoughts.—Suppose that any one is living surrounded by wicked neighbours, himself plagued continually by their drunkenness, swearing, and riotous living. When he says, in the Lord's prayer, "Hallowed be thy name!—Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," he expresses in the best manner he can his dislike of such doings, and asks God to deliver him and all others from the misery which comes from not doing GOD'S WILL, as the angels do in heaven, but doing SATAN'S WILL, as the devils do in hell.—Is he poor and needy, with a large family, for whom he has difficulty in providing, he need hardly be told that "Give us this day our daily bread," will express, not only his wants of that kind generally, but any particular want he wishes to have supplied, if it is but fit to

be asked of God.—Has he been guilty of any crime, fault, or even failing which he hopes may not be found written against him in the book at the last day?—no different form of words, which a scholar with the greatest devotion could pour forth, would better carry up to God this feeling of the heart, than the words, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," which remind the petitioner, at the same time, that a forgiving, loving temper is expected of him, and that without it he must not hope to have his sins forgiven. What is there that a man dreads, be it loss of wife or children, or sickness, or danger, or crime, but he can feel that he asks God to save him from it, when he says, "Deliver us from evil." Moreover, there are other parts in the Lord's prayer, which, perhaps, ask for more than all Christians feel they wish to ask. By these a man may learn how far he comes short of what he ought to be. "Thy kingdom come," "lead us not into temptation," are not (like being kept from evil, and receiving the means of life) the expressions of any common wants of humanity, sure to be asked for by all who know that God made them, and that He alone can keep them. A man must have a deep sense of the sin and evil of this world, a lively hope for the next, to wish in his heart that this world and the fashion of it may give place to that other world where only God and His Christ reign. But if he has not this sense, he ought to have it. Such words, put by our Saviour into the prayer He gave His disciples, show that a true disciple has need of them, as well as of the rest, to express his desires to God. So that when a man has no heart to accompany this request, he may know that he thinks too much about this world, too little about the next. Not every man, even with the fear of God (which is the beginning of wisdom) before his eyes, wishes to be kept out of

the way that may lead him to sin. To be forgiven when he has sinned, that, indeed, he wishes; but to be kept out of all temptation is the earnest desire of him only, who truly feels his own weakness to resist when he is tempted. But this desire, too, is part of the character of a true disciple of Christ, and stands where it is as a warning to all who say the "Lord's prayer," and feel it not. *A. B.*

That which is certain is, that the Spirit is the principle of a new life or a new birth: that Baptism is the laver of this new birth; that it is the seed of God, and may lie long in the furrows before it springs up: that from the faculty to the act the passage is not always sudden and quick: that the Spirit is "the earnest of our inheritance;" that is, of resurrection to eternal life.—(*Bp.*) *Jeremy Taylor.*

There is a tempest in the soul of the passionate man, and though every wind does not shake the earth, nor rend trees up by the roots, yet we call it violent and ill weather, if it only makes a noise and is harmless.—(*Bp.*) *Jeremy Taylor.*

"There liveth not in whom I have so good hope and trust, and in whom mine heart rejoiceth and my soul comforteth herself as in you; not one thousandth part so much for your learning, and what other gifts else you have, as that you will creep low by the ground, and walk in those things that the conscience may feel, and not in the imaginations of the brain; in fear, and not in boldness; in open necessary things, and not to pronounce or define of hid secrets, or things that neither help nor hinder, whether they be so or no; in unity, and not in seditious opinions."—"As lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you sink into the hearts of men."—*Tyndale.*

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THE SONS OF THE CHURCH.

II.

Death of St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, a Disciple of St. John's.

THE aged bishop, on the first notice of what was going on, had determined to stand at his post. He was, however, afterwards prevailed upon to retire to a farm not far from the town. Here he remained a day and a night in continual prayer, and having seen in a dream his pillow on fire, foretold to his attendants the manner of his approaching death. The vigour of the search compelled him to go to another farm, where the confession of a slave, who was put to the rack, disclosed his hiding-place. He was discovered resting in an upper chamber, late on a Friday evening. He might still have escaped along the roof, but instead of attempting this he cried, "The Lord's will be done," and went down stairs to his pursuers. He had done his duty in not tempting the Lord by a needless exposure of life, and was now set at liberty joyfully to welcome the death which was evidently his destiny. His venerable appearance and calm composure struck them with shame and sorrow, which would not be lessened, when, with the cheerful hos-

pitality of a bishop, he ordered meat and drink, as much as they would, to be set before them. He required from them, in return, but the indulgence of an hour for prayer. They allowed him two; and, heathens though they were, heard him with admiration, and even sorrow for their sad duty, as he offered up his prayers for all with whom he had ever held intercourse, for small and great, noble and ignoble, and for the universal Church throughout the world. Having mounted him upon an ass, they were conducting him to the city (Smyrna), when he was met by the tetrarch Herod, with his father Nicetas. They took him up into their chariot, and immediately began to persuade him to save his life by sacrificing. But when they could not prevail, they turned him out so roughly, that he injured his leg in his descent. Yet he walked on cheerfully, as if nothing had happened, towards the race-course.

As he entered, many of the faithful heard (as they assert) a voice from heaven, crying, "*Be strong and have courage*[1], *Polycarp!*" He here appeared at the tribunal of the Proconsul, who, as usual in such cases, began with mildness to persuade him to comply. He grew, however, more stern, as the conversation proceeded. "Swear by the fortune of Cæsar;" he said; "change your mind, and cry, 'Away with the Atheists!'"

Polycarp replied by a severe look at the crowd, and, waving his hand at them, as if tossing back to them that exclamation, cried out, "Away with the Atheists!" looking at the same time up to Heaven with a deep groan. On the Proconsul still insisting, and saying, "Swear, and I will release you. Revile Christ." He answered, "Eighty and six years have I been serving Him, and He hath done me no wrong. And how can I blaspheme my king, who hath brought me salvation?" Finding his firmness invincible, the

[1] Deuter. xxxi. 7.

Proconsul commanded the crier to proclaim, "Polycarp has confessed himself to be a Christian." On this the populace, composed of Jews and Heathens, furiously cried out, "This is the teacher of impiety, the father of the Christians; the man who is for putting down our gods, and who is teaching many not to offer sacrifice or worship to the gods." The Asiarch Philip was urged by them to set a lion on Polycarp, which he refused, alleging that he had finished the games, so far as exposing to beasts was concerned, and that therefore he had it not in his power. The general cry then was that he should be burned; and the multitude, among whom the Jews, as usual, especially distinguished themselves, although it was their sabbath, hastily got together wood and faggots from the workshops and the baths. A pile was soon raised, and Polycarp placed in the midst of it. All being ready, he stript himself for his last struggle; but for a long time he was unable to unloose his sandals, from the interruption of the faithful, who eagerly ran up to touch the body of the holy martyr.

When the faggots had been arranged around him, they were going to nail him to the stake; but he requested them to omit this part, saying, "Leave me as I am, for He that granteth me to endure the fire, will grant me to stand unmoved amid the pile without the security of your nails." They indulged him so far as only to bind him. In this position he offered up the following prayer:—

"O Lord God Almighty, Father of Thy beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we receive the knowledge which telleth of thee, O God of angels, and powers, and of all the creation, and of all the family of the just, who live in Thy presence: I bless Thee that Thou hast thought me worthy of this day and hour, so that I should be a partaker in the number of Thy witnesses, in the cup of Thy Christ, unto the resurrection of everlasting life, both of soul and

body, in the incorruption of the Holy Spirit. Amongst whom may I be accepted before Thee this day, through a fat and acceptable sacrifice, according as Thou hast beforehand prepared, and manifested, and hast fulfilled, even Thou the unfailing and true God. On this account, and for all things also, I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, together with the everlasting and heavenly Jesus Christ, Thy beloved Son: with whom, to Thee and the Holy Spirit, be glory now and for ever. Amen."

The fire was then lighted around him, and, when it had risen into a vast flame, swelling out on all sides like a sail, it encircled the martyr as it were in a chamber of fire, where his body remained unconsumed, like gold in the furnace. At the same time an exquisite fragrance, as of frankincense and other spices, issued forth, to the great comfort and delight of his flock. On seeing the resistance which his body offered to the flames, his impatient enemies ordered him to be run through with a sword. The quantity of blood issuing from the wound was so great as to quench the fire. Thus the body was preserved; but his followers were not to have the satisfaction of paying it the last honours. It was denied to them, owing to the malicious misrepresentations of the Jews, who suggested that the Christians would forsake their crucified God, and worship him. The centurion placed it in the midst of the fire, and burnt it. The Church, however, gathered his bones, and reverently laid them up, as a treasure more precious than gems, in a place where they afterwards annually met, and celebrated this his birthday into everlasting life with joyful solemnities, in pious memory of those who had fought the good fight, and to the preparation and exercise of those who were to follow their example. This day was the 25th of April.

Thus the prince of this world extinguished the last lamp which had been kindled from the light of the living Apostles, and the Church lost a witness, who

had upheld her claims in her most difficult trials. But he bequeathed to her a school of well-trained champions to continue the victorious fight against fraud and error.—*From Evans's Biography of the Early Church.*

PRAYER FOR A BLESSED RESURRECTION TO ETERNAL LIFE.

Almighty God, whose works are great and marvellous, whose ways are just and true; Thou art infinite in power, and therefore nothing is impossible to thee; Thou art abundant in goodness and truth, and therefore whatever Thou hast promised shall come to pass. Fit and prepare me, O Lord, by the assistance of Thy grace, for that blessed immortality of body and soul, which Thou hast made the portion of all those that love and fear Thee. Let me never defile my body by sensual and brutish lusts, since Thou hast designed to make it immortal and incorruptible. Let me never sink under the burthen of my present infirmities and miseries; since Thou hast graciously promised to reward my patience and submission with a glorious body, no more liable to pains, or diseases, or dissolution. Let me not immoderately grieve for those friends and relations that sleep in the Lord, because they shall awake at the last day in greater perfection and glory. Let not the thoughts of death be any longer uneasy to me, for that it reduceth my body to dust; I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand upon the earth at the last day; and though after my skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Oh, let these great and precious promises so influence my life and conversation, that I may escape the corruption that is in this world through lust, and by purifying myself as Thou art pure, may partake of the divine nature in Thy heavenly kingdom, through the merits of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour. *Amen.*—*Nelson.*

THE EVENING OF THE CHRISTENING.

"WHAT a blessing it is," said Henry Masham, the schoolmaster at Brunton, to the friends who were drinking tea with him one fine Sunday evening last summer. "What a blessing it is, to be able to believe that one's own dear infant is made by Baptism 'a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of —' "

Here a knock was heard at the door, which cut off the last word of Harry's happy and thankful exclamation.

He immediately opened the door, and Robert Warburton came in: he was on his road, he said, from Emerton Church, and thought he would just call to see how Mrs. Masham was and the baby.

This was kindly taken, and Robert was pressed to stay, and take tea; "for we have but just begun," said Martha Masham, "and it's a good step from Emerton to Brayford."

"Yes: it *is* a good step," said Robert, "but I ought not to mind taking many a good step to hear the Gospel preached with such faithfulness and unction, as one may always reckon on from Mr. Volatt. I do wonder, Masham, how you *can* go on Sunday after Sunday listening to such a preacher as Mr. Stockton."

"Why, in the first place, Robert, I think Mr. Stockton a *good* preacher, because his *matter* is good: I am sure *I* have learnt a great deal from him, that I hope will do me good as long as I live: and as to *manner*, one soon gets over that. Mr. Stockton can't alter his voice, which is both bad and weak, certainly. However, you may be sure that if I *did* think him a bad preacher, I should stick to my own parish church, where I was baptized, and my father before me."

"And where my own dear girl that's gone lies buried, in the churchyard," added Martha, with a tear in her eye.

"Yes, Martha," said Henry kindly. "And where the dear little boy that God has since given us has been baptized. You must know, Robert, this is a christening feast . . . a fine feast perhaps you may think: here, take some of Martha's plum bun. That's right: take two bits."

"Do, Mr. Warburton," said Martha, "there's another you see at the fire, and I believe I can find a third in the cupboard."

Robert, being pressed in this hospitable way, took the two bits, and having said that he was a lucky man indeed to drop in on that Sunday of all Sundays in the year, he added: "But as to this matter of Baptism, I remember what you said to me last year, William, when you stood godfather for Charles Kirby's boy. I suppose you and Mrs. Harmsby have been standing for Masham's boy to-day."

"Yes, and this is my cousin from Toft, who is the other godfather; you perhaps remember him, Mr. Warburton."

"Oh, yes: but it's a many years since I saw him. I hope you're well, Mr. John: and where do you live now?"

"I still live at Burfield, Mr. Warburton; but what was it that my cousin William said last year?"

"Why I was sorry to hear him say, that a child is regenerated in Baptism. I'm sure, Masham, you know the Gospel better than to think that a few drops of water sprinkled on a child's face can regenerate it."

"I hope so, indeed, Mr. Warburton."

"That's right; I'm glad to hear you say that, Masham, for you're rather stiff in some things: people say you have oddish opinions on some points, for a scholar like you."

"Indeed, do they? You must tell them, I'm afraid, that one of these is, that I believe Baptism to be the new birth of a Christian."

"Nay, Masham, you just said that you did *not* believe that: you must know that regeneration and

new-birth are two names for the same thing: Mr. Volatt says —"

"Yes, I know that; but I never said that I did not think Baptism was regeneration: I said I did not think that a few drops of water sprinkled on a child regenerated it."

"What?" said Mr. Warburton, "you can't mean to say that you had the child *dipped* in the water.. had you?"

"No, certainly not: it was baptized in the usual way."

"Bless me, man, what *do* you mean? What *do* you fancy—for I must call it a fancy—*regenerated* your baby?"

"The HOLY SPIRIT, certainly," replied Henry.

"Well—why—yes, of course —"

"But then, Warburton, why twit us with holding that a few drops of water sprinkled on a child regegenerate it, if you *know*, as you surely do, that we neither say nor think this, but a very different thing indeed; that the HOLY GHOST does the whole work, though He ties Himself down, if I may say so, to do it only through and by the sacrament of Baptism?"

"Well, well—but when one thinks a notion foolish, one's apt to speak a little strongly; but how *can* you think, Masham, that a Christian's new birth is nothing more than takes place in the case of every child, when Parson Stockton or Parson Anybody.. say that old sinner there, what was his name? at—"

"Nay, Mr. Warburton, don't go on at that rate, as you so often do. You know I love and honour Mr. Stockton; and what's more to the purpose, as you are still a Churchman, though you know I don't think you a very sound one—"

"Ah! Masham: well, we're good friends, I'm happy to say, though we don't think much of each other's opinions."

"But you cut me off before I had finished: I was going to say, that one of the Articles of our Church

teaches us, that the unworthiness of ministers does not hinder the effect of the Sacrament. So that there being bad ministers here and there—you yourself cannot say that there are *many*—has nothing to do with the question. Now may I ask whether you allow that it is the doctrine of the Church that a child is regenerated at Baptism?"

"You may be sure I don't," said Warburton, "or I should soon turn my back upon it, and join some other body of God's people."

"Oh, Mr. Warburton," said Martha.

"Yes, Mrs. Masham, I should: I am sorry I seem to shock you; but I have learnt that grace is too free to be tied down to one set of forms or Church government."

"Well, we can't agree there, either," said Masham; "but let's keep to our point. I don't expect to convert you —"

"No, indeed—I think you hardly will."

"Well, I don't expect it; but William here is young, and I don't like to pass over the question, since you have raised it, for I think the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration is one of the most important doctrines in the Bible."

"In the Bible indeed! you'll hardly find it there. Oh! that I could get you to feel, Masham, what a new-birth by the Spirit is!—what a fire it is within one! what a blessing it is to know that all one's own righteousness is filthy rags, and that all one has is of free grace!"

"Oh, dear, dear," said Masham, "do you think *I* do not believe and feel that all we receive is of free grace?"

"Why, how can you, if you think that Baptism regen —"

"Nay, Warburton, don't go back to that: I put you in mind before, that I believe that it is the HOLY SPIRIT who regenerates us in Baptism—you know the Catechism tells us that the inward and *spiritual grace*

of Baptism is a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness. This answer both tells us that it is *grace* —and that this grace is no outward thing, but *inward* and *spiritual*. And you're sure I *must* hold that that poor little baby of ours has done nothing to *deserve* this grace. You see then I *must* hold, that the grace I believe him to have received was free and undeserved."

"Come, Mr. Warburton, you can't say no to that," said the Godfathers; and the Godmother, though she did not say it, seemed to look it.

"Ah, well—I must be off, I see," said Warburton, "you're too many for me all at once."

"Oh, no, don't go yet, Mr. Warburton," said Martha kindly; "you have not finished your tea. But as a sitter-by sees better how an argument's going on than those who are disputing, I can see that you have run away from the question, whether the doctrine is not taught us by our Church. Why, Mr. Warburton, if you'll excuse my saying a word, Mr. Stockton said to us;—here I have the place turned down in my prayer-book—'seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church, let us give thanks to Almighty God for these benefits.' I am sure, if I thought these words in so solemn a service did not mean what they say, I should be very unhappy, and think it very wrong. Why if my poor little Mary that's gone to the other world, was not born again of water and of the Spirit, I should never be comforted more, I do think."

"I'm glad Martha has brought us back to that: but the Church does *not* mean to deceive us; why she tells us, and that in the Catechism, which just contains the great truths that every Christian should know by heart, that Baptism makes a child a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. The Catechism also says, that the inward and spiritual grace of this Sacrament is a death

unto sin, and a NEW BIRTH unto righteousness (it here calls it, you see, the new birth); and, as Martha has reminded us, the clergyman tells us, the moment the child is baptized, that it IS REGENERATE; and he tells us this in a most solemn service, where the words would be chosen with great care. Now look at my baby, Mr. Warburton, it is a pretty stout young man for three weeks old."

"Three weeks old! why, Mrs. Masham, it is a fine boy indeed. How well and rosy he looks."

"Bless him—ah, Sir! does it know what the gentleman is saying?—does it? does it?"

"The boy's well enough; but he could not wrestle with you, Warburton, or jump over a turnpike-gate."

"Why, to be sure he'll want a little matter of meat and pudding before he quite flings me, or clears the gate, Masham."

"Yes, I think so: and if we are all *born weak*, and must be fed and taken care of afterwards, and grow up to be men slowly, why it seems to me likely that a Christian should be *born weak*, and should have to be *fed* and *trained* afterwards,—should have to *grow*. And surely you know how the Bible speaks about *babes* in Christ, who are to be fed with milk; and about growing up to be *perfect men* in Him, and so on."

"Yes, yes: a Christian must grow after his *new birth*, I allow; but still his birth is into a quite different state: he is a new creature: he has put off the old man; all things are become new unto him."

"So say I: and *if* a child is born a child of wrath, and is made by Baptism a child of grace, is made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, surely that Sacrament has put him into a state quite different enough from that into which he was born, to be called a new birth. Just conceive the blessing of being united to Jesus Christ; of being made God's children; of having heaven promised to us as our inheritance."

"Yes; all that's true: but still this doctrine of there being no other new birth but Baptism—I *cannot* like it... I cannot but think that you will never find men who hold it, real spiritual-minded Christians."

"I do wonder why you should think so," replied Masham: "what *can* there be in the doctrine, that should make men less holy, less spiritual-minded, than those are, who look for a new birth in after life? My child will, I hope, be taught, when he is able to understand it, that when he was an infant in arms, he was made God's child by a holy Sacrament: that this was an act of God's mercy; that it has given him a right to heaven if he will do God's will: that he can do God's will, if he will try: and that if he will not, he will be without excuse. He will be taught that the Holy Spirit of God dwells in him; that every sin will help to drive this Holy Spirit away, just as every good action will help to keep Him; and he will be taught, I hope, that he must fear to offend Him, because every sin he commits will be a sin after grace received, a sin against light and knowledge; and that there is no second Baptism to wash away all sin, as the first did."

"Oh, but repentance;" said Warburton, "surely if we repent we shall be received again into God's favour."

"Yes: but you know we cannot repent without God's grace: and what right have we to think that, when we have had so much grace, we shall be sure to have enough to bring us to true repentance, if we lead sinful lives after Baptism? It does seem to me, Mr. Warburton, that this doctrine is just what a poor sinful man wants: it gives him plenty of encouragement to try hard to be good, and yet holds over him a wholesome fear, if he does not try, and try constantly."

"Why, Masham, you talk like a book; I don't know what's come to you to-night."

"Why, you know a schoolmaster is apt to get to talk like a book, as you call it, Warburton. And I have thought over this doctrine a great deal, and talked it over too, for that matter, with good Mr. Stockton: who often points out to us in the pulpit how constantly God in the Bible uses sacramental means (as he calls them)."

"What does he mean by that?" said Warburton.

"Why, that He conveys His invisible and inward blessings by some visible and outward sign. You will remember Naaman's being ordered to bathe in Jordan, Mr. Warburton, and the bites of the serpents being cured by a mere look at a serpent of brass, and our Lord's anointing the blind man's eyes with clay."

"Oh, yes, I know all that," said Warburton.

"And you know too, that the brass serpent could not cure the bites itself, nor the Jordan cure the leprosy itself, nor the moistened clay itself open the blind man's eyes: but that God made these things the means, and the ONLY MEANS, by which the blessings desired could be obtained. Isn't it likely then, that Christ, having appointed the Sacrament of Baptism, may mean it to be the only means by which the new-birth is brought about. But I was saying that this doctrine is just what man wants; now can you deny that, when a great prize is to be gained, those will try hardest, who are quite sure that they can gain it, if they will; but equally sure that they shall lose it, and be severely punished besides, if they do not do their utmost?"

"Why there is some reason for that certainly: but then if our new-birth is after Baptism, a man may feel just the same certainty, and have the same hope and the same fear."

"Ah! after his new birth.. but what before it? will he all his life long have the same comfortable assurance of being in God's favour? the same fear of offending Him?—but come, Mr. Warburton, I won't

tire you with my book-talk, but I should like you to read a few words that I copied out of a real book. Perhaps you have heard of a great writer called Hooker?"

"Oh, yes: Mr. Volatt often talks of him: he always calls him the judicious Hooker."

"Yes; he is often called by that name: well, Hooker says:—'As we are not naturally men without birth, so neither are we Christian men in the eye of the Church of God but by new birth; nor, according to the manifest ordinary course of divine dispensation, new born but by that Baptism which both declareth and maketh us Christians.' And in another place he says: 'Baptism is a Sacrament which God hath instituted in His Church, to the end that they which receive the same might thereby be incorporated into Christ, and so, through His most precious merit, obtain as well that saving grace of imputation which taketh away all former guiltiness, as also that infused divine virtue of the Holy Ghost, which giveth to the powers of the soul their first disposition towards newness of life.'"

"Well, I should not have thought Hooker would have said that. I shall doubt whether he is so judicious as—"

"Mr. Volatt calls him, hey?—well, now here is Jeremy Taylor I see next. 'And therefore Baptism is a new birth by which we enter into the new world, the new creation, the blessings and spiritualities of the kingdom: and this is the expression which our Saviour Himself used unto Nicodemus: 'unless a man be born of water and of the Spirit;' and it is by St. Paul called, 'the laver of regeneration'—for now —"

"Oh, come," said Warburton, "I shan't get home to-night, if you go through that thick book."

"Well, he isn't very fond of stopping, Mr. Warburton," said Martha, "when he begins with reading out his favorite bits."

"I shall be off then, Mrs. Masham, and I think it's time for young master to be off to bed—and—and I hope he will have the new birth some day."

"Oh, Mr. Warburton—but good night, and thank you for your company: you'll always find us at tea at this time."

"But I shan't always find plum buns. Well—Good night, and thank you:—good night, Mrs. Harmsby; good night, gentlemen; good night, Masham: we don't quite agree, but you've more to say for yourself than most men of your way of thinking."

PRAYER.—PROFESSION OF OUR FAITH IN THE RESURRECTION.

I BELIEVE, O victorious Jesu, that by the virtue of Thy resurrection all the dead shall rise, bad as well as good; all glory be to Thee, by whom death is swallowed up in victory.

I believe, O Almighty Jesu, that by Thy power all shall rise with the same bodies they had on earth; that Thou wilt re-collect their scattered dust into the same form again; that our souls shall be reunited to our bodies; that we shall be judged both in body and soul for the sins committed by both; that the bodies of the wicked shall be fitted for torment, and the bodies of the saints changed in quality, and made glorified bodies, immortal and incorruptible, fitted for heaven, and eternally to love and enjoy Thee, for which glorious vouchsafement, I will always praise and love Thee. *Amen.—Bishop Ken.*

If thou wouldest work miracles also, be rid of transgressions, and thou hast quite accomplished it, yea, for sin is a greatde mon, beloved; and if thou exterminate this, thou hast wrought a greater thing than they who drive out ten thousand demons.—*St. Chrysostom* (*Hom.* 32, *on St. Matth.*).

BURNING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES.

At eight o'clock the smoke was seen to issue from the northern spire. It was impossible to do any thing to check the flames here. The vast height and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of approaching the building vomiting forth flames of the greatest intensity in every direction, reduced the unhappy townspeople to look on in helpless despair at the threatened destruction of this highly prized and much vaunted ornament of their town. By this time the entire population of the neighbouring parishes had arrived, and if human power or labour could have availed aught, the cathedral would not have been destroyed for want of bold efforts or ready hands. For the country people around are extremely attached to the venerable fabric, which connects itself with all their earliest and dearest recollections. Thousands of anxious eyes and beating hearts were now gazing on a spectacle, which, to an indifferent spectator, if such there could be, would have been one of the grandest and most splendid which can be conceived. The whole of the wooden framework in the interior of the spire had become ignited[1]. The roaring of the fire amid its abundant aliment[2], excited to the utmost fury by the powerful thorough draft which rushed in upon it from every aperture and window of the building, was awfully audible over the whole town. Presently the flames burst forth from every outlet, and the entire spire was a colossal pyramid of light. The delicate stone-work of its tree-like ornaments became suddenly illuminated, so as to be visible in their minutest details with a sort of unnatural distinctness, which the broadest light of day would fail to produce. Far and wide over the town, and along the valley of the Eure, flashed that baleful light, peering into every remotest corner of the affrighted town, flashing on every roof, playing as in ferocious sport and mockery upon every

[1] Had caught fire. [2] Substances on which it could feed.

window, and showing painfully distinct to every man his neighbour's face, haggard with dismay and apprehension.

And the stronger sentiment of self began now to turn men's thoughts from the public misfortune to fears, each for his own house and home. For great apprehensions were entertained that the vast edifice of the spire would itself yield to the intense action of the fire, and spread ruin far and wide in its fall. The whole of the thickly populated quarter of the lower part of the town too was considered to be in imminent danger. For a strong wind blew the flames and burning fragments in that direction, and it seemed almost a miracle that it escaped. Yet what could be done? Nothing. The spectators were denied even the consolation of activity, of stirring to avert the calamity, and were forced to await the result in silence, broken only by those inarticulate sounds which indicate the vacillating emotions of a vast multitude, as each alternative of hope and fear predominates. For a long time the bells were seen hanging red hot amidst the burning beams, as the immense timbers which supported them yielded but slowly, even to the force of the raging elements which was preying upon them. At length, however, with an awful crash, they fell to the bottom of the spire, bearing down before them the whole mass of half consumed blazing timbers below them.

From that time the fire was confined to the bottom of the steeple, and it is probable, that to this cause the ultimate safety of the spire was due.

Scarcely, however, had the fears of the town for the safety of this spire abated before the other, the southern spire, was discovered to be on fire. It was expected that this would surely fall, for an erroneous notion had long been prevalent in the town that it was in an infirm state. The venerable stones, however, so cunningly put together by the old architects of the twelfth century, stood the fierce test

as bravely as the more recent work; and when the ponderous woodwork of the frame was at length consumed, the fire died away and left the stone pyramid victorious.

One phenomenon took place during the burning of this steeple, of which the effect must have far surpassed that of the finest firework ever invented. Unlike the other, this spire consists almost entirely of a simple cone, without any windows or apertures whatsoever, except a small one at the top. When the fire was raging in the interior of this cone, being blown up to great intensity, by a stream of air like that in a blast furnace, rushing in at the bottom, and passing out at the small aperture at the top, the concentrated flame finding no other vent, passed through this, and shot upwards to the sky in one unbroken fiery column, to the immense height of 75 feet. For many and many leagues around this portentous light must have been seen with astonishment by those who were too distant then to have ascertained the cause of it.

EASTER EVE.

I saw two women weeping by the tomb
Of one new-buried, in a fair green place,
Bowered with shrubs:—the eve retained no trace
Of aught that day performed,—but the faint gloom
Of dying day was spread upon the sky;—
The moon was broad and bright above the wood;—
The distance sounded of a multitude,
Music, and shout, and mingled revelry.
At length came gleaming through the thicket shade
Helmet and casque—and a steel armèd band
Watched round the sepulchre in solemn stand;
The night-word past, from man to man conveyed;
And I could see those women rise and go
Under the dark trees, moving sad and slow.

Alford.

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

No. 2.

Letter addressed to the Lord Bishop of Australia.

SYDNEY, April 14, 1843.

MY LORD,—It is now nearly four years ago since I was (as it were) necessitated to address you under the most anxious and perplexed state of mind; but at present it is with feelings of the most sincere and heartfelt thankfulness that I presume to write to you; and I am induced to do so from having heard your Lordship, at St. Lawrence Parochial Meeting, on Tuesday evening last, speak so forcibly and persuasively respecting our duty, as members of Christ's Church militant, to contribute of our substance for the promotion of the glory of God and the benefit of our fellow-creatures. You assured us that we would not find ourselves the losers at the end of the year for what we had, in humble faith, given to the service of the Lord. True, very true, indeed, my Lord; and as a proof of the same, I beg leave to acknowledge the certainty of the fulfilment of the word of God, "Give, and it shall be given unto you," even from my own late experience. Some time ago, when your Lordship preached a sermon at St. Lawrence, in behalf of the funds of the new Church, you observed, that were every individual weekly to contribute even but the one-fiftieth part of his gains towards its erection, it might shortly be completed; when I, in accordance with your proposal, and from the best of my own calculation, judged sixpence to be my one-fiftieth part; but indeed, my Lord, only a few weeks elapsed when I found that I could safely double that sum, which, as a sacred deposit, I have since been enabled willingly and gratefully to reserve; nor have I known the want of a shilling since—not so previously. But oh! my Lord, when, on last Sunday morning, I saw the melancholy and

deplorable state in which our temporary Church was, owing to the late weighty rains, I cannot describe the sorrow, and, if I may so speak, the indignation which I felt; and there and then, in humble faith, I determined that for my own part I should double my weekly pittance, hoping that others might, from the same motive, be induced to do the same; so that I felt very thankful when I found that your Lordship had been of the opinion, and spoke as you did at the meeting.

My Lord, though I am an entire stranger to you, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I keep a preparatory school; that I have on an average from twenty-five to thirty little daily pupils, at from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence per week; that I have lately paid upwards of seven pounds, and that I have already four pounds nine shillings in the Savings' Bank (the first that I have been able to save since I have been in the colony, though here now eight years); and I am also clear with my landlady, at a weekly rent of ten shillings for one room. But, to crown all that, I do, through the mercy of my heavenly Father, enjoy health, peace, and contentment, with an abiding sense of His daily support, and favourable kindness under my laborious, arduous, yet, to me, delightful task, for indeed I do desire that my employ may be as unto Him, and for Him alone. Oh! may He ever keep me humble and dependent, sincere and upright before Him while here, and at length, through the merits of Him whose precious death and expiatory sufferings we this day commemorate, be permitted to share the joys of His redeemed above. Forgive my intrusion, my Lord, and accept of my best wishes for you and yours, your obedient servant, * * *

The Divine eye looks upon high and low differently from that of man.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ON PRAYER.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite feelings pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And may a bright'ning ray from Thee
Beam peace upon the heart.

When we our wants disclose in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
But what is wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach us that 'tis wisdom still,
That grants it, or denies.

Sent by D. W. (*Lady Flora Hastings.*)

Blessed are all they who trust in Him; not *in themselves,* but *in Him.* By grace are we saved through faith, and that not of ourselves, but it is the gift of God.

Perhaps you may say, What does he mean, that he says this so often? Again this; and a third time this: and he hardly ever speaks, but he says this. Would that I had no reason to say it. For there are men who are ungrateful to grace, attributing much to our poor and wounded nature. It is true that man, when he was created, received great powers of free will, but, by sinning, he lost them. Having fallen into death, he became weak: he was left in the way half dead by thieves. The Samaritan (which is being interpreted the Guardian) passing by set him upon his own beast: [but] besides this he is

carried to the inn. Why is he lifted up? He is still under care. But it is sufficient for me, he says, that I received in Baptism the remission of all sins. Was then thy infirmity ended, because thy iniquity was blotted out? I received, he says, remission of all my sins. This is quite true: all thy sins were blotted out in the Sacrament of Baptism, all without exception, words, deeds, thoughts—all were blotted out. But this is that wine and oil that was poured in on the road side. You recollect, beloved, how that man who was left by the thieves half dead by the way-side, was comforted by receiving oil and wine for his wounds. That is, indulgence was granted to his error: and yet it is only in the Inn that his languid weakness is cured. The INN is, if you understand it, the CHURCH. An INN, because we pass through it in our journey of life: that will be our HOME, from which we shall never remove, when we have arrived whole at the kingdom of heaven. In the mean time let us be willing to be cured in the Inn; lest, by our boasting, we effect nothing but to prevent our being healed by that treatment.—*St. Augustine, Sermon* 130.

OUR LORD'S SEVEN SPEECHES ON THE CROSS.

Our Lord's words on the Cross are as follows:—

1. "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."—Observe here the duty of forgiving injuries: the blessing of remission of sins; and adore CHRIST exercising, even on the Cross, His great office of Mediation and Intercession.

2. "THIS DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."—Here the penitent is pardoned; the Good Shepherd hath found what was lost, and bears it home rejoicing to his Father's fold:—and here the doctrine is taught that before the judgment day, and immediately after death, the souls of the faithful are in some happy Paradise with CHRIST.

3. "WOMAN, BEHOLD THY SON."—See the duty

of filial obedience! Our BLESSED LORD, who had been subject to His parents in youth, performs His last act of filial duty as the Son of Man, and Himself obeys the "first commandment with promise" in honouring His Mother.

4. "ELI, ELI,—MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN ME?"—See here the fear of GOD: see the misery of being forsaken by GOD, or even of feeling ourselves to be so. And see a proof of thy dear SAVIOUR's having really taken a human soul.

5. "I THIRST."—See here the fulfilment of prophecy, the truth of the Scriptures: and see a proof of Thy dear SAVIOUR's having really taken a human body. O CHRIST, for our sakes Thou tookest that body, and sufferedst hunger and thirst. O draw us to THYSELF; make us to thirst after that living water, that only THOU canst give, which shall be to us "a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

6. "IT IS FINISHED."—All God's work was done. Adore, my soul, the sinless perfection of CHRIST: and strive to imitate His perfect obedience to HIS FATHER's will. Believe that thou canst do all things through CHRIST strengthening thee.

7. "FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY SPIRIT."—See here thy LORD's resignation: see his trust in GOD: and adore the GREAT SACRIFICE finished on the Cross, when CHRIST commended His righteous soul into the hands of HIS FATHER. May GOD grant that thou, reader, and I, may be planted together in the likeness of CHRIST's death, that so we may be also in the likeness of HIS Resurrection!

If thy vessel be but small in the ocean of the world, if meanness of possessions be thy allotment on earth, forget not those virtues which the great Disposer of all bids thee to entertain from thy quality and condition; that is, submission, humility, content of mind, and industry.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

and he honourably determined to keep his promise. The royal captives were seven: and the British Mission were summoned to see their introduction into the presence. They had been so long exhausted by long captivity, that at first they seemed scarcely to comprehend freedom. They had been manacled, and spent their time in making harps and combs, of which they brought specimens to lay at the feet of their monarch. This touching interview concluded with a speech of the king to the embassy.

"My children, you will write all that you have seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen, that, though far behind the nations of the white men, from whom Ethiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa."—(*From an account of "Harris's Highlands of Ethiopia" in Blackwood's Magazine.*)

FROM THE HOMILY FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

It should not become us, well-beloved in Christ, to suffer this time to pass forth without any meditation and remembrance of that excellent work of our Redemption, wrought as about this time, through the great mercy and charity of our Saviour Jesus Christ, for us wretched sinners and His mortal enemies. If a mortal man's deed, done to the behoof of the commonwealth, be had in remembrance of us, with thanks for the benefit and profit which we receive thereof, how much more readily should we have in memory this excellent act and benefit of Christ's whereby He hath purchased for us the unspeakable pardon and forgiveness of our sins, whereby we be at one the Father of Heaven with us, in such wise, that He taketh us now for His loving children, and for the true inheritors, with Christ His dear Son, of the Kingdom of Heaven. And much more doth Christ's kindness appear

unto us, in that it pleased Him to deliver Himself of all His goodly honour, which He was equally in with His Father in Heaven, and to come down into this vale of misery, to be made mortal man, and to be in the state of a most low servant, serving us for our wealth and profit; us, I say, which were His sworn enemies, which had renounced His holy Law and Commandments, and followed the lusts and sinful pleasures of our corrupt nature. And yet, I say, did Christ put Himself between God's deserved wrath and our sin; and rent that obligation wherein we were in danger to God, and paid our debt[1]. Our debt was a great deal too great for us to have paid. And without payment, God the Father could never be at one with us. Neither was it possible to be loosed from this debt by our own ability. It pleased Him therefore to be the payer thereof, and to discharge us quite.

Who can now consider the grievous debt of sin, which could none otherwise be paid but by the death of an Innocent, and will not hate sin in his heart? If God hateth sin so much, that He would allow neither man nor Angel for the redemption thereof, but only the death of His only and well-beloved Son, who will not stand in fear thereof?

FROM THE HOMILY OF THE RESURRECTION.

THIS mighty Conquest of Christ's Resurrection, was not only signified before by divers figures of the Old Testament, as by Samson, when he slew the lion, out of whose mouth came sweetness and honey; and as David bare his figure when he delivered the lamb out of the lion's mouth, and when he overcame and slew the great giant Goliath[2]; and as when Jonas[3] was swallowed up in the whale's mouth, and cast up

[1] Coloss. ii. [2] 1 Sam. xvii. [3] Jonah i.

again on land alive, but was also most clearly prophesied by the Prophets of the Old Testament, and in the New also confirmed by the Apostles. "*He hath spoiled,*" saith St. Paul, "*rule and power, and all the dominion of our spiritual enemies. He hath made a shew of them openly, and hath triumphed over them in his own person*[4]." This is the mighty power of the Lord, whom we believe on. By His death hath He wrought for us this victory, and by His Resurrection hath He purchased everlasting life and righteousness for us. It had not been enough to be delivered by His death from sin, except by His Resurrection we had been endowed with righteousness. And it should not avail us to be delivered from death, except He had risen again, to open for us the gates of Heaven, to enter into life everlasting. And therefore St. Peter thanketh God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for His abundant mercy, "*because he hath begotten us*" (saith he) "*unto a lively hope by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from death, to enjoy an inheritance immortal, that never shall perish, which is laid up in Heaven for them that be kept by the power of God through Faith*[5]." Thus hath His Resurrection wrought for us life and righteousness. He passed through death and hell, to the intent to put us in good hope, that by His strength we shall do the same. He paid the ransom of sin, that it should not be laid to our charge. He destroyed the devil and all his tyranny, and openly triumphed over him, and took away from him all his captives, and hath raised and set them with Himself among the heavenly citizens above[6]. He died to destroy the rule of the devil in us, and He rose again, to send down His Holy Spirit to rule in our hearts, to endow us with perfect righteousness.

[4] Col. ii. [5] 1 Pet. i. [6] Eph. ii.

EASTER DAY.

Oh! day of days! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for Thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days:
They shine by giving back thy rays.

Enthroned in Thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st Thy light on all the year:
Sundays by Thee more glorious break,
An Easter Day in every week.

And week-days, following in their train,
The fulness of Thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.

Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light Thy altar fires:
The world some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed day.

* * * * * *

Oh! joy to Mary first allow'd,
When rous'd from weeping o'er His shroud,
By His own calm, soul-soothing tone,
Breathing her name, as still His own!

Joy to the faithful Three renewed,
As their glad errand they pursued!
Happy who so Christ's words convey,
That He may meet them on their way!

So is it still: to holy tears,
In lonely hours Christ risen appears:
In *social* hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

Keble (*Christian Year*).

THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

"Mr. Lawson said, mamma, that there was a pigeon in America, called the passenger-pigeon, flocks of which are seen in such great numbers, as to darken the air. Do not you think that he must have made a mistake? You know, mamma, there must have been thousands and thousands of pigeons flying almost close together, to have hidden the light."

"Indeed, Charles, I should have thought it very improbable," said Mrs. Long, "had I not read several accounts of the wonderful flights, by observers whose word cannot be doubted. A celebrated naturalist, Mr. Audubon, describes one flight alone to consist of many millions of birds. He was once travelling in America, when he attempted to number the flocks that passed over his head, by making on a card a pencil dot for every flock, but this he found was impossible: flock followed flock so quickly. The air became darkened, though the sun was shining brightly at the time, and this prodigious flight of birds continued for three days! Now, as these are the pigeons that fly a mile in a minute, the number that passed in those three days must have been far greater than either you or I can imagine."

"Oh, mamma, where could they all have found food? I think the farmers must have been quite frightened."

"The corn-fields do not suffer as you suppose, Charles," said Mrs. Long, "for the passenger-pigeon feeds principally on beech-mast, that is, the seed of the beech; and there are immense beech forests in America. The passenger-pigeon affords excellent food, and has sometimes been almost the only provision of whole armies. They are killed not only for food, but for the sake of their fat, which, when melted, is used by the Indians instead of butter, and, in some parts of America, by the Americans also."

"How do the people kill them, mamma? Do the pigeons fly low?"

"Sometimes, and they can then be easily shot, or knocked down with sticks. They are also caught in large nets stretched on the ground, a tame pigeon being employed to entice them to enter. But they are generally procured in large numbers in a different way. The inhabitants know that they roost in the forest, and bring up their young there. The passenger-pigeon builds the same kind of nest as our ring-doves, but lays no more than a single egg at one hatch. The pigeons will occupy whole forests of forty miles in extent, while engaged in rearing the young birds, and the ground becomes covered with branches of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering so closely together. When the people imagine that the first breed is nearly fledged, they move in large parties to the neighbourhood of those forests, which the birds are known to frequent, taking with them waggons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, and sometimes their children. The noise in the woods at that time is so great as to terrify the horses, and it is with difficulty that one person can be heard by another, except by bawling in his ear. The men with their axes cut down the trees that seem to be most crowded with nests, and contrive so, that as they fall, they may knock down other trees. The tumult of the pigeons' wings sounding like thunder, mixed with the frequent crash of the timber, is described as truly wonderful.

"Then, besides these sounds, there are the cries of eagles, buzzards, and hawks, which sail about in great numbers, and seize the young from their nests as they like; and the delighted grunt of herds of hogs which are feeding on the broken eggs and the young birds, that have fallen from their nests. One tree will often produce above a hundred nests, and the young birds are almost one lump of fat, so that in a short time a very large quantity of oil is obtained."—*From the Parents' Cabinet.*

THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

"You are too noisy, my children," said Gertrude. "When any thing good happens to you, think of God, who gives us all things. If you do so, you will never be wild and boisterous in your joy. I am always glad to share in your happiness, myself, dears; but when people are loud and violent in their joy, or their sorrow, evenness of temper and inward peace are lost. There is no happiness without a quiet, peaceful, and glad heart. Therefore we must always keep God before our eyes. Your morning and evening prayers are on purpose that you may never forget Him. For no one who prays to God, and thanks God for all, can be either extravagant in joy, or without comfort in sorrow. We must always endeavour, particularly at the hour of prayer, to keep ourselves quiet and untroubled. When you thank your father for any thing sincerely, you are not noisy and riotous.—You don't say much, but throw your arms round his neck; and when you are very grateful, the tears come into your eyes. It is the same towards God. If you really feel his loving-kindness, and your hearts are truly thankful, you will not make a great noise and talking about it—but the tears will come into your eyes, when you think how merciful He is towards you. Do you see, children, the good of praying is to keep our hearts in a t h a n k f u l state towards God and man: and whoever prays as he ought, will d o what he ought, and be dear to God and man, as long as he lives."—PESTALOZZI.

A SICK CHAMBER.

EVERY woman of sense and observation will soon discover the necessity of keeping a sick chamber well ventilated and fumigated[1]. Many people imagine, that if a disorder is not infectious, this precaution is

unnecessary; not considering that a healthy person could not continue in the same apartment long together, especially with a fire night and day, without rendering the atmosphere unwholesome; and that the diseased are peculiarly susceptible of bad air, which contributes greatly to retard their recovery. When the weather will permit, the doors and windows of a sick room should be opened daily, for a few minutes, and a free current admitted, provided it be not suffered to blow upon the patient, who will also be much refreshed, as well as his attendants, by having a hot iron put into vinegar and carried round the chamber; and if slips of lemon peel are strewed upon the bed, it will have a very agreeable effect. That a change of linen must be dangerous, is a prejudice now entertained by the vulgar only; cleanliness can do harm in no case: if linen be well aired, it can scarcely be changed too often; and by these means, rooms, in which the sick have been confined many months, have been kept as sweet and fresh as any other apartment.—*Mrs. Taylor.*

Let us both bridle our tongues, and put away inhumanity; and let us stretch forth the hand to give alms, and not with money only, but with words also; let us relieve such as are in need;—that we may both escape the punishment for reviling, and may inherit the kingdom which is for blessing and almsgiving, by the grace and love towards man of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and might for ever and ever. Amen.—*St. Chrysostom* (*and of Hom.* 35, *on St. Matth.*).

[1] To ventilate is to let in plenty of fresh air; to fumigate is to get rid of bad smells by the smoke or vapour of various substances.

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

MAY, 1844.

ASCENSION DAY.

THE general neglect of this great festival of our Lord's Ascension, is not only a very sad, but also a very strange thing; for the Church has marked out Ascension-day in every possible way as one of the very greatest of all the festivals; standing, as it were, in the same rank with Christmas-day, Easter-day, and Whit-sunday. In the first place, it has, like the other festivals, proper lessons with a collect, epistle, and gospel for the day: but it also has, in the second place, proper psalms, like those great days of joyful celebration which I have just mentioned, and the great days of sorrow and humiliation, Ash-Wednesday and Good-Friday. Nor is this all:—it has a special preface for the Communion service; it has three days of preparation for it, called ROGATION DAYS (that is, ASKING-days); and it has a particular name to mark the sacred character that belongs to it, that of HOLY THURSDAY. You will find in your Prayer-books, that among the days of fasting and abstinence are "the three Rogation days, or the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before HOLY THURSDAY, or the Ascension of our Lord." Is it not then strange as well as sad, that this holy day is almost utterly neglected, though it has a cluster,

as it were, of special forms and ordinances attached to it?—proving that the Church intended it to be a day of solemn services—a great, joyful anniversary. And then think of its meaning and occasion: it is the commemoration of CHRIST'S final triumph, His ascension into heaven, there to reign in glory as our Mediator and Intercessor, till every enemy is trodden down under His footstool. Was this last act of our blessed Lord's life a trifling or uninteresting one? Was it not the crowning act of the whole? Would not all that He had done before, have been incomplete without it? If He had died, what good would that death have done us, if He had not risen again? His death would have been our eternal death, if He had not afterwards broken its bonds. It would have sealed our fate for ever: every hope of man would have died with Him, and must have been buried in His grave. Good-Friday would have been a day, not of penitent, humble sadness merely, but of horrour and despair, if it had been followed by no Easter-day: and so Easter-day itself would not have been the queen of festivals, if no Ascension-day had followed. If CHRIST had risen merely to a glorious life on earth, death and sin would have gained *a* victory over Him—though a less complete one than if He had not risen at all. All things would not then have been possible to us through CHRIST. It was necessary that He should ascend to heaven: that He should go to THE FATHER to prepare a place for us: and in the meantime to make perpetual intercession for us,—offering up in His own name our poor feeble prayers, and maimed services. If He had not gone to THE FATHER, He could not have sent us that Comforter from THE FATHER, the blessed SPIRIT, whom He has sent, and whose coming we shall commemorate on Whit-sunday. I do therefore most earnestly hope that this great festival will not long be so generally neglected as it has been.

At all events, may you and I, reader, always observe

Holy Thursday as a festival, and fix our minds upon CHRIST as a present Saviour! the one living and reigning Saviour of His Church, who is preparing in Heaven a place for all who will love and obey Him. As certainly as CHRIST is gone to His FATHER, so certainly shall we go to Him and His Father, and dwell and reign with them for ever, if we obey CHRIST here, and strive to grow in grace by persevering in holy obedience! Heaven is our sure inheritance, if we remain faithful to CHRIST; but we shall not remain faithful to CHRIST, unless we think about Him; about who He was, what He did and suffered, what He is, and what He does now, and will do hereafter to and for His obedient servants. CHRIST has not died only for our sins; He has risen for our justification, He has ascended into Heaven in triumph to His FATHER and our FATHER. And unless our hearts are His; unless the thoughts of our hearts are often in Heaven, where He is reigning over all creation in unutterable glory, we shall not love Him; nor desire the happiness and glory He has in store for us; nor love the brethren for His sake; nor mortify our corrupt affections for fear of displeasing Him, and losing Heaven. It is not enough to think only of the great, mysterious sacrifice of Good-Friday. If we think only of that, we shall be in danger of thinking of it as of a thing so done once for all, as to leave us little to do for ourselves. We must go on from the thoughts of our dying Saviour to the thoughts of our living and reigning Saviour, and to that constant daily expectation of His return AS OUR JUDGE, which the Angels foretold to the Galilean disciples, as they stood straining their eyes at the clouds that had just received the Lord out of their sight. "This same JESUS, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." Let us then live in the constant expectation of our Lord's re-appearing; the constant ex-

pectation of that future judgement, for which the whole space of this life of ours should be one space of careful, anxious preparation!

LINES ON THE RESURRECTION.

O RISEN LORD, triumphant over sin,
And death, and hell, reign Thou my heart within!
Reign Thou, great Lord of life, within my soul;
Each passion rule, each roving thought control.
O grant, that ever with affection deep
Thee I may love, and Thy commandments keep;
So shall Thy promise be fulfilled to me;
So to this heart the UNDIVIDED THREE
Shall come, and make within it their abode,
To guide, and cheer, and help me on the road
That leads to glory and eternal joy,
Where perfect happiness knows no alloy;
Where never tear by pain or sorrow's smart
Is drawn from the deep fountain of the heart;
In that blest city, glorious to behold,
Whose walls are jewels, and her pavement gold,
The new Jerusalem, where sun and star,
Pale orbs of earthly light, unneeded are;
For GOD'S own glory, to th' enraptured sight
Of saints in bliss revealed, bathes all things in its light!

St. Peter was dead to grace through his unfaithfulness, and JESUS sends to tell him by Mary Magdalene, to go to seek Him in Galilee, in order to restore to him the life of grace which he had lost. St. Thomas was dead to grace through his obstinate unbelief in the resurrection, and JESUS comes to let him find the life of grace and of faith in His own wounds. The disciples at Emmaus were dead to grace, because they had lost both faith and hope; and JESUS makes Himself a way-faring man as soon as risen,

in order to convey to them the grace of the resurrection; to open the eyes of their soul, and to make the burning of divine zeal succeed to their faint-hearted fear.

Entreat of JESUS to-day, with all the ardour whereof thou art capable, to favour thee with one of His all-healing visits, which may convey to thy heart a new life, and the grace of a perfect resurrection.—*Avrillon.*

DIALOGUE.

"Poor wanderers, ye are sore distrest
To find the path. . . . ." *Lyra Apostolica.*

SOME time before service-time the next morning, Ellen had her bonnet on, and was watching at the window; a custom so unusual with her, that, though at the same time she had a book in her hand, Emily noticed it. Ellen, however, did not desist; and presently, with swift and gentle steps, she slipped from the room, and ran down. The next moment she was in the street, overtaking Constance, who was proceeding on her way with long and rapid steps.

"Constance, Constance," said she gently; "I want to speak to you."

"Well, why now? Ellen, to-day is the Sabbath, you know, and I am in haste: will not to-morrow do?"

"Oh! no, it must be to-day; but I will walk with you, Constance, only I cannot walk as fast as you." And she took her arm and walked on.—"Is it true, Constance, that you are going this morning to a dissenting meeting?"

"Yes, quite true," replied Constance, surprised: "but why do you ask?"

"Oh! I wish you would not go!" exclaimed Ellen, earnestly; "only wait a little; do not go in such a hurry, and without thought."

"What can you mean, Ellen?" said Constance. "You speak as if I were taking a more decided step than leaving the Church."

"Well, it is a step towards that," replied Ellen.

"Do not distress yourself," said Constance, almost laughing; "I am only going while we are here; and I would not go at all, if the gospel were preached in any Church. I took great pains last Sunday to find a gospel preacher, and I hear now there is not such a thing in the place. You see I have not done it hastily."

"Ah! but you do not consider how wrong, how very wrong it is, Constance, to join with those who cause divisions in the Church, and divide the body of Christ," said Ellen, seriously. "It is worse for us, who belong to the Church, to do so, than for those who have been brought up dissenters. We know that schism is a sin: do you not think so, Constance?"

"I know from Scripture that I am to love all those who love the Lord Jesus; and while I am worshipping and hearing the word with His despised followers, I cannot be very sinful, I think."

This was said in a tone which Ellen found difficult to answer. She said, however, "But we must follow with those who follow Ghrist, and obey his word."

"Do you mean to say that those among whom are my dearest friends, the salt of the earth, the faithful and devoted servants of the cross, do not follow and obey Christ?"

Ellen was surprised that one so unimpassioned as Constance usually appeared, should be so much moved, and was grieved to have hurt her feelings by any remark on those she esteemed. "I do not know any of your friends," said she; "they may be, and I dare say are, good and pious people, acting up to their light; but we must not follow any to break the least of Christ's commands."

"What commands do they break?" asked Constance.

"It depends upon what sect they are," replied Ellen; "each sect must break one or more of Christ's commands."

"By that rule you ought to be a papist," said Constance; "because the Protestants schismatized from the Romish Church at the Reformation."

"No, I ought not," answered Ellen; "but there is no time for that now, and it is nothing to the purpose. You ought not, Constance, to separate from the Church you have been baptized into, and belong to, without some very grave reason."

"Well, it is for my soul's health, and that is a very grave reason," returned Constance. "I cannot live a month without spiritual subsistence."

"Then you know the preacher you are going to hear?" said Ellen.

Constance replied that she did not know him, but had heard of him as a pious, faithful minister, who preached the word.

"And really you are going to take such a serious step for the sake of hearing a stranger, of whom you know nothing yourself, and who may be a heretic?"

"Ellen," said Constance, "you make yourself very silly: it is not the first time I have been to dissenting places of worship, nor will it be the last. I am not one of those half-hearted professors, whose heart still clings to ordinances; it is my wish and my prayer to get free of such narrow prejudices."

"Then, Constance, you must not pretend to obey the Bible, and receive the word of our Lord and his Apostles."

"Give me one text, Ellen, that forbids me to go to this meeting," said Constance, impatiently, "and I will turn back."

"Mark those that cause divisions, and avoid them," replied Ellen. She added nothing, and waited for Constance's reply.

After a little hesitation, Constance answered, "But we do not know what divisions mean; it may be the Church, as you call it, that makes divisions by ordaining needless tests."

"Well, Constance, all I say is, that till you know, or try to find out, what 'divisions' do mean, you ought to defer joining with those who may be sinning, as this passage implies."

"So you think, but so I do not, Ellen," returned Constance.

"I am very sorry," said Ellen, despondingly; "and sorry, Constance, if I have vexed you."

"I am used to be tempted from the straight path," replied Constance. "I am not likely to be vexed at such a thing.—Good-bye," and in a moment she turned the corner, and was gone.

Ellen did not think of following her, for she saw it was of no use to attempt more, and feared she had done too much already.

"How strange it is," thought she, "that what seems so plain to me, and the express word of Scripture even, should not be so to one like Constance, who is really religious, and thinks she takes the Bible alone for her guide. Surely she must be following the traditions of men, though she does not think it!"—*From "The Lost Brooch."*

Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the almighty Will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions Nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

Wordsworth.

CHURCH IN THE COLONIES.

No. 3.

THE following extracts from various Reports, sent by the clergy of his diocese, at the beginning of the present year, to the Bishop of Nova Scotia, will illustrate the labours, trials, and encouragements, of the missionaries in their several spheres of labour.

From the Rev. Dr. James Shreve, Missionary at Chester.

". . . . I travelled, by land and by water, two thousand three hundred and eighty-five miles, to separate settlements. I made forty-four missionary visits, and pastoral visits two hundred and eighty-two. To the sick and afflicted, two hundred and thirty-nine. In addition to the above, the Rev. W. A. Weinbeer, who continued until the 13th of November to be an active, zealous, and laborious assistant in the arduous work of this extensive parish, has preached sixty-six times, baptized thirty children, and one adult, pastoral visits ninety-four, missionary visits thirty, and travelled one thousand, four hundred and seventy-four miles. I have given an account of Mr. Weinbeer's labours to the 13th of November, when he was obliged to call in medical aid. My daily, humble, and earnest prayer to God is, that He would not take him away in the midst of his days, but spare him yet a little longer to do Him better service, and bring Him greater glory than time has yet allowed him. His readiness at all times to labour in his Heavenly Master's service soon led him to such over exertion and exposure, and he now lies upon his bed of sickness. In consequence of his illness, my care, anxiety, and labour, are not a little increased."

From the Rev. Henry L. Owen, Missionary at Aylesford.

". . . . A lieutenant in the British army, whose

regiment was stationed in New Bruswick, and whose heart God had been pleased deeply to impress with a sense of his guilt and danger, was recommended by a religious friend to visit this place, for the sake of greater retirement. He remained here three weeks, and I afterwards visited him at his station. Last month he sailed with his regiment for Ireland; and I rejoice to say, that his conduct during the twelve months of his renewal unto holiness, has been very exemplary, and becoming his Christian profession.

MISSIONARY LABOURS—CHURCH IN THE FOREST.

From the Rev. J. C. Cochran.

"Lunenburg, 25th January, 1844.

". . . . I HAVE not been absent from my parish any Sunday during the year, and have continued my usual course of divine service twice each Sunday in the parish church, and once in the country, alternately at St. Matthew's, Upper La Have, and at St. James's, Mahone Bay, beside a week-day service at some country station, of which I have twelve, varying in distance from seven to thirty-three miles from Lunenburg; I have also renewed our Thursday evening lecture in the parish church.

". . . . I have the pleasure to acquaint you, that in the course of the past season we have been enabled to raise, and externally finish, a little temple of the Lord in one of our 'solitary places.' At New Germany, among the ancient trees which GOD's right hand hath planted, and man has never disturbed, may now be seen our 'house of prayer,' as a token that the great Creator is not forgotten even there: and that the poor settler who comes to take up his abode in those wilds may hope to be cheered in his toils by the consoling ordinances of the Church of CHRIST. We have to thank the Venerable Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for the means by which we have brought this building to its present state, without which aid it would have been impossible for us to proceed. I trust we shall be allowed to complete our undertaking in the next summer. New Germany is situated more than twenty miles from Mahone Bay, where is the nearest Church, and about fifty miles from any other. I paid them a visit last week; and in consequence of a severe storm and rapid thaw, encountered considerable difficulties in my way back, the roads being obstructed by large deposits of ice from the neighbouring river, and by trees blown down by the violence of the wind, and some bridges being carried away. I brought my horse over one swollen stream upon the floating remnants of the bridge, consisting of poles only bound together by a crust of ice on the top, through which the horse's feet easily broke. But by the kind aid of some of the settlers I came safely home, thankful to Him who has preserved me in many dangers.

"My pastoral journal gives the following note of the year's duties:—

"Miles travelled, two thousand six hundred and fifty; full services, two hundred and thirty-one; missionary visits, one hundred and eight; pastoral visits, seven hundred and twenty-two; visits to afflicted persons, three hundred and eighty-six. I pray God to pardon all deficiencies, and accept the poor service here mentioned. My baptisms were one hundred and twenty-one; marriages fourteen; burials twenty-six; communicants, whole number on my list, two hundred and three.

"We have heard with great concern of the inadequacy of the Society's funds to meet the numerous and pressing calls for its aid; and we can only pray the Lord to dispose the hearts of all who love their Church, and care for the souls of others, to come forward and replenish the treasury which has been

so freely emptied for the benefit of Christ's people dispersed abroad throughout the world."

A short extract from the letter of the Bishop of Nova Scotia to a private friend, will show both the psesent flourishing condition of King's College, Windsor, and the large proportion of communicants in the diocese.

"March 2, 1844.

"You will be glad to hear our Church Society is increasing its powers of usefulness, and blessed be God, the Church is increasing here on every side, and enlarging the number and the seriousness of her communicants. Our college is also flourishing, and is preparing some candidates for the ministry, who would do no discredit to any society in Oxford or Cambridge. We are likely to be soon engaged here in preparing for a chapel of ease in this parish, and providing a salary for a second curate. The chapel is to contain a thousand seats, and to have five hundred of these made comfortable and inviting for the poor. The crowds which attend the parish church in the evening, when all the pews are open to the public, has supplied evidence of the large number of persons who may be brought into the Church, if accommodation is provided for them.

"The returns which I have just received from fourteen of my clergy, which is less than a fifth of the whole number, contain a list of one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six communicants, which leads me to hope that more than a sixth of our numbers, of every age, are communicants."

NEW BRUNSWICK.

From the Rev. W. E. Scovil, Missionary at Kingston.

". . . . In the discharge of my duties as a missionary, little has occurred during the past year to

require special remark. While constantly inculcating faith in the merit and mediation of the Divine Redeemer, and preaching in His name repentance for the remission of sins, I find it necessary to preserve unity by insisting also upon the apostolical precept of 'one Lord, one faith, and one baptism,' in order to put the unwary on their guard against those who, in the ardour to make proselytes, may be said to 'hunt the souls of my people.' Seasonable warning and instruction are the more necessary, because, in the proselyting system which here prevails, so great reliance is placed upon frames, and feelings, and supernatural revelations, that, when once infected, the victim gives little heed to argument or scriptural demonstration. Last summer, hearing that an elderly female, whom I had sometimes seen in my congregation, in a remote part of the parish, was about to join the sect of the Baptists, I paid her a visit, in hopes of being useful, by showing her a more excellent way. To all I said, she thought it a sufficient answer, that she had seen a vision of two Angels with flaxen hair, commanding her to go down into the water. I mention this as an instance of that over-wrought excitement of feelings which some around us teach their followers to call the beginning of conversion. To what an alarming extent this excitement may be carried, was shown in the case of one Shanks, who many years ago was executed in this parish for the murder of his wife. After frequent disputes, unable to bring her to acquiesce in his religious opinions, he struck her to the ground, and then deliberately cut off her head. It is well remembered that in his defence he alleged that he was impelled to do the deed by the Saviour, whom he supposed he saw in a vision; but no sooner was it done, than he knew it to be the work of Satan transformed into an angel of light.

"It is, I am happy to say, of rare occurrence that any member of our communion 'departs from the faith;' and I pray God that, by His grace, we, and

those around us, may profit by the word of truth which the Church holds forth, and endeavour to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour by 'living a sober, righteous, and godly life.'"

(*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*)

AN ADDRESS (OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S) TO THE NEWLY BAPTIZED.

My brethren, my children, ye new shoots of Mother Church, I beseech you by what you have received, to listen to Him who hath called you, who loved you, who sought you out when you were lost, who enlightened you when found; I beseech you not to follow the ways of reprobate men, to whom the name of "faithful" is misapplied: for the question is, not what they are called, but whether they agree with their name. If a man is born, where is his new life? if he is one of the faithful, where is his faith? I hear the name, I would also recognize the thing. Choose ye, for those whom ye will imitate, men who fear God, who enter the Church of God with fear, who listen diligently to God's word, retain it in their memory, ponder it in their hearts, fulfil it in their actions; choose these for your imitation. Let not your hearts say; 'And where shall we find such as these?' Be such, and you will find such. In every thing, like clings to like: if you live as a reprobate; none but a reprobate will join himself to you. Begin to live well, and you will see how many companions will surround you; on how great a brotherhood you may congratulate yourself. Finally: do you [really] find nothing that you may imitate? [Then] be yourselves what another may imitate.

St. Augustine (Sermon 228).

The New Testament was veiled in the Old: the Old Testament is unveiled in the New.

St. Augustine.

THE PRAISE OF LAZINESS.

[The following translation of a little German poem of Lessing's may amuse some of my readers.]

LAZINESS! to thee I'll bring
A small poetic offering.—

It's ve-ry-hard-oh-dear! oh-dear!
I ne-ver-shall-suc-ceed-I-fear—
But come, I can but do my best,
After toil how sweet is rest!

Happy who by thee inspired,
Ever in unbroken peace—
Oh a-las!-I'm-get-ting-tired,
Here—I-must-ab-ruptly-cease.
Forgive: I cannot sing of thee,
For thou thyself preventest me.

You, my brethren, who from your age, as reckoned from your regeneration, are parents; you I address and exhort you so to live, that you may rejoice, and not perish, with those who imitate you. One who is just born[1], observes some one or other of the faithful, who is a drunkard: I fear that he will say to himself: 'Why is this man one of the faithful, and drinks so much?' He observes another who is a usurer, an unwilling giver, a savage exacter, and says to himself; 'I too will do this.' They answer: 'Thou art now one of the faithful: do it not: thou art baptized; thou art born again; thy hope is changed, let thy character be changed.' He replies: 'why then are such a one and such a one among the faithful?' I am unwilling to say more: for who could enumerate all of such instances? Therefore, my brethren, when you lead a bad life, you who are already of the faithful, you will render a bad account to God, both of yourselves and of these your imitators.—*St. Augustine* (*Sermon* 228).

[1] That is, just baptized.

A PLAIN CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

LORD, grant me grace to cling to Thee
In these presumptuous days,
When men in busy recklessness
Desert the beaten ways;
When what is old, forgotten lies,
And novelty wins praise.

LORD, grant me grace to cling to Thee
In this presumptuous time,
When Reason by distorting mars
Thy mysteries sublime;
When none will creep along the ground,
But all must soar or climb.

O grant me grace upon the Cross
Of CHRIST to fix my eyes:
Be far from me the carnal mind,
That into dark things pries;
And may I in Thy house of prayer
Worship, not criticize!

Let me not starve the living soul,
To please the itching ear:
But may I with thy SPIRIT work
In trembling and in fear,
With simple faith, and lively hope,
And charity sincere!

Dost thou never blush to pay CHRIST thy homage, and openly to take His part, when thou findest thyself in the midst of worldly persons who are His enemies? Does fear, or faint-heartedness, and regard for human respect never prevail in thy mind and in thy heart over the respect and the love which thou owest to Him? *Avrillon.*

Lo, men are baptized; all their sins are remitted; they are justified from their sins; we cannot deny it; but yet there remains a wrestling with the flesh; there remains a wrestling with the world; there remains a wrestling with the devil. *St. Augustine.*

A LAND LIGHT-HOUSE.

In 1801 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was sixteen millions, three hundred thousand; at the end of the next forty years, no less than ten millions and five hundred thousand were added to this population. Now how have these added TEN MILLIONS and more been fed? Almost entirely by our own increased production, obtained by improvements in agriculture; such as the draining of land; the introduction of new manures, and care in saving and managing the old ones; the turnip husbandry; and the great discovery that the strength of land may be renewed by a different crop better than by being allowed occasionally to lie fallow, and consequently unproductive.

A curious instance of the changes produced by better farming, is related in the last number of the Quarterly Review.

In November, 1842, as Mr. Handley was conducting Mr. Pusey over the lime-stone hills, that run from north to south through the city of Lincoln, he pointed out to him by the road-side a column seventy feet high, of a most extraordinary character.

"This was," says Mr. Pusey "a LAND LIGHT-HOUSE, built no longer ago than the middle of the last century, as a nightly guide for travellers over the dreary waste, which still retains the name of LINCOLN HEATH, but is now converted into a pattern of farming. This Dunston pillar (as it is called), lighted no longer time back for so singular a purpose, did appear to me a striking witness of the spirit and industry, which, in our days, has raised the thriving homesteads around it, and spread a mantle of teeming vegetation to its very base; and it was certainly surprising to discover at once the finest farming I had ever seen, and the only land light-house that was ever raised. Now that the pillar has ceased to cheer the wayfarer,

it may serve, not only as a monument of past exertions, but as a beacon to encourage other landowners, in converting their dreary moors into similar scenes of thriving industry. Within living memory it was by no means useless; for Lincoln Heath was not only without culture, but without even a road. When the late Lady Robert Manners wished to visit Lincoln from her residence at Blisholm, a groom was sent forward previously, who examined some tract, and returned to report one that was found practicable. Another family was lost on this heath twice in one night, in returning from a ball at Lincoln, and was obliged to remain upon the waste till morning."—*Quart. Review, No.* 146.

Among Christians the honour which is valued in behalf of the dead is, that they be buried in holy ground; that is, in appointed cemeteries, in places of religion, there where the field of God is sown with the seeds of the resurrection; that their bodies also may be among Christians, with whom their hope and their portion is, and shall be for ever.—*Bp. Jeremy Taylor.*

The dreadful extent of ignorance and vice among the working classes employed in mines and factories have been recently exposed, in strong but just representations to the public eye, both in parliament and through the press—representations calculated to excite the utmost sorrow and alarm in every lover of his country or of his Church. But it should not be overlooked, that the darkness in our rural villages and hamlets is often not less intense or less deplorable, than that of our overgrown towns and cities. Education is as necessary to the rustic as to the operative. In one respect it is even more necessary, since his faculties have fewer opportunities of exercise and expansion. The case of an uneducated

peasant is, perhaps, still more hopeless, as regards his comprehension of the truths most important to his well-being here and hereafter, than that of the equally illiterate artizan. Christianity is the religion of civilized man, not having been even introduced till the world was prepared, by ages of progressive enlightenment, for its reception. A certain stage of intellectual advancement must be gained, before it is even possible to understand the commonest terms in which religious and moral truth is conveyed. To comprehend the ordinary words and phrases in the Scriptures, in the Liturgy, in a sermon, or in any plain useful book, is an acquirement which all of us must earnestly desire to diffuse amongst our people. We desire to be understood by them, that we may neither be barbarians to them, nor they to us.

Archdeacon Sinclair.

A DIALOGUE ON THE STARS.

H. Mamma, how very, very bright the stars shine to-night; and what an immense number of them I can see.

M. They are indeed, as you say, Henry, very, very bright; but the number you can see, though very great, is hardly great enough to be called immense.

H. Oh! Mamma; it must be immense; look, do look, what a number; there must be thousands and thousands, and thousands. How many do you think there are, mamma?

M. I know, my dear, that we cannot see more than about two thousand with the naked eye.

H. The naked eye, mamma, — why an't all eyes naked? I never saw an eye with any sort of clothes on.

M. No, but by 'the naked eye' we mean the eye itself, without the assistance of a telescope.

H. A telescope; what is that, mamma?

M. A glass which enables us to see many distant objects, which we could not see without it.

H. And can people with this glass see more stars than they can without it? How many more, mamma, can they see?

M. It is thought that there must be in the whole heavens as many as a hundred millions of stars, that can be seen with a very good telescope.

H. A hundred millions, mamma! well, at any rate, that is an immense number.

M. Yes, my dear, it is; and since the most powerful telescope ever made discovers more stars than can be seen by any other, we may feel almost sure, that if we could make still more powerful telescopes, we should see still more stars; so that we can't tell what limit there is to the number of the stars.

H. What are the stars, mamma?

M. Do you remember what I told you about the planets?

H. Yes; you said they were probably worlds, for that they moved round the sun just as the earth does; oh! and you said, that the other stars were probably suns;—why, mamma, you surely don't mean that there are all those millions,—how many millions did you say?—of little suns!

M. The stars are probably suns, Henry, but not little suns.

H. Not little, mamma; why perhaps not very, very little; no, not little, I know, because their being so far off makes them seem less than they are; yes, a very great deal less, I know, but then they are so much less than the sun.

M. Indeed, Henry, who told you that?

H. Told me! why, I can see they are; my eye can tell me that; my own 'naked' eye.

M. Your naked eye, master, can tell you nothing about the matter. If a thing seems smaller, the further it is off, would not the sun seem much smaller

than it does now, if it were a million times as far off as it now is?

H. Yes; it would certainly.

M. Then a sun as big as ours or bigger, might be removed to such a distance, as to seem no larger than a star does, mightn't it?

H. Why yes; but the stars, mamma, are as near as the sun, an't they? Look at that bright twinkling fellow there; surely he is as near as the sun; I don't think he can be above a mile or two above my head; oh! no, not a mile. I wish I could go up to him in a balloon.

M. What will you say, Henry, when I tell you that, instead of a mile or two, we are two hundred millions of millions of miles at least from the nearest of the stars.

H. Oh! mamma, mamma; two hundred millions of millions! oh! who can say that? how can any body know that, mamma?

M. Why that, Henry, I cannot explain to you; it would be impossible for me to make you understand this yet. You must believe it at present. But see, here comes papa, to meet us.

"Oh! papa, do tell me all about the stars," said Henry, running to meet his papa.

P. All about the stars! you must be satisfied with a little less than quite all, my dear boy. But I will tell you something another day. How late you are, dears.

H. Yes, papa; I was so tired; but I forgot my tire when mamma began to tell me about the stars.

P. Well, my dear, we will talk about the stars again some day. But now make haste and get to bed. But first say your prayers, dear, to Him who made the stars.

H. Yes, papa. Good night.—How tired I am!

QUESTIONS ON OUR LORD'S ASCENSION.

Q. WHAT benefit do we particularly receive from Christ's exaltation in heaven?

A. The great advantage of his intercession for us at the right hand of God, where he is a perpetual patron and advocate on our behalf, to plead our cause, to solicit our concernments, to represent our wants, and to offer up our prayers and requests to God, by virtue of His meritorious sacrifice. So that the true penitent may expect forgiveness, the weak but sincere Christian, strength and assistance, having so powerful a mediator with the Father. Those that suffer and are persecuted, may depend upon their High Priest for comfort and support, since He is touched with a sense of our infirmities; and all may come boldly to the throne of grace to obtain mercy and help in time of need [1], because our prayers are offered to God by so powerful and prevalent a hand.

Q. What influence ought the ascension of our Saviour to have upon us?

A. It ought to confirm our faith, to strengthen our hope, and to raise our affections to things above.

Q. How doth the Ascension confirm our faith?

A. Because it gives a further proof of our Saviour's divine mission, and that He was a true prophet sent from God; it being evidence beyond exception that God would never have so highly rewarded Him, and visibly have taken Him into heaven, if He had not been sent into the world by Him, and had not approved of the message He had delivered to us. Neither can we doubt of His return to judge the world, our Saviour having declared Himself appointed by God, judge of quick and dead [2], and the angels having confirmed the same; nothing being more credible than the saying of one whom God has so visibly taken to Himself.

[1] Heb. iv. 15, 16. [2] Acts x. 4.

Q. How doth the Ascension strengthen our hope?

A. By seeing our own nature thus advanced, we are assured that dust and ashes may thither ascend; and the blessed Jesus being our head, as members of His body we may expect admission into that heavenly court, where He sits in glory, since we have His word, that can never fail, that He is gone to prepare a place for us. Besides, our Saviour's exaltation dispels all those fears the weakness of our nature may suggest to us, because He hath an absolute disposal of all those graces which are necessary to attain eternal happiness.

Q. How doth the Ascension exalt our affections?

A. By putting us in mind that our treasure is above, and that therefore we ought not to set our affections upon things that are below: that heaven is the true and only happiness of a Christian, and that our great design in this world ought to be, to fit and prepare ourselves for the enjoyment of it: that our constant endeavours ought to tend towards the qualifying ourselves to be received into our Saviour's presence, to whom we have the greatest obligations of duty and gratitude: that by trampling upon our sins, and subduing the lusts of the flesh, we may make our conversation correspond to our Saviour's condition, that where the eyes of the Apostles were forced to leave Him, thither our thoughts may follow Him.—*Nelson.*

The sun has long been set,
The stars are out by twos and threes,
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and trees;
There's a cuckoo and one or two thrushes,
And a far-off wind that rushes,
And a sound of water that gushes,
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry,
Fills all the hollow of the sky.

Wordsworth (*an impromptu*).

PROFESSION OF FAITH OF THE ASCENSION.

I BELIEVE, O victorious Love, that Thou, after Thy conquest over death and hell, didst ascend in triumph to heaven, that Thou mightest prepare mansions for us, and from thence, as conqueror, bestow the gifts of Thy conquest on us, and, above all, the gift of Thy Holy Spirit; that Thou mightest enter into the holy of holies, as our great High Priest, to present to Thy Father the sweet-smelling sacrifice of His crucified Son, the sole propitiation for sinners; and therefore all love, all glory be to Thee. Glory be to Thee, O Jesus, who didst leave the world and ascend to heaven about the thirty-third year of Thy age, to teach us, in the prime of our years, to despise this world when we are best able to enjoy it, and to reserve our full vigour for heaven and for Thy love.

O Thou whom my soul loveth, since Thou hast left the world, what was there ever in it worthy of our love? O let all my affections ascend after Thee, and never return to the earth more; for whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. *Amen.* Lord Jesus, *Amen.* *Bp. Ken.*

DISCOVERY OF THE TELESCOPE.

BEYOND all, perhaps, that a discoverer ever felt, must have been the surprise and delight of Galileo, when, having turned for the first time to the heavens the wonderful instrument which his own ingenuity had invented, he beheld that crowd of splendours which had never before revealed themselves to the eye, nor even been dreamt of by the imagination of man. While Galileo resided at Venice, a report was brought to that city, that a Dutchman had presented to Count Maurice of Nassau an instrument, by means of which distant objects were made to appear as if they were near; and this was all that the rumour

stated. But it was enough for Galileo. The philosopher immediately set himself to work, to find out by what means the thing must have been effected; and in the course of a few hours satisfied himself that, by a certain arrangement of spherical glasses, he could repeat the new miracle. In the course of two or three days he presented several telescopes to the Senate of Venice, accompanied with a memoir on the immense importance of the instrument to science, and especially to astronomy. He afterwards greatly improved his invention, and brought it to such a state of perfection, that he was in a condition to commence, by means of it, the examination of the heavens. It was then that, to his unutterable astonishment, he saw, as a celebrated French astronomer has expressed it, "what no mortal before that moment had seen—the surface of the moon, like another earth, ridged by high mountains, and furrowed by deep valleys—Venus, as well as it, presenting phases demonstrative of a spherical form; Jupiter surrounded by four satellites, which accompanied him in his orbit; the milky-way; the nebulæ; finally, the whole heaven sown over with an infinite multitude of stars, too small to be discerned by the naked eye[1]." Milton, who had seen Galileo, described, nearly half a century after the invention, some of the wonders thus laid open by the telescope:—

> "The moon, whose orb,
> Through optic glass, the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fesolé,
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

A few days were spent by Galileo in rapidly reviewing the successive wonders that presented themselves to him; and then he proceeded to announce his discoveries to the world by the publication of a paper, which he entitled the *Herald of the Heavens*[2], which

[1] Life of Galileo, by Biot, in the "Biographie Universelle."
[2] Nuncius Siderçus.

he continued from time to time, as he found new objects to describe. From this period the examination of the heavens became the sole object of Galileo's thoughts; and the occupation of his life. He wrote, he talked of nothing else.

From "the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties."

PRAYER FOR THE GIFTS OF GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT.

O LORD my God, who by Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ hast promised Thy Holy Spirit to them who ask Him of Thee: I beseech Thee, to give Him to me in all the graces and assistances of which I stand in need. I ask Him in all humility and earnestness, as the greatest blessing I can receive; I ask Him in the sense of my own weakness and infirmities, as knowing, without His continual inspirations, I can desire nothing that is good nor do any thing that is acceptable to Thee; O, therefore, let Him be with me, and remain with me, and most powerfully assist and support me in all trials and temptations when I most need His help.

Let Him be unto me a Spirit of sanctification to purify my corrupt nature, a Spirit of counsel in all difficulties, of direction in all doubts, of courage in all dangers, of constancy in all persecutions, of comfort in all troubles, especially in times of sickness, and at the hour of death, and of submission and resignation to Thy holy will and pleasure in all afflictions that are most grievous to flesh and blood.

Leave me not a moment to my own human frailty without His assistance, but let Him constantly inspire me with fear, love, and devotion towards Thee; with truth, justice, and charity towards my neighbour; and with abstinence and sobriety towards myself. And because I live in evil times, and am in danger of being deceived by the wiles and false pretensions of men, let Him be also unto me a Spirit of wisdom, and conduct, and discretion, that in all

my conversations, I may be able to discern truth from hypocrisy, and sincere, undesigning, and faithful, from false, designing, and flattering, friends.

Furthermore, I beseech Thee, let Him be unto me a Spirit of patience under all crosses and in all provocations; a Spirit of trust and stedfast repose of mind in Thy care and providence: a Spirit of forgiveness to my enemies; a Spirit of humility to make me quiet and easy in myself, meek and gentle to others, and to free me from all the sins and torment of pride, envy, and ambition; and finally, so let Him guide me and govern me through the whole course of my short life here, that I cannot fail to obtain everlasting life though Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.—*Dr. Hickes.*

The Church of CHRIST is represented as a kingdom with JESUS for its King; and all who are of this kingdom, have the like expectation and hope, have the same blessing and life, are under the same discipline of the HOLY GHOST, enjoy the like comfort flowing from Him, and are guided alike by His counsel. If we profess, then, to honour and love our King, we are not, by disunion, to impede the progress of His government, and to hinder the flow of His mercy, the descent of His blessings: we are not, by our vanity, and folly, and pride, to throw a shade over His efforts, who is fighting our battles against the world, the flesh, and the devil: we are not thus to weaken His strength, and lessen the lustre of His victory.—*Ramsden's Sermons.*

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
Wordsworth.

HOW BISHOP FISHER TOOK THE NEWS THAT HE WAS TO DIE THAT DAY.

AFTER the lieutenant of the Tower had received the writ for his execution, because it was then very late, and the prisoners asleep, he was loth to disturb him from his rest; but in the morning, before five of the clock, he came to him in his chamber in the bell-tower; finding him yet asleep in his bed, and waking him, he told him he was come to him on a message from the king, to signify unto him that his pleasure was he should suffer death that forenoon. 'Well,' quoth the bishop, 'if this be your errand, you bring me no great news; for I have looked a long time for this message, and I most humbly thank his majesty that it pleaseth him to rid me from all this worldly business. Yet let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very ill this night; not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness.' 'The king's pleasure is further,' said the lieutenant, 'that you shall use as little speech as may be, especially of any thing touching his majesty, whereby the people should have any cause to think of him or his proceedings otherwise than well.' 'For that,' said he, 'you shall see me order myself, as, by God's grace, neither the king, nor any man else, shall have occasion to mislike of my words.' With which answer the lieutenant departed from him; and so the prisoner, falling again to rest, slept soundly two hours and more.—*Fuller's Church History of Britain.*

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will any thing annoy you.—*Guesses at Truth.*

Instruction vouchsafed in vain is (I suppose) a debt to be accounted for hereafter.—*Cowper.*

When I attend a funeral procession (says a pious writer) on the death of some one of my relations, the first feeling which nature and self-love inspire in me is, the fear of being one day as they are; because I fully feel that death, which has not spared them, will not spare me: but as soon as I think of the risen JESUS, grace destroys or corrects this my first feeling: I cheer myself with the sure hope of a certain resurrection:—and (if I reason as a Christian ought) I say: I shall die: I deserve to die, O my God! because I am a sinner: but I shall rise again, because Thou art risen: and in my flesh, and with mine eyes, I shall see my Saviour! —Such is the hope which, reposing in my heart will cause me also a true repose. It is only needful to labour by my good works and by my faithfulness, to preserve the life of grace, and to procure for me a joyful resurrection.—*Avrillon.*

The following EXTRACTS are copied chiefly from APPLICATIONS recently made to the NATIONAL SOCIETY, for aid in building, enlarging, fitting up, or maintaining schools. The applications proceed from clergymen of parishes situated in all quarters of the kingdom, and containing a population of every description, dense and scattered, manufacturing and agricultural, mining and seafaring. What a sad picture do they give, of the want of Christian education in this country!

(1) "It would be difficult to find a parish, even in this uneducated county, more standing in need of aid for building schools. Our population, which is entirely agricultural, amounts to nearly 600. Till my residence here, there was no school, either Sunday or daily. For two years I have assembled about sixty children, as day scholars, in a hired room. I expect the most beneficial results from the schools

not only as regards my own desolate parish, but as setting an example to the surrounding rural districts, where such buildings are much required."

(2) "A spirit of disaffection prevails almost universally amongst the working classes. Authority of every kind is despised. Magistrates, masters, pastors, and all superiors are regarded as enemies and oppressors. Chartism and socialism lurk in many a bosom. The pictures of Frost and his co-traitors, found in many of the cottages, display too closely their sympathy with rebellion; and a day scarcely passes in which I have not to rebuke and reason against the most dreadful sentiments on the subject of government, and order, and property, as well as of religion."

"Now, for educating the children of this vast and daily increasing population, which will soon amount to 40,000 souls, there is no provision whatsoever in the district; there is no school of any kind under the management of the ministers of the Church; the only school within a reasonable distance being one situated in an adjoining district."

(3) "The population of this parish was, in 1825, nearly 24,000, but has increased to above 37,000. Children are born, grow up, and die without being ever even baptized into a Christian church. This is the case now more than ever. Should population increase for the next fifteen or twenty years at the same rate as it does at present, and should the people be left to grow up destitute of the knowledge of their duty towards God and man, as thousands of them do at present, it will require an immense army to preserve any thing like peace in the country."

(4) "In such a district as this there ought to be at least half a dozen good schools. It is heart-rending to think of such a state of things in a Christian country like ours. I have had sufficient experience of the difficulty of raising private subscriptions; and yet, in these most destitute places, the clergyman is generally the only person who can or will undertake

these things, the people being all engaged in business. This, however, is, I am aware, only one case out of many nearly similar; and therefore I am convinced that, unless some strong measure be taken, things must go on from bad to worse, as the population increases, and what the end may be it is not easy to predict."

(5) "In consequence of their defective education, which they receive only in Sunday schools not connected with the Church, they seldom attach themselves to any place of worship, but spend Sundays and holidays in roaming about or in the beer-shops. It is a trial of nerve for any respectable person to encounter a gang of these fellows, and most offensive to hear the language made use of by them, and frequently addressed to young females of the same age. The only possible means which I can see of remedying this state of things is an effective system of daily instruction."

(6) "The necessity of such an establishment here is very great, there not being any school in the whole district where the children are instructed in Church principles, or indeed receive any regular education. The population of the chapelry is about 3000, chiefly coal-miners and the labouring class, and we have only one small room for teaching the Sunday scholars, that will not accommodate more than 130 children."

(7) "The schools were opened, through my exertions, and with the desire to counteract an establishment in the neighbourhood by a landowner, who has devoted six acres of land for industrial purposes, but whose avowed object is to disseminate social and chartist principles, hitherto with such limited effect that, though the temptation of dancing and French is added to the system of instruction, the composition return of last month will show the favour of the poor is yet with us; but, unfortunately,

our space is so limited that the elder boys and girls are compelled to write on their knees with forms for desks, whilst luxurious accommodation is provided elsewhere. However warmly I feel towards the welfare of the rising generation around me, yet I am only a tenant farmer, and unable to furnish the means to increase the accommodation, and there are no resident landowners friendly to education."

(8) "Our population amounts to 7300. We are endeavouring to raise an infant school for 100 children, but the late riots, and the long depression of affairs among us, have left us miserably poor and disheartened, so that we have only been able to raise about 30*l.* towards the object. There is in the place only one school, and that belonging to the Roman Catholics."

(9) "In urging my claim, when I state that only three years ago my present room cost 290*l.*, one half of which was defrayed by myself and my father, who also gave the ground,—that my parishioners are only farming tenants, and that the expense of repairing and improving the church (800*l.* within a few years) have fallen very heavily upon the rates, —that I have myself a large family of young children, and many calls upon me, in an extensive parish where there is no resident proprietor, I trust I shall appear excused in requesting such aid as the state of your funds will afford."

(10) "My parish, with a population of 550, is very poor, and I do not expect to get 10*l.* from it; but the people have promised their subscriptions to its support when the school is built. There is at present no school-room in the parish, and the children stray off to a Roman Catholic school in the neighbourhood." Reader, pray for CHRISTIAN England!

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

JUNE, 1844.

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

THE Catechism begins with asking the name of the child or catechized person. The name intended is 'the Christian name,' as it is properly called, because this name does not belong to us at our birth, it is given us by the Church, when we become Christians; that is to say, at our Baptism. The Priest, in the Baptismal service, asks the Godfathers and Godmothers, to name the child: that name is then given to the child: it did not belong to it before. We are so accustomed to think our Christian names "our own" names in just the same way as our other name—the name of our family, that the fact of its belonging to us only as Christians does not strike us, as it would those who had received a new name at Baptism in more advanced life.—In the early ages, suppose a person to be converted to Christianity at any time after he was a man; and then to come, after careful preparation by catechizing (as was then always the case), to the holy sacrament of Baptism. Baptism was then made more impressive—more striking to the mind than it now is, by various solemn rites. For instance, the baptized person went down into the water, and was taught to consider this a being buried to his old

corrupt nature or to sin, and his rising again from the water, a rising again to a new life of righteousness. He then knelt before the bishop, and received grace by the laying on of his hands: a white robe was put over him, to signify the purity of character and life to which he was thenceforth bound; and a new name was given him—his Christian name. When he afterwards heard himself called Peter (that is "Roek") after the great Apostle who received that name from Christ, or John, that is "Joy," after the beloved disciple, or "James" after the brother of our Lord, ... how dearly would he love that precious name that belonged to his new and better life, his Christian life:—and surely the very sound of this name would be a call to him never to disgrace it by leading an unchristian life.—With us who are baptized in infancy, certainly this fact of the name being our Christian name hardly strikes us at all; but it as certainly ought to be thought of as a badge of our profession, reminding us that we were born at baptism to a new life of holiness, and had a new name given unto us.

The Christian name is set before the other because it is to be esteemed before it, ... "for it is a far greater honour, grace, and favour to be a Christian" (as Bishop Nicholson observes) "than to be a man. Our regeneration is to be prized before our generation: our new birth before our first birth. For by the one we are miserable, by the other we are in the way to become happy."

The state has done (in my opinion) a very wrong thing in allowing the name to be sent in to the Registrar before Baptism.—Persons who have not had a child baptized, some perhaps who never intend to do so, send an account of a child's birth to this Registrar, and call the child by the name they have been pleased to tell this person is its name.—It is even said that this power of telling the Registrar what the child's name is, makes people more

negligent, in some places, in bringing their children to holy Baptism.—It is shocking to think that in a Christian country such a mistake should be POSSIBLE. It could not be possible, if the persons making the mistake, had any notion of what holy Baptism is.—Think of the awful ignorance of mistaking such an act as telling the fact of a child's birth to the Registrar of a Poor-law union, chosen under the new Poor-law Act, for a HOLY SACRAMENT! of thinking it as good as the Sacrament, that gives us "that thing which by nature we cannot have," .... that is, a new-birth by "water and the SPIRIT"—that makes us (according to the words of the Catechism) "members of CHRIST, the children of GOD, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven!"

I have often spoken to you of the absurd habit that prevails in this, and, I dare say, many other neighbourhoods, of calling BAPTISM "NAMING," when it is performed (as it never should be except in a case of sickness) in a private house. Nothing is more common than for the minister to be called upon to come and name such a child.—This is not a mere innocent mistake: it leads to a dangerous errour: to the thinking the giving of the name the principal thing in the sacrament of Baptism. The act called too often "naming," is the holy sacrament of Baptism—The act of Baptism consists in dipping the child or person in water, or sprinkling it with water, in the name of the FATHER, and of the SON, and of the HOLY GHOST!—this is the act of Baptism, and it is completed in the service you call "naming."—The prayers and lessons in the service of Baptism, are not the act of Baptism itself, but its solemn and proper accompaniments: and the child privately baptized is properly required to be brought afterwards to the Church that it may be solemnly prayed for, and its sponsors and parents warned and instructed; and that the child may solemnly be received into the

Church as a member of it, and have its forehead signed with the sign of the Cross, in token that thenceforth it shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of CHRIST crucified, and to fight manfully under HIS banner against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to continue CHRIST'S faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.

Perhaps you may not know that a time will come when some of us will receive a new name. "To him that overcometh," (says the Spirit in the book of Revelation) "will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."—This is probably a figurative expression, the new name written on a stone delivered to us meaning a title made over to us, a right of admission given us, to new happiness and glory in heaven.—But a figurative expression may have, and in the Bible always has, a real meaning: and it is well to think of that giving of the stone with the new name written upon it, to every one that overcometh.—Let us remember that the power of overcoming is freely offered to us all: we all may overcome (by the power of CHRIST, and CHRIST'S Spirit), and obtain that glorious new name, the honour and happiness of which no man but he who receives it, can know; we all may arrive at that blessedness in heaven, which no man can form a notion of; but which all who ONCE FEEL IT will know to be far, infinitely above all delight of body or mind, that we ever knew on earth.

May GOD grant us, that steadiness in the pursuit of heaven's happiness, that may, by GOD'S grace, prove the means of our being received to a high degree of glory and reward in the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST!

THE WINDS AND THE WAVES OBEYING CHRIST.

With sails full spread and bending mast
Like one who bounds with glee,
A fisher's bark was sailing fast
Across Gennesareth's sea.
Freshly and keenly blew the blast
From the shore of Galilee.

A precious freight it was, I trow,
Which that frail galley bore;
But angry waves, from stern to prow,
Her deck were sweeping o'er;
And loud and louder bellowed now
The tempest's gathering roar.

But still as on the vessel swept
Through waters foaming wild,
One toil-worn man lay still and slept
As calmly as a child,
Whose eyes for sin have never wept,
Whose heart is undefiled.

Full soundly slept He—for in sooth
A weary man was He:
A wanderer since His noon of youth
By land, and lake, and sea,
To spread the rays of light and truth,
Where darkness wont to be.

Awhile that vessel's thoughtful crew
Stood gazing on His rest,
With awe profound and reverence due
In all their thoughts exprest;
Till fiercer yet the tempest blew
From the dark and cloudy west.

Then straight a fearful toil began
The vessel's course to keep,

So wildly with the wind she ran,
O'er the black and boiling deep;
—Yet still He slept (that weary man)
A calm, unstartled sleep.

But fiercer still the surges roar'd,
And fiercer blew the blast;
And now, in each bold heart on board,
Dark fears are gathering fast,
As the winds and waves their fury pour'd
On shatter'd sail and mast.

Then came they, in their utmost need,
To where the sleeper lay;—
"Lord, sleep'st Thou still, and tak'st no heed—
Betide our lives what may?"—
They spake, and at their words with speed
The sleeper rose straightway.

"Oh! ye of little faith!"—He stood,
And calmly waved his hand;
At once the tempest's wrathful mood
Was hush'd at His command,
And the waters in a waveless flood
Rolled smoothly to the strand.

No cloud obscured the deep blue sky,
No ripple curl'd the sea,
Earth, air, and water, far and nigh,
Were calm as calm could be,
The vessel's track you scarce might spy—
She rode so peacefully.

The vessel's track you scarce might spy—
And yet she wins her way,
With sails untorn and cordage dry
Through the smooth and smiling bay;
"Now who is this," the shipmen cry
"Whom the sea and the wind obey?"

Dear Lord, a lowly life was Thine
While Thou with man didst dwell;
Yet winds and waves obey'd Thy sign,
And knew their Maker well.
Thy voice could tame, with charm divine,
All powers of Earth and Hell.

Incarnate fiends beneath Thine eye
From human dwellings fled,
With a terrified and wailing cry
To the fields where swine were fed;
And the sick were heal'd at the point to die,
And the graves gave up their dead.

And is Thy power less wondrous now,
Or is Thy love less kind,
Than when they made Hell's demons bow
And still'd the waves and wind?
May prayer no more and whisper'd vow
From Thee such mercy find?

Nay still, though oft Thou seem'st to sleep,
Thy love directs the helm,
And guides Thy Church from deep to deep
O'er this world's billowy realm;
And a tender watch doth o'er it keep,
Lest storms should overwhelm.

And still do Hell's dark legions flee
From the heart where Thou dost reign,
And the sinner is heal'd of his leprosy,
And the prisoner breaks his chain,
And the soul which was dead as dead could be,
Is raised to life again.

Moultrie.

Gallant and virtuous actions do not more often ingratiate men with the people, than a rolling tongue,

a precipitate head, vain-glorious profusion, oily insinuations, feigned devotions, sufferings (though deserved) from superiors, and above all, opposition to the present state.—*Abp. Bramhall.*

Assuredly, Madam, whosoever prays from his very heart, and for such things as he is commanded to pray for, (and such is this renovation[1] of his mind into the image of Christ,) doth not beat the empty air with his breath, but will find as real an effect of it, as ever he did in any natural action in the world; as suppose in shaking of a plum-tree or eating the fruits of the vine.—*Dr. H. More.*

I, like the cuckoo, have repeated to you the same note to all my letters, from my first writing to you to this very day; to charm you into a cool, humble temper of mind, which is the foundation of all solid prudence.—*Dr. H. More.*

EFFECT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

EVENTS occurred in the course of last year (1842), which not unexpectedly, but most alarmingly, directed public attention to the religious education of the poor as the great and only safe bulwark of social order. Disturbances arose in the manufacturing districts to such an extent, as to render life and property every where insecure, and to cause the most serious fears and misgivings in the public mind. Doubts arose, not merely in the timid, but in persons of firmer nerves and more reflecting character, whether the bonds of society could long be held together. At such a crisis, it was most desirable to ascertain how far the influence of the Church and of Church-schools had been beneficially exerted in support of law and order, and in what degree the check

[1] Renewal.

which the spirit of lawlessness received, and its ultimate suppression, were owing to the early dissemination of religious and moral principles among the people. With a view to this inquiry, a circular was addressed to such individuals, both laymen and clergymen, within the disturbed districts, as from their position and opportunities were considered likely to afford correct and full information. The answers received amounted to about one hundred and fifty, all from different writers, and all tending to establish the same conclusion. It appeared, that in every case the effect of education, whether in Sunday or Daily-schools, was salutary in proportion to its completeness. Wherever means of Church-instruction were best provided, there the efforts of the disaffected were least successful. In whatever districts Church principles prevailed, no outbreak took place, however grievous the privations of the people, except in cases where the rightly-disposed inhabitants were overpowered by agitators from a distance. One correspondent states, that the place he writes from had been proverbially one of the most, if not the most, disorderly and uncivilised of the manufacturing districts; that now, however, his church was well attended; that his schools contained three hundred and seventy-six scholars; and that during the recent disturbances, the people, though in great distress, had been peaceable, and had shown no disposition to join the rioters who came amongst them,—a circumstance which the respectable portion of the inhabitants were convinced would not have taken place in former times. Another correspondent states, that the disturbances had not hitherto reached his own nor the adjoining district; and attributes the peace and quiet enjoyed in both villages to the churches and Church-schools recently established therein, and at that time happily in full operation. A third writer, from nearly the central point of agitation, affirms of his own knowledge the striking fact, that

amongst the rioters no individual in full communion with his church was to be found, and scarce a youth accustomed to attend a Church Sunday-school. The same fact is particularly referred to by the incumbent of the district where the disturbances originated, who declares, that, as far as his observation extended, not one Churchman had taken part in the turn-out, or had been concerned in any unlawful proceedings in the neighbourhood at any time. Other correspondents confirm this important statement. One declares, that although the turn-out was commenced a few miles from him, not a single Churchman had taken an active part in promoting it; and that to keep his people, if possible, from the various meetings, he had service in the church twice in the week during the period of greatest excitement. Another writes, that not one parent of his Church Sunday-scholars (amounting to seven hundred) took any part in, or was present at, any of the tumultuous meetings which had been held in his parish and township. Another expresses his belief, that among those who were brought within the instruction of the Church, there were not to be found any who, during the late disturbances, had endangered the peace of the country, or had not been found ready to maintain it.

A magistrate of Lancashire states, that during the riots he called a public meeting, to take into consideration the best plan for preserving the public peace. The Church people universally attended, and cheerfully enrolled themselves as special constables. Nothing could induce the teachers of Church Sunday-schools to attend any of the seditious meetings; on the contrary, they to a man enrolled themselves as constables, kept entirely aloof from agitation, and waited patiently for the improvement of trade. A gentleman, who describes himself as having a general and uninterrupted acquaintance of nine years' standing with almost all the manufac-

turing districts in Yorkshire, and a small portion of those in Lancashire, affirms, that amongst the various outbreaks and other acts of political insubordination which it had been his lot to witness, he had never known a regular attendant on the services of the Church to be directly or indirectly concerned, with the solitary exception of a man whose sanity had been in question. An active clergyman writes, that by means of four Sunday and two week-day services in different parts of his chapelry, he maintained a thorough and complete Church of England ascendancy throughout the district; that during the late depression in trade, the people bore their privations in a manner highly creditable to their principles and profession; that while many of them had not been able to earn more than eight or nine shillings a week each for the support of a family of as many persons, he had never witnessed any thing in the shape of disaffection to their employers, or impatience at their lot; and that, as for insubordination, or union with the insubordinate, such an idea seems not to have entered into their minds. Other letters state, that the late disturbances would not have occurred had the spiritual wants of the population been previously attended to;—or that such disturbances will occur again and again, perhaps annually, until further and even expensive measures for the religious benefit of the poor be applied;—or that the rioters in the late outbreak were not Churchmen, as might be proved by an inquiry through the chaplain of the county jail;—or that not one parent of a scholar belonging to the Church-schools took part with the disaffected;—or that those trained up in Church-schools, by their adherence to their country's laws and institutions, stopped the torrent of disorder;—or that none of those who had belonged to the National School joined in or approved of the late agitation, although nearly all of them worked in factories, and were suffering many privations;—or that, among the

youthful mob, not one pupil out of twelve hundred belonging to the National Schools could be discovered, although the attention of the teachers had been specially directed to the subject. "With much satisfaction and gratitude to God I can state," writes a clergyman, from one of the most disturbed parishes in Yorkshire, "that not one of my hearers, nor one youth who has been in our Sunday-school, was implicated in the riots, or joined the rioters."—*From the Thirty-second Report of the National Society.*

EFFECT OF THE WANT OF CHURCH-SCHOOLS AND CHURCH-TEACHING.

THE picture drawn by other writers, describing parts where Church-influence was weak and education neglected, is not less practically instructive. It is stated that the lawless proceedings at —— were easily accounted for by the fact of five or six thousand souls being suffered to remain in a state of heathenish ignorance, without a single school which offered an education worthy of the name;—that at —— there is not a day nor Sunday-school in connexion with the Church, and that, consequently, the peace of the county-town was more threatened from that quarter than from any other;—that the district of ——, containing ten thousand persons, with no daily school for the children of the poor, had attained an unhappy notoriety for rudeness, violence, and insubordination, insomuch that, during the recent insurrection, injury to person and property was only prevented by the authorities yielding to the will of the insurgents;—that in ——, the young men from fourteen or fifteen to twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, having had no means of instruction but in Sunday-schools, where a great portion of the day is spent in purely secular teaching, are almost universally vicious in their habits, undutiful to their parents, disrespectful to their superiors, without any

just ideas of the relative duties of their situation in life;—that the town of ——, having only one church, with eight hundred sittings, for fourteen thousand inhabitants, was overrun with Chartism and disaffection, and actually contained a so-called Sunday-school, in which three hundred poor children were initiated into infidel and seditious principles. A correspondent mentions, that in consequence of church-room being only provided for between three and four thousand out of thirty thousand, and no schools to train up the rising generation, the ignorant populace became the followers of every blasphemous and extravagant sect, vice and infidelity most fearfully abounded, and eleven hundred heads of families in one place, and two hundred in another, were ascertained by statistical inquiry to profess no religion. And, to give one more example, an active clergyman in Lancashire describes an out-lying township of fifteen hundred souls, for which he had for some time been vainly endeavouring to provide a school, as being addicted, more than any neighbouring district, to political disaffection and open infidelity. "The soil of ——, says he, "was well prepared for the seeds which revolutionists and infidels would scatter, and accordingly they have taken deep root." "The work," he continues, "of undoing all these evil consequences of neglect must be arduous—we expect it to be so. We feel it so at present. May God give us a spirit of patience and perseverance! Our chief hope must be with the young."

The passages here quoted exhibit fearfully, and but too faithfully, the deplorable results of spiritual and educational destitution. Perhaps no terms can more correctly and eloquently pourtray the evils to be apprehended, as well as those now existing, than the language of a reverend correspondent, in the very centre of the recent outbreak. "Bad," he says, "as matters are at present, worse may be expected, if active steps are not taken; for most of the present

adult population retain some recollection of, and are somewhat influenced by, the remembrance of the days of their youth, when they heard of GOD and His laws and a future state. They have not succeeded quite in casting off all moral restraint. Some retain an affectionate recollection of the Church and school which arose near their native spot, and which in their younger days they loved to frequent. Conscience has in such a barrier over which they may not with impunity pass. This restrains them more than laws can do. But this remaining check will be quite wanting in multitudes of the rising generation. They have never had the means of grace—never have been 'where bells have knolled to church'—never attended a school where moral discipline was taught. Great fears may well be entertained for the country, if something is not done to rescue from ignorance these multitudes of her sons. Religion and patriotism unite their voice in this object."—*From the Thirty-second Report of the National Society.*

A PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION.

[This is a hymn in the same sort of flowing prose as the Psalms are translated into in the Prayer Book. Each verse is divided by a colon (:) into two nearly equal portions. Such hymns should be chanted.]

THE sun hath gone up in his brightness: he is seated on his throne of noon.

He hath clad himself royally with glory: he maketh the beams his messengers;

And sendeth down gifts upon earth: his light upon all nations.

O how beauteous is Thy majesty: how mighty is Thy power;

Which Thou hast revealed in Thine image: O Sun of Righteousness and King of Glory.

So shine into mine heart: and let the light of Thy Word fill it with joy.

Search out every dark hiding-place: drag every fearful secret forth,

And convict them all before Thy light: and cast them out of their possession.

Then shall my spirit be enlightened to maintain Thy truth: and my body shall be full of light.

And I, a child of light, will rejoice in Thy glory: and praise Thy name for evermore.

This sun, which I behold, shall be cast down from heaven: his lamp of light shall be quenched in the sky for ever.

But my song shall still be praising Thy light: my harp shall still be celebrating Thy glory.

O Lord, Thy saints shall live and praise Thee for ever and ever: before the dwelling-place of Thy unapproachable glory.—*Rev. R. W. Evans, author of 'The Rectory of Valehead.'*

A DIALOGUE ON SUFFERING.

Amy again anxiously asked Emily, whether Dr. Bailey really said that her mamma would get well?

"He thinks and hopes she will," replied Emily, "but no one can be certain."

"But if she should not," said Amy, as she leant her head on Miss Morton's shoulder, and her tears flowed afresh,—

"If she should not," replied Emily, "would you not try to think of her happiness, even if it were your sorrow?"

Amy tried to recover herself, but the effort was almost beyond her. "I could not live without her," she said in a broken voice.

"Yes," replied Emily, "you can; we all can learn to submit to whatever is the will of God; and we can learn to think suffering a blessing, and to thank Him for it, even more than for joy; but you will not understand this now."

"To live here," said Amy, following the course of her own thoughts,—

"You must not think of it," replied Emily; "GOD may, in mercy, grant you many years of happiness, in your own home; but there is no place where He is, which may not be your home. Will you endeavour to think of this, dearest? I know it is true," she added in a low voice, "for I have no home."

"Oh! if I could be like you," exclaimed Amy, earnestly recalled for the moment from the thought of her own sorrow.

"Do not wish that," said Emily; "but there is One whom we must all learn to be like, and His life was but one continued scene of suffering. We can never have to bear what He bore."

"I am very wicked," said Amy; "but I will try to think as you do; only it is so hard."

"You need not make yourself unhappy now," said Emily, "by dwelling on a trial, which may be far off. I cannot see any great cause for anxiety; only it is well at times to think of sorrow, even in the midst of happiness, that we may be the better prepared to meet it."

"I thought," said Amy, "that I should never be unhappy, till I grew old."

"And so I thought once," replied Emily. "But, Amy, before we were either of us conscious of existence, we were both dedicated to the Saviour, who died for us, and the sign of His suffering was marked upon our foreheads: it would be worse than weakness to shrink from following His footsteps, because He calls us to it early."

"And must I be miserable?" said Amy.

"No, never," answered Emily, eagerly; "misery is for those who cannot feel that they have a Father in heaven: and therefore it is, that when we are too happy, and begin to forget Him, He sends us sorrow to recall us to Himself."

"Mamma told me something like that once," said

Amy with a heavy sigh; "but I did not think sorrow would come so soon."

"You must not fancy it is come, dearest," replied Emily, "and you must not think, whatever happens, that you will be miserable. In this place least of all; because every thing in a Church reminds us, that we have GOD to watch over us, and our SAVIOUR to love us, and Holy Angels to guard us."

Amy raised her head, and for a few moments gazed in silence upon the still, solemn beauty of the chapel. "It is better to be here," she said at last, "than in the drawing-room with the lights and the music."

"You can feel so now," replied Emily, "because you are unhappy, and when you have had more trials you will feel so always. When persons have suffered much, and borne their afflictions with patience and thankfulness, they become in a degree calm and composed, as that marble figure beneath us; for their eyes are closed to the sights of the world, and their hearts are raised continually to heaven. Only think how good the saints and martyrs were, of whom you have often read: it was trial and suffering which made them so."

"Oh! yes," replied Amy, "but who can be like them?"

"We can," answered Emily, "if we really wish and try to be. When we were baptized, you know GOD gave us His Holy Spirit, to enable us to obey Him; and you know also, that He will give it to us more and more every day, if we only pray to Him. The greatest saint that ever lived could not have had a higher strength than ours; and therefore if they bore their afflictions without murmuring, we can do the same."

Amy was silent; her eyes were fixed upon the marble monument, and she seemed lost in thought. —*From "Amy Herbert."*

CONFIRMATION.

DRAW, HOLY GHOST, Thy seven-fold veil
Between us and the fires of youth;
Breathe, HOLY GHOST, thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do THOU renew,
When, beckon'd up the awful choir
By pastoral hands, to THEE we drew.

When trembling at the sacred rail,
We hid our eyes and held our breath;
Felt THEE how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own THEE to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced,
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand;
A sheltring rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

Keble. Christian Year.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

[The following extract from an account of a little girl's death-bed is introduced by this notice.]

The author of this little tract was, till very lately, inclined to believe, that the accounts sometimes given of the calmness and elevation of soul possessed by children in the hour of death, were either fictitious or exaggerated representations. He has now a melancholy satisfaction in acknowledging his error, and gives the following short narrative publicity, in the hope that it may conduce to prove, that the ardent belief even of a little child will be sufficient to conduct it in peace through the trying hour of dissolution. It must at the same time be borne in mind, that the composure of mind which will be here detailed, can only be expected, when the

nature of the disease does not expose the individual to great torture of body.

Totnes, December 15, 1829.

About the middle of the day, her pulse and strength seemed in some degree to rally, and her parents allowed themselves to entertain some hope[1]. This however on the return of Mr. T., about eleven o'clock at night, was entirely dissipated; her danger was becoming every hour more imminent; and about three o'clock of the Monday morning, her father (who was asleep, having been exhausted by previous watching and anxiety,) was summoned to the death-bed of his daughter, and to hear her last accents of piety and love. The final hour of her existence was now at hand; but previously to putting off mortality, she put off childish things, and showed herself, (as far as we can judge,) a Saint mature for heaven; her mind received more than its former vigour, and, as is sometimes supposed to be the case, attained more than mortal energy; her eyes became beautifully expressive, and her voice (which through her illness had been indistinct,) became, though low and gentle, perfectly clear, and melodious beyond expression[2]. "Am I dying?" she said. Her mother answered, "My dear, if you are, you are going to God who loves you so much, and Jesus Christ who died for you, and you will be happier with them than you can be here; and papa, and mamma, and dear Walrond will try to be good that they may come to you." This seemed to delight her, and she said,

[1] She had however herself at this time a strong impression of her danger, for her little brother coming to ask how she was, she replied, "I am very ill, Walrond, and I shall not be long with you in this world."

[2] Some apprehension has been entertained lest this observation should be imputed to an excited imagination, but the circumstance may be accounted for from natural causes, her reduced condition of body, and her being free from pain. It has been lately observed by a celebrated divine, "The part of a lover of Truth is to follow her at all hazards."

she hoped to see her brother and sisters [3], and that papa and mamma and Walrond and Reginald would come too. On her uttering a groan, her papa said to her, "Look to God, my dear; He careth for you:" she replied, "I bear my pains with patience, papa." She asked the hour; on finding that the morning was arrived, she said, "I am glad I did not die on Sunday." "Why, my dear?" "Because I have had another day to repent. Perhaps I may not die; ask Mr. T. I wish to live; and if God prolong my life, I will never be naughty again." Her papa said, "God will accept of your repentance, my dear, through the merits of Christ." Her mother exclaimed, "Oh! my dear child, I wish I could die for you." "Oh! my dear mamma! I am glad it is I and not you." With these words she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her repeatedly, and with the greatest fervour. Seeing her agony, she said, "Don't break your heart." Then she said to herself, "Poor little thing! the only little girl!" Her mother, touched with agony at the approaching separation, said, "Oh! my dear Emily, forgive your poor mother all she has done amiss." "Oh! dear mamma!" said she, "you were always kind." "My dear," her mother continued, "when I reproved, or even corrected you, it was for your good." "Forgive *me*, dear mamma!" While this was passing she again threw her arms around her mother's neck with the most heart-rending affection. Her mother said, "Embrace your father, my darling;" she immediately embraced him with the greatest tenderness, and he also saying, "Forgive me, my child." "Oh papa! you must forgive *me* [4]." He then said, "Ask forgiveness of God, my dear child." She lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, and with the greatest solemnity, exclaimed,

[3] Who were already dead.

[4] She also subsequently asked forgiveness of the servant who usually attended on her.

"O God, forgive me." Seeing her mother in tears: "Don't cry, mamma, your tears cannot restore me, do not break your heart. Poor little K.[5], I have survived you a very short time! Don't forget me, mamma." "Oh, my dear! were I to live ten thousand times ten thousand years, I never could forget you." Turning to her father, "Oh! papa, you will have no little Emily to walk with you, but when you walk out, do not forget your dear Erdy[6]." "Dear papa, do not break your heart." About this time she turned round and said, "I wish my money to be given to the poor; and my books, papa, I think I have heard you say that those sorts of books are not calculated for the lower orders[7]; send them to my cousins. My garden I give to Walrond, dear Walrond! I always loved him. I was a little jealous; but I always loved that little boy, don't let him forget me." She was continually enquiring for him; but though she wished to see him, did not express a desire to have him disturbed from his sleep, which his parents were unwilling to do, lest it should have some permanent ill effect on him; after enquiring for him, she said, "Oh! Walrond, you do not know how soon you may come to this." She asked, "And where will you put me." "I shall keep you in my heart," her mother replied, "to the end of my life, my own child;" she seemed to see that the question pained, for she asked no more. Her father said, "My child, we shall soon, I trust, be with you in Heaven, and then we shall never be parted any more." About this time she began to dictate a letter

[5] This young gentleman died about a fortnight before her of the same disorder, an affection of the mesenteric glands, of which circumstance she was aware.

[6] A name of endearment frequently used by her parents, she having been so called by her little brother.

[7] Her language was always well chosen, without apparent consciousness of it herself; she would frequently correct inelegancies of style in books which she read aloud.

to a little cousin, who was very dear to her; but her mother could not bear this, and stopped her; soon after (extraordinary to say) she exclaimed, "I am thankful I shall have no agonies;" nothing of the sort had been suggested to her. Life appeared now to be ebbing fast, and her mouth was parched with thirst, though she was almost every moment supplied with some liquid. She was quite sensible of her approaching dissolution, for she cried out, though with calmness, "I am dying, I am dying." Her affection for her mother still prevailed, for she extended both her hands outside the bed, and said, "God bless you, my dear mother." "Bless your father too, my child." Using the same expressive action, she repeated, "God bless you, my dear father, good bye." She now gradually sunk under the disease; and though her strength was gone, the syllable "ma—" could be traced on her lips. Her sweet soul escaped imperceptibly and without a struggle to the God who gave it.

Such was the blessed exit[8] from this world of this youthful Christian; though she was loth to leave her friends, yet the assured belief of a life to come, calmed her fears, and enabled her to pass through the trying scene of death without repining or dismay.

"Though she walked through the valley of the shadow of death, she feared no evil: for He was with her; His rod and His staff, they comforted her."

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES. No. 4.

DIOCESE OF TASMANIA (OR VAN DIEMEN'S LAND).

Provision for the Instruction of Convicts.

It will be a matter of deep thankfulness to Almighty God with all who have been aware of the spiritual destitution in which the convicts in Australia have

[8] Departure.

been left in past years, to learn that her Majesty's Government have determined on providing a large increase of clergy for their express benefit. The services of five candidates for ordination in the diocese of Tasmania have already been secured through the recommendation of the Society, two of whom sailed with the convict ship *London* about a fortnight ago; and two clergymen are about to be sent to Norfolk Island.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. T. B. Naylor, at present chaplain in that island, to his diocesan, affords a pleasing proof of the change effected in a place which, but a few years back, could only be described, in the language of Judge Burton, as "a cage full of unclean birds, full of crimes against God and man, murders and blasphemies, and all uncleanness:"—

"Norfolk Island, April, 1842.

"* * * Your Lordship will, I know, be pleased to hear that, with many discouragements, there is much still to cheer me in this singular spot. An increasing earnestness is evident among many of the prisoners. I have much reason to be pleased with the consistency of the many communicants who have recently been admitted after close probation. I cannot doubt either the sound conviction or suspect the sincerity of several converts from the Church of Rome, (both from the soldiers and convicts,) recently added to us. There is certainly an increasing desire for instruction among the men, and the best disposed of my poor prisoners are lending me powerful assistance by their influence with others. If I have but strength to meet the duties of my office, I verily hope to see the Spirit of God blessing these outcasts, and seeking and saving many who were lost."

The Rev. Gregory Bateman, Missionary at Oatlands, Van Diemen's Land, holds out a similar prospect that much may be expected, with the blessing

of the great Head of the Church, from the increased spiritual attention which is about to be paid to this unhappy and neglected class:—

"Oatlands, Aug. 1843.

"* * * With this epistle you will probably receive a small box of seeds, collected at my request by a person named M——, residing at Oatlands. This man, though a prisoner of the Crown, holds an indulgence called a ticket of leave; he had a year since a large nursery garden near Hobart Town, and was doing well, but, unfortunately for him, he bought some glass frames cheap, and afterwards it was discovered that they had been stolen. Though innocent himself, and ignorant of the way in which the property he bought had been obtained, he was sent up to Oatlands for a punishment, and to reside here during pleasure. He has always paid much attention to my advice, both spiritual and temporal; and out of gratitude, or, at any rate, good will, he offered me the box of seeds as a present, although his labour and time would alone render it worth five guineas, which value he placed on it. I gave him some things useful to him, such as would be equivalent for his trouble, and he was thankful, though desirous of giving me the box as a present. I beg the Society's acceptance of this collection of seeds, comprising a full account of one hundred trees of Tasmania, all of which, with ordinary care, will grow in England; some of the gum trees are most graceful and elegant, and I hope they will prove acceptable to the Society, amongst whose members are many, I have no doubt, who would be willing to embellish their grounds and gardens with Tasmanian shrubs and trees. The feeling that induced this poor man to give away his time and trouble was no doubt brought forth and called into active existence by the kindly spirit of the gospel of peace. I had never befriended him save by my public ministra-

tions and occasional conversations; but you see from this incident that many prisoners here are ready and willing to receive instruction; many see the error of their youthful sins, and are now willing to lead a new life. This act of good will, emanating from a prisoner in the interior of Tasmania, I thought would not be displeasing to the Society to be informed of; and when one considers that each tree's seed had to be sought for after decadence in the forest, the time and trouble expended can be conceived. The hearts of few unfortunates here are really hardened, not one in a hundred; and they can generally be profitably turned to good paths by kindness and taking an interest in their welfare. Punishment may repress the rebel spirit of crime, but cannot eradicate the inward canker of villany; it may silence, but yet will harden; like the fable of the traveller and his cloak, which the sun and wind contended in divesting him of. So the gentle warmth of good-will and religious instruction, I find, will cause many here to put away their iniquities as a cast-off garment, and live unencumbered in the light of the Church of Christ.

"About four months since, three young men were tried at Oatlands (now an assize town) and condemned to death for absconding as prisoners, and being found with arms—they were mere youths of seventeen, nineteen, and twenty-two years of age respectively. I attended them in Oatlands jail for a fortnight, when a reprieve came up; they became in the interval quite penitent by my constant visits; they were far from being hardened, but their mothers being left widows, these poor lads fell into evil paths. I believe their awful position, and the instruction and advice I gave them, made a lasting impression on their minds, and they may yet turn out useful members of society."

OATLANDS—VALE OF JERICHO.

"* * * I have (notwithstanding the adverse circumstances of Oatlands church having been stopped building) kept up a very good congregation, and, I may say, planted a tree that will wax larger and bring forth much fruit. I have some very good singers, and some of the responses they chant, and with my encouragement, a choir has been kept up without any funds. I trust ere long some little helps may be afforded to these well-disposed singers. The number of communicants at Oatlands keeps up, nay, rather increases, and this notwithstanding the objection that exists here to receive the sacrament in the building I make use of (Police-office), where many false oaths are continually taken and punishments inflicted. These objections will be removed when our church is finished; and from ten communicants they will probably increase to thirty or forty. At Jericho my number increases; a Presbyterian family now continually communicates, and the little church there is actually filled. Oh, how goodly is it to have even a little church in the first years of colonizing—the Vale of Jericho has been so supported, so comforted, so improved by a holy temple of worship, that it is quite a contrast to the dreadful heathenish state of other villages and settlements here; it would do your heart good to see all the children well dressed, and their parents walking along with them to church; may it continue so to prosper, and the fruits thereof be felt in the next generation!"—*From a Quarterly paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

THE OVERTHROW OF THE EGYPTIANS AT THE RED SEA.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the Prophet stood;
And the summoned east-wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The feather'd waves, that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-pavéd way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words,
King of Kings! and Lord of Lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came,
With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse and over car,
Over every man of war,

Over Pharaoh's crown of gold
The loud thundering billows roll'd;
As the level waters spread,
Down they sank, they sank like lead.

Milman.

ADDRESS TO THE PARISHIONERS OF UPPER CLAPTON ON ESTABLISHING A CHURCH FUND.

In the Bishop of London's Charge for 1838 to his Clergy, the following passage occurs:

"The great Church Societies,—the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge,—the Incorporated Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and for Building and Enlarging Churches,—the National School Society for the Education of the Poor,—and the Society for Supplying Additional Curates in Populous Places,—all present distinct and unquestionable claims upon the liberality of Churchmen . . . . . I mark these Societies more particularly, as being framed in strict accordance with the principles of our Ecclesiastical Polity, and as being under the efficient superintendence of the Bishops of the Church."

The Societies here specially recommended by the Bishop to our support, represent the Church in operation in so many different departments of her High Calling for the Glory of God, and the Salvation of Man, at Home and Abroad.

The chief field of the Church's labour is at Home, and here she is engaged,

(1.) In building Churches, whenever they are wanted, as fast as her means will permit, through the Church Building Society.

(2.) In providing additional Ministers to dispense the Bread of Life to the thousands that need it, in our populous places, through the means of the Additional Curates' Society:

(3.) In carefully educating in the truth, as it is in Jesus, the children of the poorer classes, through the means of the NATIONAL SCHOOL SOCIETY.

But in addition to these labours at Home, she is engaged Abroad,

(4.) In carrying the light of the truth by her Missionaries, among those that are now sitting in darkness and the shadow of death; and at the same time in continuing the means of grace to her own expatriated children, through the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

Lastly, and in intimate connexion with all her operations, both at Home and Abroad, she is engaged,

(5.) In circulating the Word of Life, in the Bible, in the Book of Common Prayer, and in useful religious publications, through the means of the SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

For the CHURCH then,—thus engaged in furthering the SALVATION OF MAN,—for the annual support of the Church, in each and all of these her labours of love, the Upper Clapton and Stamford Hill Church Fund has been established.

We are the children of the Church: it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take us out of the world, and to place us in her arms for salvation: under her nurture we have been brought up; in her paths we have gone on from one means of grace to another, from spiritual blessing to spiritual blessing:—and having thus freely received, shall we not freely give? Shall we not do our best to enable the Church to visit others with those means of salvation with which she has so amply blest us?

Let us take into consideration the grievous excess there has been for years in the population of this country above the Church accommodation for it; let us remember what the yearly increase of that population is—two millions nearly had been added to it at the census of 1831—and the want of churches

in the country, and the increasing want will be manifest. Let us look at the numbers crowded together in the bye-streets, lanes, and suburbs of our large towns—remembering that an eternal world awaits them all: but "how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Let us think too of the children in such places as these; and of the children of the poor in general; growing up to be a blessing to the nation, or a curse to it, as they shall be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, or in alienation from it. Let us think of those in foreign parts, children of the same family, who are crying day and night to us, to send over and help them. Let us ask ourselves, whether it is not bound upon us, as members of the Church, to take our part in the fulfilment of the last injunction of the great Head of the Church, "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."—Let us think on these things; and say, if there be not indeed a cause before us, worthy of our hearty, liberal, and continued pecuniary assistance.

And how little comparatively is required of us! Supposing that those who are able to do so, contribute a pound annually to each of these societies,—what is such a sum, when its object, and our duty, and the blessings which it contributes to bestow, are considered? How many objects even of useful annual expense does the duty of thus speeding the Word of Truth and Life over the world certainly precede in its claim upon us! How many more that administer to our passing pleasure only! How few could such a sum be spent upon with equal satisfaction!

But though the importance of collecting a large sum must not be overlooked; it is much more desirable, that we should all, out of one common feeling

for the Church of which we are members, give something, than that a few only in comparison should give largely.

Are we not all ONE in Christ Jesus? ONE in obligation? ONE in the faith and hope of our calling? ONE in the obedience due to our Lord and Master? You love the Church, you desire, and pray for her welfare; but you have hitherto given nothing to it; and you plead as your excuse that you are too poor, or only a servant, and that the little, therefore, you can give is not worth the giving. But is it not our Lord's rule in this matter, to every one of us,—to give of our ability?—And has He not promised to accept what is given according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not? If then the shilling or the sixpence given to each of these Societies, be as truly of the ability that God giveth, as the larger sum of the richer contributor;—if it be the heart's offering to the Church in this spirit, "God speed thee here and every where: what thou dost for me, do for others!"—will not God be pleased with such a gift?

It is however the heads of families among us, the masters and mistresses of households, who are more especially called upon for their co-operation in this work. Nor is their own individual support of the "Church Fund" more earnestly requested,—than that they would recommend it to the different members of their families and households—that they would interest themselves in explaining to them the great Christian purposes to which they are invited to contribute, and as far as their own households are concerned, take the charge of the collection upon themselves.

And to what better end—it may be asked—could the influence of that station be directed in which it has pleased God to place every master and mistress of a family? or what would better become the Christian heads of Christian households,—standing as

they do before God in something of the light of his ministers to the Church in their own houses,—than the coming before Him, once a year, and laying upon his altar the united tribute of themselves and their families to the service of His Church?

May God incline our hearts to the work! May He, to whose glory in the Gospel of His Son all we do is dedicated, in this and all our works, prevent us with His most gracious favour, and further us with His continual help, for His Son's sake.

Rev. C. J. Heathcote.

Take good heed, I say, in any case, of high climbing cogitations; of clambering up to heaven without this ladder, namely, the Lord Jesus Christ, as He is simply, plainly, and most excellently described in the word. Only do thou rely upon Him, and suffer not thyself to be drawn from Him, with thy wit, human sense, and reason: so shalt thou take a right hold of God.—*Luther.*

OFFICE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Q. What is the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit?

A. To sanctify and renew our corrupt nature, and restore it to its primitive perfection and dignity. For since without holiness it is impossible to please God, or attain that happiness which consists in the enjoyment of Him, and that the frailty and weakness, as well as the corruption of our nature, is so great, that we are not able of ourselves to accomplish this mighty work, God has been graciously pleased to grant us His Holy Spirit to be the Author of all internal holiness, and the principle of our spiritual life; and consequently it is this blessed Spirit that gives clearness to our faith, zeal to our charity, and strength and power to all our graces.—*Nelson.*

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

JULY, 1844.

ST. CLEMENT OF ROME.

CLEMENT was a fellow-worker with St. Paul in the Gospel of Christ[1]; but the thick veil which obscures the history of the early Church, hides from our sight all that took place between his residence at Philippi, and his becoming bishop of Rome. Nothing but a course of unblemished life and unwearied exertion could have led his brethren to think him not unworthy of presiding in a Church where the words and the works of two Apostles were still fresh in memory. About three and twenty years had passed since their martyrdom; and two bishops, Linus and Anencletus, had successively discharged the pastoral office, when Clement was summoned to its ministration.

(A.D. 92.) Thus he succeeded to a charge, of which we can but faintly estimate the exceeding weight. As a companion of Apostles, he would be looked up to with reverence, and his authority would be appealed to, as of one whose information was drawn from the fountain-head, "having their preaching still sounding in his ears, and their traditions before his eyes." But as not being an Apostle, he would have to contend with rebellious spirits, who

[1] Phil. iv. 3.

had perhaps unwillingly submitted even to inspired guidance, and were unlikely not to resist the superiority of men ordained of man. Hence the charge of these uninspired guides was most difficult. They were obliged to be watchful against offences, even more than an Apostle himself, and had to win by painful struggles that influence and authority with which the Apostle had begun. We may gather some notion of their difficult situation, from the earnestness with which St. Paul urges Timothy and Titus, and from the character which he draws of the persons who were likely to dispute their authority. So Clement had to be an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity, and to give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine [2], in all things showing himself a pattern of good works: in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned, that he who was of the contrary part might be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of him [3]. The days were already come when men should be lovers of themselves, blasphemers, despisers of those that are good, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof [4]; and if Simon Magus had withstood Peter at Rome, there would not be wanting some of his heretical offspring to contend with Clement on the same ground.

But, in despite of all difficulties, the views presented to Clement must have been full of brightness. The kingdom of his Master had given certain signs that it could not be shaken by any powers of earth. The Gentile world had made its first open and ineffectual attack upon the Christian Church under Nero; and, three years after, when the Church had been, not destroyed, but purified by sufferings, Clement saw in the triumphal procession of Titus, the sacred spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem, which that prince had

[2] 1 Tim. iv. 12, 13. [3] Tit. ii. 7, 8. [4] 2 Tim. iii. 2.

destroyed according to our Saviour's prophecy. Henceforward, the Jews being utterly destroyed, the struggle of the Church was with a single adversary, from whose first assault it had risen with redoubled strength, while he was daily disclosing symptoms of increasing weakness. His temples abandoned to ruin; his gods ridiculed upon the stage, and served at their altars with the vilest refuse of his flocks and herds; his sages allowed to laugh with impunity at all his institutions, religious and political; his religion finding its most zealous support in the besotted superstition of a profligate populace;—such were among the many signs of decline which the king of this world was exhibiting to the eyes of Clement. And so, conscious that he wielded the sword of the Spirit, Clement went on the way of his ministry rejoicing.

(A.D. 94.) He had, however, proceeded but a few steps upon his course before the severity of the times called upon him distinctly, as a shepherd, to be ready to lay down his life for the flock. Such a call would be readily heard and cheerfully obeyed by one who had ministered to Paul, and had, probably, been an eye-witness when he received, together with Peter, the crown of martyrdom in the last persecution. Domitian, a close and worthy imitator of Nero, now imitated him in stretching forth his hands to vex the Church. Untaught by the fall of their Temple, the Jews were still in continual expectation of the coming of their Christ, whose name they shouted aloud through the empire amid seditious tumult. Alarmed at the rumour of this approaching rival, the tyrant naturally exercised his rage against those who were called after his name, and the Christian suffered for the crime of the Jew. The false and horrible charges, which had been invented against the Christians in the former persecution, were now revived. As head of this calumniated body, Clement must have been severely tried. To

confirm the wavering, to cheer the despondent, to prepare the martyr for his suffering, to administer comfort to his bereaved friends; to combat the expostulations of those who wished to drop some badge of their profession, the importance of which they thought light compared with the danger to which it exposed them, or to adopt the screen of some observance which they were unwilling to consider sinful under such pressing necessity; to calm the terrors of the weaker brethren, and, amid this distraction of the crew, to direct, like a good helmsman, a steady look-out upon the course of the labouring vessel,—these were the cares of Clement during this perilous storm. He brought the Church safe through it, himself unhurt, and with not many of his companions, perhaps, lost either to this world or to the next. The Bishop of Rome, indeed, had neither silver nor gold wherewith to invite the assault of rapacity, but we may reasonably collect that the sword and exile carried off the richest and rarest of his flock, and among them, perhaps, one or two of the most noble of Roman rank [5]. But the loss of such fatlings of his flock was amply compensated by the superior spiritual health and condition which was acquired by the numerous remainder.

Low as the Church of Rome now seemed to the eyes of the world, never since, perhaps, has she stood so high in the eyes of her divine Head, as when the violence of this persecution began to relax: nor has she ever since been regarded with greater deference and respect by her sisters. At the very moment that her Bishop was glad to pass unknown and unobserved through the streets of that city, of which his successors, the Popes, are sovereigns, she was extending her hand in aid of a great but distressed

[5] Flavius Clement, cousin to the Emperor, whose death is mentioned, with curious remarks, by Suetonius and Dio Cassius, is commonly supposed to have been a Christian.

Church, and exercising the charitable office of mediation in her distracted body. The Church of Corinth had called in her assistance to quell those divisions, which, however allayed for the time by Paul, had now been renewed with increased violence, after an interval of about forty years. There were peculiar circumstances, besides the general one of the high character and influence of the Roman Church, which directed her appeal to this quarter. The two Churches had been nursed by the same Apostles, Peter and Paul; and some of the first preachers at Corinth, as Aquila with his wife Priscilla, had come from Rome. Clement himself too had been among Paul's fellow-workers in Greece; and even if he had never accompanied him to Corinth, yet as he was now probably one among few survivors of the companions of him who had composed their former difference, this would naturally furnish an additional reason for their directing their appeal hither. The deputies arrived just on the eve of the persecution, and must have been much struck with the order and good discipline of Clement's Church, where, as in a ship when a fearful hurricane is coming on, every man was at his post, and all were intent upon the general safety. What a contrast to their own selfish and scandalous quarrels! One of these was Fortunatus, who had been employed formerly, when they gave the account of the distracted state of their Church to the Apostle while he was tarrying in Asia. With him Clement had, probably, formed an acquaintance during his sojourn in Greece, and delightful indeed in such a case must have been this meeting. They would mutually recal to mind the scenes of their former conversation with their martyred master, and confirm one another with recollections of his example and precepts.

But the tale of Fortunatus was indeed sufficient to make every Church and Pastor of a Church tremble. After her recovery from her former distractions,

Corinth had enjoyed a season of great spiritual prosperity. Every one who had resided there was edified with her discreet discipline, and thankfully proclaimed abroad her bountiful hospitality, so that her name was pronounced in honour and love far and wide. Subjection to spiritual rulers, obedience to parents, meekness of behaviour, mutual charity, large and unadulterated Christian knowledge, a zeal in good works, a lively apprehension of Christ's sufferings, a full effusion of the Holy Spirit, earnest and continual prayer, singleness and purity of heart, forgetfulness of injuries, unwearied charity—these had been the happy bonds of her society[6]. But alas! from all this brightness of purity she returned to wallow in the mire. And we see herein a melancholy proof of the superiority of our powers for evil much more than for good, and the strangely infectious influence of bad example on our corrupt nature. This total change was wrought by the headlong wilfulness of but a few persons. Their small number, perhaps, had not created alarm: their audacity had gradually grown as the community gradually became accustomed to it; and it was unfortunately allowed to become accustomed to it, either by the timidity or folly of their rulers, who lingered in checking it until it should become more overt, and when it had reached this point, were either overawed by the ascendancy which the factious had gained among the numbers of weak, indifferent, or hypocritical brethren, or else thought proper to leave it to the condemnation of public opinion. Justly and miserably were they disappointed, if the latter step was their policy, since they might have known that public opinion will be gradually corrupted, whenever the evil conduct or sentiments of men, however few, are suffered to go unchecked. When therefore the point which they, in their cautious lenity, had set down

[6] Clement. Ep. Cor. 1, 2.

for the time of condemnation, and consequent extinction, had arrived, they would find themselves almost alone as severe judges, if not as disapprovers. It is with churches as with nations—their prosperity sows the seeds of their ruin. And the large enjoyment of excellent gifts and blessings by the Church of Corinth was too much (as heretofore) for the weakness of some of its members. "They waxed fat and kicked[7]." Hence sprang dissent, with all its accompanying evils. Those in no honour rose against those in honour; those of no reputation against those of reputation; the unwise against the wise; the younger against the elder, even to mutual persecution. The fear of God was abandoned, the rule of life in Christ was forsaken, and each one, amid envying and strife, walked according to his own wicked desires[8].

(A.D. 96.) It was mercifully provided for Corinth, that Rome should have undergone the trial of persecution before she admonished her sister. Evil times make the good better, and the bad worse. The distinction having been thus made broad and clear between the two, the former recognize each other, sink all minor differences, and unite in one compact body, while the latter withdraw in disorder upon their various courses of iniquity. All are now of one mind; and the same Holy Spirit, which bound them together in their sufferings, administers to the mutual enjoyment of their prosperity. It was in this condition that the Church of Rome, having left her dross behind in the refiner's furnace, and bright in all the purity of fine gold, took upon herself to answer her sister's application. She had now leisure to look beyond her own sufferings, and she empowered Clement to write the reply. Such is the origin of the only genuine work sur-

[7] Deut. xxxii. 15, applied to them by Clement himself, in c. 3.

[8] Ib. and 45.

viving of this Confessor. It is a document of exceeding interest, presenting us at the outset a beautiful picture of primitive times. The Church of Rome, washed anew in the blood of her Saviour, by the blood which she had shed for his name's sake, sober, undefiled, undivided, addresses a sister who was in every way her contrast, revelling in abused prosperity, rioting in spiritual pride, and torn with dissension. Such a sister she could exhort with authority, as having practised what she preached, could rebuke with dignity, as notoriously free from the errors which she blamed, and could press her advice with every soothing expression of friendship and love, from the affectionate intercourse which had existed between them from the first.

With all the undesigned skilfulness of natural good sense and feeling, Clement, at the commencement of his letter, draws an affecting picture of the former prosperity of the Corinthians, and follows it up with the hideous contrast of their present state. Showing by instances the evil effects of a spirit of envious strife, he exhorts them to repentance, obedience, faith, humility, and charity, enforcing all by a long and bright list of examples. He then demonstrates the necessity of harmony, from the analogy of the subordination of the natural world, with all its operations, to Providence, by which means regularity is insured, and all things are at peace with each other. From practice he proceeds to doctrine, the corruption of which necessarily follows that of practice, and shows by analogy the reasonableness of the resurrection of the body, which (it thus appears) was again disputed. Some also had maintained that works were unnecessary to faith; he shows therefore their necessity. Others, on the contrary, held that man could be justified by works; he shows therefore their intrinsic vanity. Having thence returned to enforce the necessity of subordination, and co-operation of great with small, strong with weak,

rich with poor, he proceeds to the duty of obedience to the Apostolic succession, showing how it was ordained for a remedy against schism. He then recommends charity, lauding it in terms similar to those of St. Paul, and having stirred them up with examples of faithful devotion among the Gentiles, concludes with renewed exhortations to subordination, winding up with a solemn prayer to God, the all-seeing Ruler, the Master of Spirits and Lord of all flesh. The spirit of this letter is remarkably mild and unassuming, and the style unpretending. In reading it we are often reminded of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Great was the reverence paid by the ancient Church to those who had made a good confession of the name of Christ through suffering and imprisonment. Their counsel was sought, as imparted from men who had the wisdom which no man can gainsay or resist; and their prayers were requested, as offered by men who had proved their intimate connexion with the great Mediator. Can we wonder then at the powerful effect of this letter of Clement and his Church, fresh as they were from the font of a bold confession, which in a manner supplied that authority which Paul had derived from his Apostolic character? It was accepted and obeyed; and thus, through God's beautiful economy, the same persecution served the double purpose of confirming the Church of Rome and reforming that of Corinth. Nor did the Corinthians lay it by as soon as it had answered its present purpose. Nearly fourscore years afterwards, a bishop of Corinth could inform his brother of Rome, that they were in the habit of reading this letter in their Church [9]; and about the same period, Hegesippus, during a sojourn at Corinth, was edified and refreshed with its orthodoxy [1]. Long, therefore, did the voice of this

[9] Euseb. H. E. iv. 23. [1] Id. iv. 22.

blessed peace-maker, speaking even though he was dead, second the voice of his master Paul with its meek exhortation and affectionate deprecation. Henceforward we hear no more of the Corinthian schisms.

The accession of Nerva suppressed the last sparks of this persecution, and Clement presided over a constantly increasing fold. But we are not to suppose that anything more than comparative comfort and security was its lot. The unalloyed enjoyment and liberty of our happy days was unknown to the primitive Christians, even at the summit of prosperity; and he who would judge of their condition from that of the breathing-time given to a persecuted sect in a Christian land, would form but a very inadequate idea. This latter is not essentially at variance with the world around in the circumstances of common life. Its members are undistinguished from the mass. But the primitive Christian was placed amidst surrounding idolatry, whose usages crossed him in all the minute detail of daily conversation. Every moment he was discovered, and pointed out for scoffs or ill-treatment. Not only did he reveal his profession, when he refused to join parties of friends in the amusements of the Circus, or declined the offer of a magistracy, which was alike honourable and suitable to his talents and fortune, or omitted to put up lights and laurel at his door in honour of Cæsar, but also when in the commonest contract he was required to swear, or was understood to swear, by the name of some heathen god; when, if a carpenter, he refused an application to make an image or some appendage to heathen worship; if, when a smith, he was called upon to gild a statue; if, when a druggist, he refused to sell frankincense for sacrifice; if, when a schoolmaster, he appointed no holidays for the festival of Saturn. In short, every day opened and closed a series of vex-

ations, if not of dangers, and was a period of at least petty persecution [2].

Thus did the world daily worry, and endeavour to outweary the patience of the flock over which Clement presided. Perhaps these obscure and petty attacks were the least tolerable to the young and ardent. The young soldier, under the annoyance of a distant but continual fire, is impatient to rush up to deadly conflict hand to hand. Men prefer the certainty of a greater evil to the protracted uncertainty of a smaller, and they have no satisfaction in suffering to no purpose, and in obscurity. "Let us be slain in broad daylight [3]," is the natural wish of his heart. Hence, partly, the occasional rashness with which Christians put themselves forward for persecution. They then fixed precisely the point on which the tempter should assail them, and concentrated upon it all their sentinels of vigilance. Whereas previously they were assailed, however feebly, on innumerable points, and distracted by the unceasing annoyance. In providing appropriate food for such sheep, Clement would be put to the resources of all his discretion and patience, of all his powers of wise persuasion; and as generals have often found the economy of a time of truce more difficult than that of a time of war, so probably was it with Clement, in his spiritual commandership. His labours were less glorious, but also more difficult. It is easy to exhort against the fear of man, to call forth the spirit of martyrdom, and point out the open and violent attacks of the powers of the world; but it is not so easy to inculcate unflinching patience, and to admonish with effect against petty, obscure, and yet continual assaults. The preacher has then but little help from passionate feeling, and has much more to do with serious, and, comparatively,

[2] This enumeration is taken from a list of grievances and stumblingblocks given by Tertullian in his curious and interesting Treatise de Idololatriâ.

[3] Iliad xvii. 647.

cold admonition. His hearers too are less disposed to attention on the threshold, and less satisfied when they have entered and heard.

The peaceful administration of Nerva was followed by the accession of Trajan. But, before the treatment of the Christians had undergone any change in the counsels of this Emperor, Clement had breathed his last in the third year of his reign. Thus his death appropriately marked the close of the first century of Christian suffering, and of Christian glory. —*Abridged, with some alterations, from the Rev. R. Evans's "Biography of the Early Church."*

ON THE SIGN OF THE CROSS IN BAPTISM.

In token that thou shalt not fear,
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
To mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush,
To glory in His name;
We blazon here, upon thy front,
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain;
But 'neath His banner manfully,
Firm at thy post remain:

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high:

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His Cross,
Hereafter share His Crown.

Alford.

SUSANNA ARNOLD,

(of whose death the following account was given by her brother, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, in a letter to a friend), died at Laleham, April 4, 1832, after a complaint in the spine of twenty years' duration:——

"I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed sister; I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself (save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness) wholly thoughtless; enjoying every thing lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved, through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, and from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirits' glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory!"

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES. No. 5.

INDIA.

On Visitation, Bombay, en route to Southern India, 14th March, 1844.

Rev. and dear Sir,—I have welcome news for our Society of the Tinnevelly Mission. May God who has begun this good work, accomplish it to his glory, and to the salvation of many souls, through Jesus Christ.

I write with a heart full of thankfulness to Him,

to inform you that ninety-six villages in one of our Missionary districts of Tinnevelly, by name Sawyerpooram, have come forward unsolicited, but by the preventing grace of God, and by the example of a purer life among their converted countrymen; have utterly abolished their idols; and have begged of the Society's indefatigable Missionary, the Rev. G. W. Pope, that they may be placed under Christian teaching. These people are of the Cultivator caste[4]. A similar movement, it will be remembered by our Society, took place in Tinnevelly among the Climber caste about two years ago. A time of persecution came on,—the persecution referred to in my last charge,—and about five thousand fell back into Heathenism; but five thousand remained, and are remaining with Christ. Ten lepers were cleansed by our blessed Lord, and but one returned to give thanks to God. I write almost broken down with fatigue and weakness, and cannot enter into details; but what need is there of details? None, I trust, to direct towards us that love of souls which never fails in England, and has latterly burnt brightly also in India. What I earnestly desire to impress on the minds of all Christian persons whom my words may reach, is this: we cannot take full spiritual charge of these poor creatures, and give them sufficiently of the bread of life, because we have not the means. Must we be content to give them a stone? God forbid. We ought to send amongst them at least two more Missionaries, to aid Mr. Pope in a work so apparently hopeless, if he be left to undertake it single-handed; and the only reason why we cannot do this, is the state of the Society's Funds. Shame, then, to all among us who call themselves Christians, and have the ability, if they have not also the will, to help us.

I am the Society's devoted Servant,

(Signed) G. T. MADRAS.

[4] That is of the class who are, and must always remain cultivators of the soil.

AUSTRALIA.

Appeal in behalf of the District of Port Phillip.

The Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel earnestly invite attention to the following appalling statement, which is authenticated by the signature of Mr. Latrobe, the able and excellent superintendent of Port Phillip :—

"The attention of the Port Phillip District Committee of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, having been directed to the large population in the interior of the country, and to their religious condition and prospects, the Committee deemed it very desirable that such information should be obtained on the subject, as would enable them to ascertain the amount of population scattered over the wide extent of country, and thence to estimate and lay before the public their spiritual destitution, in the total absence of religious instruction and ordinances.

"It appears, from returns and statements on which the greatest reliance may be placed, that the population in the interior, entirely without the ministrations and ordinances of religion, amounts to no less than about nine thousand, and that there are about another thousand, who only occasionally, and at very long intervals, are visited by a minister of religion. It further appears, that amongst the British population in the bush[5], there are thirteen hundred Aborigines in a savage and entirely uninstructed state. Thus are many thousands of our countrymen, of whom a large proportion came to this country but little under religious influence and guidance, placed in the most unfavourable circumstances, and in the most neglected condition with regard to religion, thirteen hundred naked savages roaming about

[5] By the bush is meant the interior of the island, which is still uncleared. The Aborigines are the natives.

amongst them, to the injury and deterioration of both races. The total absence of any religious ordinances, to call the attention and thoughts to the public worship of Almighty God, and the things which concern the soul's salvation, and the day of judgment; and the want of any thing to mark the sacred day of holy rest; induce a carelessness and indifference to religion, which amounts almost to practical atheism; a living without reference to God; while removal from outward restraint, and the checks which society imposes, together with the leaven of some hundreds of degraded and untutored savages, expose all to moral contamination, and allow the vicious and polluted to proceed to great excesses in immorality. The entire absence of religious ordinances, and of family devotion, prevails throughout the greater extent of the bush, while only here and there is the Lord's-day observed, by the settler calling his servants together for the reading of God's Word, and the worship of His holy name. In this state of things not only do religious impressions gradually wear off, but the knowledge of even the first principles of Christianity is forgotten; and children growing up amongst parents, thus lapsing into ignorance and irreligion, receiving neither the knowledge of the truths of Christianity, nor seeing the example of religious observances and habits, seldom or never hearing the name of the blessed Saviour, except in connexion with profane swearing, or some horrid oath, are nearly in the condition of the unenlightened heathen. In a succeeding generation, thus situated, the knowledge of Christian doctrine would be almost lost, and all traces of religious worship and observances nearly obliterated.

"This view presents much to excite our sympathies and fears, and to call forth our active exertions to supply at least some of the religious wants of our fellow-Christians in the bush. Their condition holds out to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel

such a scene of spiritual destitution as called that noble institution into existence, when thousands of our Christian brethren were similarly situated in the North American colonies, nearly a century and a half ago. Worse, therefore, and under more aggravated circumstances of religious destitution than they were then in the plantations, are our bush population at the present day in this wide tract of country, without the observance of the Lord's-day, without the celebration of public worship, without the ministrations of religion, and without even the occasional visit of a clergyman, either to counsel or comfort, rebuke or exhort.

"This is their condition; and to add to the evils to which they are thus exposed, there are living amongst them thirteen hundred of the most degraded heathens. As the limits of occupation extend, this evil will be increased; for there are nearly three thousand blacks at no great distance beyond some of the remote stations, on which herds and flocks are now running. The further the bush is penetrated, the greater the evils to which all are exposed.

"Such being the religious condition of the population in the bush, without any prospect of a better state of things arising out of the efforts of that population itself, the Committee feel that they would be wanting in sympathy towards their fellow-Christians so situated, and also wanting in confidence in the readiness of the Church Societies to render aid, were they not to make known this great spiritual destitution to the Venerable Society, which has already done so much to supply the religious wants of this country. The Committee, therefore, is desirous to second the efforts of their beloved Bishop, in laying this statement of the religious destitution of the population in the interior before the Venerable Society, and would respectfully solicit such aid as the Society may be able to extend, for the maintenance of religion amongst the scattered members of the Church

in Australia Felix, and for the conversion of the heathen amongst them, whose country God's providence has given to the British crown, and whose amelioration and happiness He has confided to British Christian benevolence.

"C. J. LATROBE, *Chairman.*"

HYMN FOR SUMMER.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauty rare,
But before my eyes they bring
CHRIST, of beauty, source, and spring.

When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find,
Brightly imaged on my mind.

When the day-beams chase the night,
Oft I think on JESU'S light;
Think how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity!

When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
I think that He, who made their light,
Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see in spring-time gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
The awful thought awakes in me,
What must their Creator be?

If I trace the fountain's source,
Or the brooklet's devious course,
Straight my thoughts to JESUS mount,
As the best and purest fount.

Sweet the song the night-bird sings,
Sweet the lute with quivering strings,
Far more sweet than every tone,
Are the words, "the Virgin's Son!"

Sweetness fills the air around,
At the echo's answering sound,
But more sweet than echo's fall,
Is to me the Bridegroom's call.

Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come reveal THYSELF to me,
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thy unveil'd glories bright;

Let thy Deity profound
Me in heart and soul surround,
From my mind its idols chase,
Wean'd from joys of time and place.

Come, Lord JESUS, and dispel
This dark cloud, in which I dwell;
Thus to me the power impart,
To behold Thee, as Thou art.

(*Translated by Miss E. Cox, with two or three slight alterations by the Editor.*)

ON PROPERTY AND POVERTY.

JAMES i. 9, 10.

"Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; but the rich, in that he is made low."

THE Bible is distinguished from every other book (except those that are founded upon it) by its regard for the poor. When the earlier books of the Old Testament were written, the poor were in every country either slaves, or little better than slaves; but by the Law of Moses, every Hebrew was a freeman, had an equal share of land to begin with, and

could not even part with his own freedom except for a time. And though difference in point of industry, skill, and judgement, soon introduced, as it always must, a corresponding difference in point of wealth, yet the poor Hebrew stood upon an equal footing with the rich in the eye of the Law, and God every where, by His prophets, proclaimed Himself the Protector of the poor and helpless, the God of the fatherless and the widow. The rich Hebrew was not wholly to reap the corners of his fields, nor gather the gleanings of his harvest; and even permission was granted to any one who passed through a corn-field or a vineyard, to eat of the corn or the grapes as he walked along: trifling institutions, indeed, in themselves, but not trifling in their import: they formed a kind of type, if I may say so, of the limits of property, and the spirit in which the owner of it should stop short of the jealous appropriation of all to his own advantage. The liberal and equitable spirit of the Mosaic laws has seldom had full justice done to it by writers on such subjects.

Christianity acted in the same spirit of tenderness towards the poor. It has ever regarded both the temporal and spiritual wants of the poor, with the utmost solicitude. "To the poor the Gospel is preached;" this was one mark by which our Lord would have John the Baptist infer that He was the Christ. "To the poor the Gospel was preached." Our Lord Himself dignified, hallowed, I may say, the state of poverty, by being born into it, and living in it Himself: He chose His intimate companions, those blessed Apostles who were to found His Church, and who will on That Day sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel, from the lower ranks of his countrymen. He went about among the poor, teaching and healing them; and "not many wise men after the flesh, not many rich, not many noble were called, but God chose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God chose

the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in His presence."

It may seem strange to some, that Christianity has not done away with poverty; and that God allows it to exist, at least to the degree in which it does exist. And since it is all but certain that poverty will exist, as long as the world exists, it will be well to show you how it is that this must be so; and (what perhaps you do not suspect), that the existence of poverty is not only almost unavoidable, but also very beneficial; a great good in itself to the human race, such as it now is. You ought, indeed, those amongst you, I mean who are poor, to submit to the evils of poverty cheerfully, because it is God's will that you should be poor; and because (by bearing your poverty in a Christian spirit, and adorning it with Christian graces) you may lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven as abundantly as any of your brethren. But still it may be satisfactory to you to have this part of God's dealing with us cleared up—to know how it is, that there must be rich and poor, and that it is well for us that it must be so.

The necessity for there being rich and poor arises from the institution of Property; and where the right to Property is not established, man is in a savage state. We know that the curse pronounced upon man after his fall was, that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his brow—should live by his labour. The earth was to bring forth thorns and thistles for its natural productions; and consequently a very large tract of land will only support a very inconsiderable number, without a diligent cultivation of the soil. Wherever the soil is not diligently cultivated, the greatest distress prevails; and the soil is never diligently cultivated where property is not established.

Take, for instance, many of the interior districts of South America; the land is unimpoverished, vegetation rapid and abundant, and the climate fine. But this rich soil is uncultivated; "its inhabitants are not less pressed for subsistence than the occupants of the most rugged and inhospitable islands." Famine is their frequent visitant. We are told by one who has lately travelled much amongst them[1], that he has seen villages dispersing themselves from time to time in the deserts to pick up a scanty subsistence from the wild plants; others climbing the highest mountains to live on the juice of a shrub that grows there; and that others swallow during several months of the year potter's earth, as a portion of their wretched fare. In fact, it is proved that even hunger and the frequent visitations of famine are not strong enough, to persuade men to till the soil which they may be prevented from sowing, or to sow the seed whose produce they may too probably never reap. And the effects of this wretched state upon the mind are terrible: man's spirit of industry has never been excited within him; hope has never been kindled. The most careless indifference, the utmost want of invention, the most complete inability to provide against the future, the want even of the wish to do so, at the expense of present troubles; such is pretty nearly the character of all nations, where the right of property is not fully established. A dull apathy, that can only be removed by some favorite pursuit, or by the violent shock of intense and ferocious passion.

But wherever the right of property is fully established, the progress of improvement immediately begins. Industry is excited; the ground is sure to be cultivated when the sower can sow in the certainty of being allowed to reap. Presently it is found that, instead of each man's making his own clothes and tools, and tilling his own land, it is better that some should

[1] Humboldt.

make clothes or tools only, and exchange them for a fair portion of their neighbours' corn; and improvement gets a fresh impulse from this division of labour. The makers of clothes and tools hit on quicker ways, and better ways of making them; the husbandman improves in the management of his land; till some more persons can be spared from the necessity of raising food, than are wanted for the purpose of providing tools and clothing for the agricultural labourers. Then come in improvements in the conveniency of living; then the mind begins to receive cultivation; and, a class, for instance, can be spared for studying the nature and cure of diseases, and so of lessening the quantity of human suffering; others become teachers and administers of law; others study the principles of arts and sciences, and surprising discoveries are made, which lead to practical improvements in the useful arts: and in a word civilization, refinement, and the bettering of man's condition in society, are now in full motion; activity, emulation, and industry, are every where at work; invention is sharpened, hope awakened, and with it the dull stagnation of savage life done away with for ever.

Now this course of improvement begins with the institution of Property; an institution which cannot be maintained without some form of settled government. But what I want you to observe is this, that the institution of Property, which is so beneficial to the temporal interests of man, is necessarily followed by inequality in point of wealth; by the division of mankind into rich and poor. Let a country be at first divided equally, and yet, in a very short space of time, the divisions will have become unequal, if Property is established. One man will save, another spend; one will be industrious, another idle; and I need not tell you, that the property of the spendthrift and the indolent will soon pass into the hands of the economical and the industrious. Again, as soon as ever Property is considerably increased, the pro-

fits that may be realized from it will be increased too; the savings, therefore, the accumulation of capital, will become more and more rapid, till we soon arrive at the present state of things, as it exists in every civilized country, a very unequal division of Property, vast wealth possessed by some, a competency by great numbers, and great numbers of poor, living entirely, and sometimes very hardly, by the labour of their hands.

This inequality of condition must, you see, exist wherever Property is sacred; and without the institution of Property, the earth will not be cultivated; no improvement in the conveniency of living will be made, the faculties of the mind will never be quickened, so that even necessity herself never becomes the mother of invention, till she knows that she shall have secured to her, by law, the benefits of whatever inventions she may give birth to.

But it remains to show, that this inequality of condition is beneficial to virtue, which is man's highest interest. We have seen that it is beneficial to his social condition; not only are immense numbers raised to a state of comfort and intellectual improvements, which they could not have otherwise attained to, but the very poorest classes are better off than the great mass of a savage nation; the comfort, for instance, of an English cottage is infinitely greater than that of a barbarian's hut, and his security against want and famine infinitely greater.

But the great thing to show is, that inequality of wealth and rank is favorable to the cause of virtue. Now remember that we are here in a state of trial, where virtue, founded on Christian principle, wherever Christianity is known, is to be strengthened and perfected by action. A state of trial ought to be a state where trials abound; where trials are of many kinds, and are indeed trying. Now, where all had a little, and could not hope for more, and where that want of hope produced, as it must, dull indiffer-

ence, what room would there be for active virtue? Selfishness and sluggishness offer no favorable field to virtue. But inequality of condition, a state of rich and poor, does. It affords to the rich a wide field for active benevolence: their wealth brings with it a great responsibility; and though it is true that, by a wise provision of the Almighty, their money must benefit others even when carelessly spent, provided it be not profligately and immorally, because it must be spent in setting industry to work, and paying it for its work; yet this will not relieve the rich from the obligation to do the most good they can with their wealth. It is their duty to encourage the deserving; to seek out proper objects of their bounty; to better the general condition of the lower classes, especially by religious education. It is their duty to be always on their guard against the haughtiness, selfishness, and habits of luxury, which are the vices to which they are most tempted by their affluence. In fact, they are not the absolute possessors of their wealth, but God's stewards to manage it for the good of man. And though the temptations of wealth are so great, that many are overcome by them, yet how noble is the spectacle, when we do see one, who dignifies wealth and rank by a Christian use of their advantages! To whom is a higher degree of virtue possible, than to the rich Christian? and happy is this land in having still many rich persons, whose discriminating beneficence, whose active labours in the cause of Christian education and the improvement of the lower classes, is Christian indeed.

Again, to all the middle classes, a state of inequality is very favorable as a state of trial. Where wealth abounds, and the spirit of emulation is strong, and we find ourselves in a state of things where all around us are engaged in one eager chase after the perishable treasures of the world, how strongly are we tempted to forget that we must not pursue wealth as the one thing needful. We are ever in danger of

forgetting, that strict and scrupulous honesty must be observed in all our dealings; that selfishness must be fought against; that even from a little we must give cheerfully of that little to those who have less; that we must forego seeming advantages, which many around us would seize upon greedily, and think us fools for neglecting; that the world must not have our hearts, must not take up all our time, but must give way, with all its busy and pressing wants, to the duty of prayer, to the duty of religious study and religious thought, to the duty of assisting others, and consoling them in their times of difficulty and distress. Here is a wide and favorable field for the cultivation of virtue by the middle ranks; by all who have to support themselves by the labour of head or hands.

And for the poor too, their condition is favorable to the cultivation of virtue. They are often sorely tried indeed: they are sometimes obliged to surrender, in part, even that fair claim to support, which belongs to all. They are obliged to bear evils from which they can hardly escape; and when they do bear these with Christian resignation, when they do live a patient, meek, though suffering life, how strong is the faith, that enables them thus to look for a reward to another world, and be contented to wait for their good things till the grave has closed upon their mortal bodies!—A very particular trial for both rich and poor lies in the difficult duty of judging candidly, the poor of the rich, and the rich of the poor. The poor, on the one hand, feeling the heavy pressure of want, are apt to think and speak with bitterness of those above them, and to be dissatisfied with what is done for them: they forget that this very discontent is a fault in them, and a fault which makes the rich dislike to come amongst them and relieve them; in a word, they forget that their conduct is partly the cause of what they complain of in the rich. On the other hand, the rich are too apt to

take offence at this fault: they find it difficult to make allowances for the poor, and to consider how deeply the sense of what he ought to receive from the rich, is graven upon the poor man's heart, by the biting tooth of daily and hourly toil, anxiety, and want.

God grant that in this country both classes may cultivate more diligently their respective duties. May the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted; exalted to know God, and to be admitted to a claim, if he acts like a Christian, of obtaining a Christian's reward! But let the rich rejoice in that he is made low; that he is taught to know, that, as the flower of the grass, he shall pass away; that he is called not to live in careless luxury, but to execute a trust—to be God's steward for the relief of God's dearest children, the helpless, the aged, and the infirm: that he is bound to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Let the poor man remember that Christ too was poor; that Christ was perfected by suffering; let him remember that he must not speak evil of his brother, nor judge his brother; that he must give honour where honour is due: let him remember that "the Spirit of God lusteth not to envy;" that "having food and raiment" we ought to be therewith content. Let him remember that the institution of Property is good for all; and that even his lot (beside its inestimable advantages, the power of hearing Christ's Gospel preached, the possibility of inheriting eternal glory) is far better and safer, than that of whole nations, where the distinction of rich and poor is unknown.

REAL heart-felt submission to the will of God, in pain, sickness, crosses, every thing, never was the work of a man's own spirit; and when it comes from above, in answer to prayer, is full amends for all we can suffer.—*T. Adam.*

EDWARD TO ROBERT.

Hazelwood, July 25.

MY DEAR ROBERT,—I am very glad you are enjoying yourself so much, and very impatient to hear more of your travels, the account of which entertained and interested me extremely. I hope you keep a journal, and note down all the places you pass through, that we may find them in the map when you come home, and hear what you thought about them.

One day since you have been out, how I wished that you had been at home! A very entertaining old gentleman dined with us, who had spent a great many years in India; and he was so good as to tell me several things about elephants, which had come under his own observation, and which you, who are so fond of natural history, would have been much pleased to hear. Two of the stories which struck me most, I wrote down for you when he was gone, as nearly in his words as I could, and here they are:—

"One of our generals in India had a young elephant about four feet high, which was accustomed, when he was at dinner with his officers, to come round to each for pieces of bread, rice, &c. It happened, that the elephant in his round came to a young officer, and to attract his attention put his trunk into his pocket: the officer incautiously, instead of giving him any thing, pricked his trunk with a fork. The elephant snorted and continued his round, and soon after left the room: in a little while he returned, and came unobserved behind the officer, who, on account of the heat, was sitting with his shirt collar unbuttoned. Remarking this, the elephant put his trunk down the officer's back, and immediately blew from it a vast quantity of ants, which most severely revenged the insult.

"Mr. Hastings, governor of India, wanting to take possession of some important post, was once under the necessity of sending out a body of troops

in the rainy season, when every rivulet, that used to be dry in summer, is swelled, by showers ten times heavier than people in this climate have any idea of, to a stream a mile or more across. After encountering very considerable difficulties, the army found itself between two rivers, where it encamped for the night. The men were so worn out with fatigue, that with their utmost efforts they could only get the commander's tent up. During the night, the rain was so heavy, that it forced the poles of the tent through about eighteen inches of firm ground into a morass, or bog beneath. The discovery of this excited many fears for the elephants, lest by their enormous weight they should break through the shell of earth, and so be buried in the morass. Shortly after, an alarm was given that one of the largest of the beasts had sunk, nothing but his head and shoulders appearing, the rest of his body being covered with the mire. After some consultation, the drivers began beating the animal, but to no purpose; upon which one of the aides-de-camp approaching with a spear, pricked the elephant just underneath the junction of the head with the trunk. The enraged animal, making a great effort, struck at the officer with his trunk, but this exertion only plunged him still deeper. The elephant was now given up for lost; when a native coming up, remonstrated with them upon their cruel treatment of the animal, and ordered the soldiers to go to a village near at hand, and bring the roofs of some of the houses, which in that country are made of split bamboo. Several were accordingly brought and laid before the elephant, who with his trunk placed them under his body; others were supplied till the animal refused any more; then laying himself upon his side, he continued in that position for about five minutes, all the bystanders concluding that he had given up the point; when suddenly, by a mighty exertion, he disengaged his fore-feet, and then, the

bamboos proving firm, stalked majestically out upon the firm land, amid the shouts and acclamations of the whole army.

"Don't you think these elephants must be very nearly as wise as we are? I wonder they will consent to be at our command, considering their amazing strength too. I have nothing else to say, but that I am Your affectionate brother."

(*From Miss Edgeworth's "Juvenile Correspondence."*)

LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW.

As fire set to a forest is wont to clear away every thing, so the fire of love, wherever it is received, consumes and makes way through every thing that is hurtful to the divine harvest, and renders the soil pure and fit for the reception of the seed. Where there is love, all evils are removed. There is no love of money, the root of evil, where there is no self-love; there is no boasting, for why should one boast over his friend? Nothing makes a man so humble as love. We perform the offices of servants to our friends, and are not ashamed; we are even thankful for the opportunity of serving them. We spare not our property, and often not our persons; for dangers too are encountered, at times, for him who is loved. No envy, no calumny is there, where there is genuine love. We not only do not slander our friends, but we stop the mouth of slanderers. All is gentleness and mildness. Not a trace of strife and contention appears. Every thing breathes peace. *For love*, it is said, *is the fulfilling of the Law*. There is nothing offensive with it. How so? Because, where love exists, all the sins of covetousness, rapine, envy, slander, arrogance, perjury, and falsehood, are done away. For men perjure themselves in order to rob; but no one

would rob him whom he loved, but would rather give him his own possessions. For we are more obliged, than if we received from him. Ye know this, all you that have friends, friends, I mean, in reality; not in name only, but whoever loves, as men ought to love, whoever is really linked to another.—

St. Chrysostom (Hom. vii. on 2 Tim. *Oxford Translation*).

"Shall we be so mindful of our common base houses, deputed to so vile employment, and be forgetful towards the House of God, wherein be treated the words of our eternal salvation, wherein be ministered the Sacraments and Mysteries of our Redemption? The Fountain of our Regeneration is there presented unto us; the partaking of the Body and Blood of our Saviour Christ is there offered unto us: and shall we not esteem the place where so heavenly things are handled? Wherefore, if ye have any reverence to the service of God, if ye have any common honesty, if ye have any conscience in keeping of necessary and godly ordinances, keep your churches in good repair, whereby ye shall not only please God, and deserve his manifold blessings, but also deserve the good report of all godly people."

(*From the Homilies.*)

THE ABSURD FINERY OF COUNTRY GIRLS.

Ah! we are polished now! The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorned with lappets pinned aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly raised,
And magnified beyond all human size,

Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
So gaudily bedecked, she might be deemed
(But that the basket, dangling on her arm,
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy-work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train, and her umbrella, all her care.—*Cowper.*

DUTY OF THE STATE TO PROPAGATE THE GOSPEL.

EXTRACT from a speech of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, delivered in the House of Lords, July 30, 1840.

"It has been my lot to live among idolaters—among persons of all creeds and of all religions, but I never knew yet of a single instance in which public means were not provided sufficient to teach the people the religion of their country. There might be false religions: I know of but one true one, but yet means were never wanting to teach those false religions; and I hope that we shall not have done with this subject until we have found sufficient means of teaching the people of England their duty to their Maker, and their duty to one another founded on their duty to their Maker . . . and besides that, shall be able to teach the word of God to every individual living under the protection of her sacred Majesty."

TO THE MEMORY OF ———.

So hath God's mercy willed it. She is dead,
Who clothed the naked, and the hungry fed:
In THY dread Book recorded let it be,
Lord JESUS, that she fed and clothed THEE!

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

AUGUST, 1844.

A VILLAGE SERMON ON RAIN.

1 Samuel xii. 18.

"And Samuel called unto the Lord: and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day; and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel."

The Israelites having sinned against God by asking a king, Samuel told them that he would call upon God to give them a sign, that, by doing this, they had incurred His grievous displeasure. It was then wheat harvest, and in Judea there is seldom any rain except in the spring and autumn,—the former and the latter rain, which we so often read of in the Bible. Rain at that season seems to have been as strange and unnatural as snow: "as snow in summer, and as rain in harvest," says the wise man, "so honour is not seemly to a fool." The Prophet told the Israelites that he would call upon God, and that God would immediately send thunder and rain, that they might perceive that their wickedness was great which they had done in asking them a king. "So Samuel called upon the Lord: and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day; and all the people greatly feared the Lord and Samuel."

A power over the elements of nature always strikes terrour into the heart of man. Over these elements he is powerless; no wisdom of man can chain the

winds, or command them which way to blow; no power or wisdom of man can cause the rain to fall or to cease; no power or wisdom of man can hurl the irresistible arrows of the lightning, or forbid them to fall, when GOD wills that they should fall, amidst the pealing crash of the thunder. We know how, when on Mount Sinai there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of a trumpet exceeding loud, all the people of Israel that were in the tent trembled. And on that day, when Mount Sinai was altogether in a smoke, the Lord did really descend upon it in a fire, the smoke thereof ascending as a furnace, and the whole mountain quaking greatly. Well therefore might the Israelites greatly fear the LORD and Samuel, when the thunders rolled at the bidding of the Prophet,—not only from a natural awe and fear of this great proof of Divine power, but because they might not unreasonably expect that the LORD was about to appear actually amongst them in the midst of the thunder, there to declare to them His wrath, and perhaps consume them in His fierce displeasure.

In this narrative we see the mercy of GOD, who usually granted a harvest-time to His people of fair, dry weather: and we see the same Almighty BEING breaking through this usual order of things with the utmost ease, and causing in a moment the thunder to roll through the sky, and the rain to pour down upon the earth. It is to this power of GOD over the seasons, and our absolute dependence upon Him for the fruits of the earth, for every particle of food by which our bodies are supported, that I wish to call your attention this evening. I need not say that the present season is one which ought to have disposed our hearts to receive this lesson. We have been made to feel this at least,—that GOD, by withholding from us his blessed rain a little longer, might have destroyed every crop on the ground, might have prevented a large portion of the earth's surface from

having any crop so much as sown in it, and entirely deprived our flocks and herds of their necessary food. St. Paul, when he rushed amongst the people of Lystra, who were about to offer sacrifice to him and Barnabas, as to gods, told them that, even in the past days of ignorance which GOD winked at, He had not left Himself quite without witness, "in that HE did good, and gave men rain from heaven, filling their hearts with food and gladness." Amongst the thousand proofs that there is a GOD, this yearly miracle, you see, of causing the rain to fall in a proper quantity to nourish and not drown the crops on which man's life depends, was fixed upon by the Apostle as one at least of the most striking to simple and unlearned men. And so it is. If no Almighty and merciful hand poured out the rain, and checked the supply when more would injure the crops, why should not the destruction of these crops, or their not ripening, constantly happen, instead of being so rare an occurrence? But a little more than such variations as do happen, and all would go wrong; famine would kill its victims; sheep, and cattle, and men, would perish for want of food. Feeling, then, that we can do nothing towards warding off this misery, we feel, when it is warded off year after year, that it is warded off by a higher Power than our own, and a Power that is usually exercised in mercy. What an amount of wise and merciful contrivance is really employed by our great CREATOR in adapting the seasons, and the soil, and the properties of plants, for the production of food for living beings, is more than any man can fully make out, though he may learn much that is most surprising and most beautiful. But what I want to press upon you is, that if heathens ought to have been led, by the blessings of the yearly harvest, and the rain that is necessary to its growth, and is so seldom withheld, that there is a gracious and mighty Being—a GOD—who rules the seasons and

the elements, and cares for that man whose heart He fills year after year with joy and gladness; much more ought we, to whom that GOD, in His mercy, in His power, and in His holiness, has been fully preached, to be led, by the sight of His mercies in nature, to the thoughts of His power, of His goodness, and of His holiness! to the thoughts of His mercies in grace!

In His Law given to the Israelites, GOD told them on what condition He would promise to send them rain in due season. "If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments to do them; then I will give you rain in due season, and the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the land shall yield their fruit. And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing-time; and ye shall eat your bread to the full, and dwell in your land safely." If, on the other hand, they would not hearken to Him, He declared that, after trying other means of punishment, he would make their heaven as iron, and their earth as brass, and their strength should be spent in vain, for their land should not yield her increase, neither should the trees of the land yield their fruit[1].

I need not tell you, that it was but seldom that the Israelites did walk in GOD's statutes, and keep His commandments; and, accordingly, GOD often withheld His rain, and prevented the land and the trees from yielding their fruits. You will all remember the wicked reign of Ahab, when GOD, for the sins of the people, suffered no rain to fall upon the earth for the space of three years. Imagine how every thing would be burnt up in three years! how the heavens would be iron, and the earth brass! and you may imagine the feelings of the distressed nation, when GOD first swept off the idolatrous priests of Baal (who were the curse of the land) by the righteous arm of Elijah; and then, at the prayers of

[1] Deut. xxvi.

that persecuted servant of His, sent up that little cloud, no bigger, at first, than a man's hand, which, swelling rapidly over the whole heaven, poured down its torrents on the blasted land before Ahab in his chariot could reach Jezreel, to tell Jezebel the news of her slaughtered priests. That long drought of three years was probably the most dreadful visitation of this kind with which GOD punished the disobedience of His people: but the writings of the prophets abound in instances of the same sort: they every where state that the necessary rains were withheld in anger, and would be poured down abundantly whenever the nation returned to its God. When "thine ears shall hear a word behind thee," says Isaiah, "saying: This is the way; walk ye in it: when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left . . . . then" (when, that is, ye listen to that voice) "he shall give thee of the rain of thy seed, that thou shalt sow the ground withal; and bread of the increase of the earth, and it shall be fat and plenteous;" and so on. "I have withholden the rain from you," says the LORD, "when there were yet three months to harvest; and I caused it to rain upon one city, and caused it not to rain upon another city; one piece was rained upon, and the piece whereupon it rained not withered. And two or three cities wandered unto one city, to drink water, but they were not satisfied; yet have ye not returned unto me, saith the LORD[2]." The object, you see, which GOD aimed at, was the repentance of the people; their being induced to return unto the LORD. I will quote but one more of the many passages of this kind:—it occurs in the prophecies of Malachi, with which the Old Testament concludes. "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of HOSTS, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and

[2] Amos iv. 7.

pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Such, you see, is the constant language of the Bible: and be assured that GOD still shows mercy to the obedient, even in the way of these temporal blessings, and punishes disobedience by withholding them.

We are far too apt to forget GOD's absolute power over the seasons: we do not realize the notion, that for every thing, at every moment, we depend upon GOD and CHRIST: that as certainly as every thing was created by the ETERNAL WORD, so certainly does every thing 'consist'—is held together, and supported in its existence—by HIM. Every moment there is, as it were, a new creation: every thing is from GOD, the Giver of all good. It is He who gives us richly all things to enjoy; who, year after year, makes the earth yield her increase, and fills the heart of men with joy and gladness. Most assuredly, then, we should be led, both by GOD's mercy in giving us sufficient, often abundant harvests, and in His occasionally withholding that gift in part, and for a time refusing us the necessary rain and warmth, to remember that it is on Him only that we depend; and that a disobedient, unholy nation will be visited with His displeasure and wrath; with the sword, or the pestilence, or the famine. Let us see GOD in the general goings on of the world: let us see GOD in the works of nature: let us see in Him the sole provider of our wants: and let us endeavour to pray to Him, with holy lips and obedient hearts, "to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them."

If that blessed GOD were to be extreme to mark what is amiss in us, if He were to deal with us strictly after our iniquities, what a fearful reckoning would be there! If all the drunkenness that is perpetually filling our towns and villages with its

own exceeding sinfulness, and all its hateful progeny of other vices; if all the dreadful amount of our fleshly sins; all our covetousness, grinding down the poor; all our luxury; all our pride; all our worldliness and forgetfulness of GOD; all our sins against CHRIST's law of charity, and love, and peacefulness, and purity and lowliness of mind—if all these things were to be at once visited upon us, then, indeed, the heavens above us would be iron, and the earth beneath us brass; we should see neither fertilizing rain, nor ripening sun; and three villages would go to one village for water to drink, and never be satisfied, till we had turned to GOD, and heard and listened to His voice, saying of CHRIST's law and the Holy Book, Here is the true and the right way; walk ye all in this, turning aside neither to the right hand, nor yet to the left.

Oh! that England—oh! that you and I, my brethren, would fully obey the prophet Hosea's exhortation to sow in righteousness; then should we reap in mercy: "For it is time to seek the LORD, and break up your fallow ground, till He come and RAIN RIGHTEOUSNESS upon you."

The Bible often speaks of GOD's grace, and of His word, as a gentle dew or a soft rain; and as the fruits of the field cannot grow, or cannot be ripened, unless GOD rains upon the thirsty crops, so the soul of man can bring no fruit to perfection, unless GOD sends down upon the soul the spiritual rain of His grace. And observe here, in the verse I have just quoted, how strongly and truly man's work and GOD's blessing are joined together as both necessary. Man must sow; man must break up the fallow ground; and then GOD will rain righteousness upon him. For this righteousness he is indebted entirely to GOD; and yet he, too, must prepare his heart to receive the blessing from above. Unless he has endeavoured to prepare his heart, and to break up its fallow ground, it would be as idle to expect the

harvest of righteousness, as it would be to expect to fill your barns from land which you had never ploughed or sown.

There is, too, another great spiritual lesson to be drawn from the rain.

"The earth" (says the Apostle to the Hebrews) "which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from GOD: but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing: whose end is to be burned." If the earth has received abundance of rain from heaven, and yet bears no valuable crop, that land is utterly worthless. And so it is with the soil of the heart: if the showers and dews of GOD's grace have come oft upon it, and yet no harvest of righteousness is gathered in, the soil of that heart is hopelessly barren: it cannot bear fruit for heaven. Often has the rain come upon us; the good word of GOD has been preached to us again and again; the prayers of the Church have been offered for us and by us (by our lips, at least,) to Almighty GOD, and grace has been received at Baptism; and more grace has been perpetually offered us through the channels of prayer, and worship, and sacraments, and good works. If all this rain has not ripened in us the fruits of holiness, the fruits which GOD, Who dresses the soil of the heart, looks for, then there is nothing else or better behind to beget holiness in us: there is no second Saviour to die for us; no other Gospel to be preached to us; no other and higher sacraments to support in us the divine life. That life, therefore, must die in us for want of support; the rains and dew of GOD's grace will be withheld from us, till at last the destructive storm and whirlwind of His wrathful vengeance will sweep us away to misery. "The LORD alloweth the righteous: but the ungodly and him that delighteth in wickedness, doth His soul abhor.

Upon the ungodly He shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, storm and tempest: this shall be their portion to drink. For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness: his countenance will behold the thing that is just."

If all the people feared greatly the LORD and Samuel, when the thunder rolled along the sky in the days of wheat-harvest, what will be the greatness of our fear in that day of GOD's harvest, when the trump of the Archangel will ring through the world, and CHRIST will be seen in His glory, and the Angels, the ministers of His power (and in that power irresistibly strong), will separate the tares from the wheat, and bind the tares in bundles to burn them! Greatly shall we then fear the LORD and His CHRIST: but fear will be too late then: let us fear now: let us fear GOD now, and kiss the Son, lest He be angry. Let us now (in this our day of grace) strive to bring forth the fruit of good works to the glory of GOD, and the salvation of our souls.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

"Let there be light."

THOU, whose Almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

SPIRIT of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious TRINITY,
Wisdom, love, and might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

(*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*)

A PRAYER AT FIRST RISING.

GLORY be to Thee, O LORD, all glory be to Thee, for the sleep which Thou hast graciously given me this night: a seasonable recruit to the wastings, and a kind intermission to the labours, of this poor weak and wearied body.

And now that Thou hast added to the number of my days, that this and every day may be employed to the perfecting of holiness in Thy fear[1], and sweetened with the comforts of health, of peace, and innocence, grant, O good LORD.

That the Angel of Peace, the holy guide of Thy children, the faithful guard set by Thee over their souls and bodies[2], may encamp round about me, and continually suggest to my mind such things as conduce to Thy glory, and to my salvation, grant, O good LORD.

That all the sins, offences, and neglects of my days

[1] 2 Cor. vii. 1. [2] Ps. xxxiv. 7.

already gone, may, by Thy mercy, be freely pardoned, and entirely done away, grant, O good LORD.

That it may please Thee to bless the world with prosperity and peace, but chiefly with such mercies, as Thou knowest most expedient for the good of all our souls, grant, O good LORD.

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise[3], that I may think on these things, and may do these things, grant, O good LORD.

Finally, since this life must shortly have an end; that mine may be concluded with a truly Christian death, a death perfectly void of sin and shame, and (if such be Thy good pleasure) as free from pain as may be, grant, O good LORD.

But above all, in regard it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgement[4]: that I may appear with comfort, and find a favorable account, at the great and terrible tribunal of Thy Son JESUS CHRIST, who, I believe, shall come to be our Judge, grant, O good LORD.

Bishop Andrewes.

ETERNITY.

2 PETER iii. 3.

"One day is with the LORD as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight th' impatient steed,
As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go.

[3] Phil. iv. 8. [4] Heb. ix. 27.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As in a ball's concentric round,
Nor starting-place nor end is found,
So thou, Eternity, so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Came there a bird each thousandth year,
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all had vanish'd, grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
As long as GOD shall GOD remain,
So long shall last hell's torturing pain.
So long the joys of heaven shall be:
O long delight! long misery!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O Man, let oft thy musings dwell
Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
Oft on the saints' all-glorious lot;
For both shall last when time is not.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
The thought of thee in pain how dread!
The joy how bright thy prospects spread!
For here GOD's goodness glads our eyes,
And there His justice terrifies.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who here lived poor and sore distress'd,
Now truly rich, with GOD doth rest;
With joys consoled for all his ill,
He lives to praise GOD's goodness still.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
A moment's pleasure sinners know,
Through which they pass to endless woe;
A moment's woe the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joy they haste.
Mark well, O Man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who looks to thee alone is wise,
Sin's pleasures all he can despise;
The world attracts him now no more,
His love for vain delights is o'er.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
Who thinks on thee speaks thus with GOD:
"Here prove me with thy chast'ning rod:
Oh! let me here Thy judgements bear!
Hereafter, LORD, in mercy spare!"

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
"O Man! I warn thee, think on me,—
Think oft on me, Eternity;
For I the sinner's woe shall prove,
A recompense of pious love:"
Mark well, O Man, Eternity!

(*Translated from the German by Miss Cox.*)

"BECAUSE when they knew GOD, they glorified Him not as GOD;" but what? "but they became vain in their imaginations." Whence did they become vain, but because they were proud? Thus smoke vanishes away by rising up aloft, and a flame burns more brightly and strongly in proportion as it is kept low.—*St. Augustine.*

A SKETCH OF ONE OF THE WORKING CLERGY.

THE REV. JOHN BOLD, A.B. 1679—1751.

"I HAVE many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now," were some of the last words of our LORD to His sorrowing disciples; He could not then tell them fully of all they would have to suffer for His sake, for their minds were not prepared for the discovery. And it is well that the sincere and zealous, but too sanguine candidate for the sacred office, does not foresee how different may be his portion from what he had formerly anticipated.

He is prepared, indeed, to encounter difficulties; he expects to meet with opposition on the part of the wicked or contentious; he is prepared to be unjustly spoken against, yea, to have even his good spoken evil of; against railing, and calumny, and persecution, he is already armed, and consoles himself with the promise of his SAVIOUR, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall speak all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." But there is another thing for which he is frequently not so well prepared, and which he is quite as likely to encounter, and that is, neglect. With high hopes and expectations he enters as a labourer in God's vineyard; he has good talents, well cultivated; has literary tastes, and those not inconsistent with his profession; is skilled, it may be, in the original languages of Scripture, and has entered deeply into the study of biblical criticism; and he not unfairly hopes to attain, ere long, a station of extended usefulness. But such a person may, during the whole or greater portion of his life, be called to take the oversight of some rural parish, where he meets with none capable of estimating his abilities, or affording him pleasant society; where, without the means of purchasing books, and far from the libraries to which he has been accustomed, he is precluded from pursuing those studies on which he formerly hoped to found a well-earned reputation.

The Rev. John Bold was born at Leicester, in 1679, and was the descendant of a respectable family, nearly related to the Wigleys of Scraptoft, of which one branch represented the borough of Leicester in parliament, and another sat for the city of Worcester.

His early progress in learning was so great, that at the age of fifteen he was matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge; he was B.A. at the age of nineteen; but being somewhat straitened in circumstances, he retired to Hinckley, where he engaged in teaching a small endowed school, at the "liberal" salary of 10*l.* per annum.

In May, 1702, he was ordained deacon by Dr. James Gardiner, Bishop of Lincoln, who was so pleased with Mr. Bold's proficiency in sacred learning, that he determined to make him his chaplain; but death prevented the good Bishop from fulfilling his intention. The curacy to which he was ordained was Stoney Stanton, a secluded village in Leicestershire, about four or five miles from Hinckley. His stipend was 30*l.* a year, which was never increased; and his whole property on entering the parish consisted in "his chamber furniture, and a library more valuable for being select than extensive." "Here," continues his biographer, "remote from polished and literary society, which he was calculated both to enjoy and adorn, he never cast any longing, lingering looks behind, but girded up the loins of his mind for diligent service in his narrow sphere." It will possibly be a matter of some interest to know how this good man contrived to exist on what must, even in those days, have been a very narrow income.

On his first entrance to his cure he marked out for himself a plan of living, which he continued to observe for the space of fifty years. At first he paid 8*l.* for board and lodging at a farmer's house; this was afterwards increased to 12*l.*, and ultimately to 16*l.* per annum.

From the remainder of his income he gave away 5*l.* in charity, and laid by 5*l.* for his declining years,

or for more permanent acts of benevolence. This left him 6*l.* per annum for clothes and other incidental expenses, and yet he had great regard to personal neatness and propriety. He always wore a gown and bands, and appeared always attired in the same decent but plain manner, into whatever company he went. "His daily fare consisted of water-gruel for his breakfast; a plate from the farmer's table with whom he boarded supplied his dinner; after dinner one half pint of ale, of his own brewing, was his only luxury; he took no tea, and his supper was on milk pottage. In the winter he read and wrote by the farmer's fire-side; in the summer, in his own room."

After leading this simple life for more than forty years, advancing age began to incapacitate him for the full discharge of his public duties; but his annual savings of 5*l.*, which had been put out to interest, enabled him to secure the services of a coadjutor during the last six years of his life. He divided his little stipend with a clergyman holding a small property in the parish, making up the deficiency from his savings. On Oct. 29th, 1751, at the age of seventy-three, he departed this life for a better; and bequeathed to the farmer with whom he had lodged 100*l.*, another 100*l.* to some of his relatives, and 40*l.* to be placed out at interest for the benefit of the poor of his parish, and for an annual sermon in support of Church doctrine and discipline, in opposition to the loose notions which were propagated by Wesley and his followers.

Having thus glanced at his mode of life, let us view him as a parish priest. How uncongenial soever might at first have appeared his situation, he had not held his curacy a twelvemonth before he formed the resolution of remaining there for life, as a living sacrifice for the benefit of his flock, and with a view of making his example and doctrine the more striking and effective, by his permanent residence and labours in one and the same place.

(1.) With respect to the public duties of his church, he commenced the business of the Sunday on the Saturday evening, by publicly instructing the children of the parish in the elements of religion. He had two full services on Sunday, a service daily during Lent, and on every Wednesday and Friday and Festival throughout the year.

"If any were absent from the duty of the Church on the Lord's-day, he failed not to visit them the following morning; if they were sick, to administer the consolation of his prayers; or, otherwise, to admonish them of their duty. This is beyond doubt the most painful, difficult, and delicate part of the ministerial office; yet in the divine word it is bound upon the ministry by such sanctions, no less than the loss of their own souls if neglected, and also by the ordination vows of priests in our own Church, that public or private admonition, or both, as circumstances require, must be given by the ministers of religion, if they either regard their duty or their own future salvation."

(2.) With regard to his more private and friendly intercourse with his flock,

"His disposition was social, though restrained by a self-denial necessary to his character. When he went abroad upon his pastoral visits, he would rarely if ever accept a courtesy beyond a pipe, and after a short but civil visit would retire; but as the poor were pleased with his company at the christening of a child, he would sometimes accept an invitation to partake of their humble fare, in order to augment their pleasures, and leave a present in money fully adequate to his entertainment. And if the respect of any parishioner sent him any thing better than his usual fare for his table, he would give it for the common use of the family in which he resided. In this manner he maintained that independency of character and self-denial, which is necessary to the proper discharge of the ministerial office."

(3.) Let us now contemplate the effects of these diligent and self-denying labours. "'I have often,' said an old man to me, [Mr. Nickolls, his biographer and successor, after some interval,] 'at the ringing of the bell on Saturday afternoon, left my plough for half an hour for instruction, and afterwards returned to it again.' And another aged man said, 'Ah! sir, that was a fine team I drove when I was young; but, sir, whenever the church bell rang at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, I always left my team when at plough, to come to Mr. Bold to be catechized, and then went back again to plough.'" From the same account it appears, that for many years after the decease of this excellent pastor, the parish was distinguished for loyalty, order, sobriety, and a devout attendance on the public services of the Church. In some respects, indeed, our rural parishes were in a happier and healthier moral state than they are at present; but here Mr. Nickolls shall speak for himself:—

"There were several incidental circumstances that conspired to assist Mr. Bold's success in his ministry. The parish was not then enclosed, but in the open field state, occupied chiefly by little freeholders and agriculturists, who were not either so much employed or so poor as not to afford time for religious instruction. Such of the parishioners as were in good circumstances (none of them were opulent) united with Mr. Bold in promoting parochial harmony, and in accommodating all matters in question without reference to attorneys or law-suits; and except in the case of a discharged soldier who was guilty of robbing, I cannot learn that any felonious act was committed in the parish for half a century. The parish was so fortunate as to have no necessity for many years of poor-rates, and was not oppressed with manufacturers, of which there were not more than two. The enclosure of the open field (not common) obliged the little freeholders

to sell out, abridged tillage, promoted pasturage, so that we do not now produce corn sufficient to supply the village; and the stocking manufacture being resorted to for support, the poor-rates are increased from almost nothing to about 300*l.* a-year. We are crowded with the stocking manufacturers, who take apprentices for the little fee of five pounds, and they become vicious in their morals or by improvident conduct; and marrying without means of support, bring such burdens upon the parish by their families, and distresses when trade slackens, as injure greatly the agricultural interest, especially the lower class of farmers; and with respect to religious instruction, the manufacturing classes of the lower orders are most adverse to the reception of it, except indeed where their employers will interest themselves, and use their authority and money to promote attention to it."

Having thus contemplated the character of this worthy man, what is particularly worthy of note is, that this is not an instance of a good pious man, of little knowledge, of little talent, labouring and passing his life among people of his own class (as has been and is the case with many very worthy men, especially in the northern counties); but Mr. Bold was a man who might reasonably and naturally have looked for a more prominent sphere of duty.

He was a learned man, a close and constant student; he was particularly well read in the fathers and the earlier English theologians.

He was an elegant writer; his style is thought to approach nearer to the purity and simplicity of that of Addison than any contemporary writer.

He was also gifted with the graces of elocution—an impressive and eloquent preacher; yet was he contented to count all his talents and acquirements as nought, in order to be made the instrument of leading his humble parishioners in the ways of godliness.

He refused preferment when it was offered to him (as it was by the Wigley family), but chose to live and die in the station in which it appeared to him he could best promote the interests of CHRIST's Church.

He wrote several tracts, which were (and may be now) on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. They are all upon the subject which was always nearest his heart,—a frequent and devout attendance on the worship of GOD. The titles are as follows :—

1. The Sin and Danger of Neglecting the Public Service of the Church. By a Presbyter of the Church of England. 1745. 8vo.

2. Religion the most Delightful Employment, &c.; with an earnest recommendation of the three great duties of family prayer, of attending daily the public service of GOD, and of frequenting the holy communion with devotion, &c.

3. The Duty of Worthy Communicating.

A number of MS. sermons are also said to be in existence, and to be deserving of publication.

His admirer and biographer, Mr. Nickolls, has enclosed his grave, and placed over it a tablet, with the inscription, "Let me die the death of the righteous," &c.; and with one more quotation from his memoir, this account shall close :—

"When I first came to reside here, the good woman who had attended him when she was very young, also attended me, and placed me in his bed, and in a room he occupied. After airing the bed she retired, but presently returned with a hassock, which placing by the bed-side, she said, 'Sir, this is the hassock Mr. Bold used to kneel upon.' It was worn into hollows by his knees. Blessed saint! thy poverty and humility are changed to durable riches and glory, thy life transcends my power of imitation; and yet, for the love wherewith I desire to imitate thee, may divine grace, not considering my unworthiness, but

the worthiness of Him who was our common Master, make my latter end to be full of peace like thine! I have loved thy memory because thou didst so entirely love Him; I have guarded thy remains from profanation, because they are to be raised in glory; I hope to repose by thee, and when I depart, may it please the Divine goodness to send thee as one of its ministering spirits to smile on me trembling, and assist me to your blessed abode."

T. S.

(*From the British Magazine.*)

A CHILD IN THE EARTHENWARE MANUFACTORY.

THE children most to be commiserated are those called 'jiggers and mould-runners,' who are employed by the dish, saucer, and plate makers. Each man employs two boys, one to turn the jigger or horizontal wheel, the other to carry the ware from the whirler to the hot-house on moulds. The children thus employed constantly work in a temperature ranging from 100 to 130 degrees. A man frequently makes eight-score dozen saucers in a week, each dozen counting thirty-six pieces; each piece is carried twice to the hot-house, and weighs, mould and bat, 2 lbs.; but as two pieces are carried at the same time, they count but as one; that is to say, as 4 lbs. each trip. A child carries in the week, reckoning his working hours at seventy-two, 23,040 lbs., or 3840 lbs. each day. In carrying this weight he journeys forty-five miles 1440 yards every week, or seven miles 1120 yards per day. Besides this, he has to mount one, two, or three steps, to place the pieces on the shelves, to wedge the clay in the yard, whilst his master is taking his pipe or his pot; to collect the half-dried pieces from the shelves; to

come half an hour or more before his master in the morning, to get coals in and ashes out, and to sweep and make the room ready, and to do any thing else that may be wanted, having probably to walk a mile before and after his work. The men work by the piece, and, whatever the quantity of work to be done, they are usually idle during the early part of the week, seldom resuming their labour from noon on Saturday until Tuesday or Wednesday morning. On "the middle days" they work extra hours to make up lost time. Then the child, instead of leaving off work at six at night, is obliged to continue his labour until nine or ten. "The runner," says John Johnson, a bowl and saucer maker, "carries two pieces to the stove, twice over, to a distance, taking the average of stoves, of from five to ten yards; besides this work, he has at intervals, whilst the man is laking (idling), to wedge the clay in readiness for him, and to run up, in addition, two or three steps to reach the upper shelves, and to collect the saucers from the moulds when sufficiently hardened. Plate running is harder still, as the weights they have to carry are considerable. Many boys—my boys now—work from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night, making fifteen hours a-day, deducting one hour and a half for meals, frequently working the best part of the meal-times; but this depends on the man, as to whether he is forward or not in his work."—*From a Parliamentary Report.*

THE GROWTH OF GRACE.

1.

THIS did not once so trouble me
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know,
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

2.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray;
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to thy glorious name
Our lips their offerings pay.

3.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

4.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

—*British Mag.*, vol. ix. p. 32. R. C. T.

THE VISIONS OF MIRZA.

When I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and

prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream!' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the

rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards

the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that run among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or

even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned me about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.'—*Addison.*

ST. ATHANASIUS.

ATHANASIUS lived about three hundred years after Christ. About this time Christianity became the religion of the Roman emperor; but though it was thus exalted to the high places of the earth, it underwent a terrible attack upon the purity of its doctrines, from a person named Arius. This person was a priest of the Church of Alexandria, a town in Egypt[1]. He seems to have been an able and very

[1] The account that follows is pretty nearly Hooker's in meaning, though not exactly in words.

fair-spoken man; but being of an ambitious turn of mind, he was vexed at seeing one whom he thought his inferior placed above him; and so, giving himself up to an envious and discontented spirit, he grew impatient of authority, and ready to contradict the teaching of the Church; so that at last he was led on to broach the heresy that has since borne his name. He denied that the SON was GOD as well as man; he denied that He was co-equal and co-eternal with the FATHER. For this dangerous and false notion he was deprived of his rank by the Bishop of the Church. But far from submitting dutifully to his superior, he only grew more obstinate, more bent upon opposition, more active to entangle men in the snares of his heretical teaching. He so far succeeded, that he won over to his side a large number of great names and able defenders; but after much disquiet, the emperor resolved to take the sense of the Church on the disputed question, and three hundred and eighteen Christian Bishops assembled at Nicæa, a town in Bithynia. Here the Arians, who were a very small minority, were so far overcome by the opinions and arguments of their brethren, that they signed with their own hands the Nicene Creed, or Creed of Nicæa, in which it is declared that the SON is very GOD of very GOD, and of one substance with the FATHER. One must fear that they did not mean sincerely when they did this; that it was not their intention to forsake their errour; but only to avoid the loss of their rank, and perhaps banishment, for holding out against the decision of the great Council, to which the emperor himself gave his assent. Finding it therefore hopeless, and indeed dangerous, to stir in the matter just at that time, they went to work a different way; professing all the while a deep respect for the Nicene faith, they laboured incessantly to unsettle men's minds; to strengthen their own party; and to attack in every way they could, secretly or openly, the great main-

tainers of the proper Divinity of our LORD. Of these the first and foremost was Athanasius. From the time he was consecrated Archbishop of Alexandria to the time of his death, a space of forty-six years, they never suffered him to enjoy the comfort of a peaceable day. They stole away from him the heart of Constantine; they set the succeeding emperors against him; they laid the most terrible crimes to his charge; and by activity, subtlety, and worldly prudence, they at last obtained such power, through the favour of the emperors, and used it so cleverly and so unscrupulously, that they scared their opponents, one by one, from their soundness of belief; and seemed, by fair means or foul, to have completely broken up the party which had so nobly upheld the true faith at the Council of Nicæa. But during all those years of strife and sin, there was one man, this Athanasius, who yielded not one jot of principle; who did nothing but what well became a wise man to do, and suffered nothing but what became a righteous man to suffer. It was, as our great writer Hooker expresses it, "All the world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it." Yet although these disputes were the cause of much evil, they were also the cause of some good to the Church; for they induced the few that continued sound in faith to defend and explain the great truth which heresy sought to overthrow. And in those times it was that the Creed, containing the doctrines of Athanasius, though not written by him, was composed, and received with joy by the faithful; or, to use Hooker's language again, "accepted as a treasure of inestimable price by as many as had not given up even the very ghost of belief."

HE is convicted of not loving his brother who, seeing him in necessity, shares not with him, not only his superfluities, but still more, a portion of his necessaries.—*St. Gregory.*

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

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SIMEON AND ANNA.

BETWEEN the Old Testament and the New there was a long silence; the line of the Holy Prophets, who spoke of the coming CHRIST, was broken off; their errand was completed; the MESSIAH'S coming, the time of it, many of the minutest particulars of it had been foretold; and the prophecies, in which these things were foretold, were added to the other holy books, and formed with them the Jewish Bible, what we call the Old Testament. The last of the Prophets, Malachi, had foreseen what was to be the state of things during this long silence of prophecy; and speaking of it as if he were describing something he had seen, he said: "then they who feared the LORD spake often one to another; and the LORD hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him, for them that feared the LORD, and that thought upon His Name." To such persons he had added splendid promises of reward: "They shall be Mine, saith the LORD OF HOSTS, in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him;" and so on.

This Simeon, and this Anna, were amongst the

number of those GOD-fearing persons, who "spake often one to another" about the great salvation, which the Prophets had foretold: and we see how the LORD hearkened and heard them according to His promise. Let us first hear what GOD (reading in His Great Book of Remembrance about Simeon's longing desire to see the words of old prophecy fulfilled,) resolved to do for this aged and faithful servant, who was (we are told) a just and devout man, waiting for the consolation of Israel.

He sent His HOLY GHOST to dwell with him, and to comfort him. The Spirit of that prophecy, (whose revelations in old time were so precious to Simeon, the one subject of his meditations, and of his conversation) descended upon him, after it had been a stranger to GOD's people many hundred years: and it was revealed to him, that, old as he was, and ready to depart, he yet should not die until he had seen with his own eyes, the LORD'S CHRIST; the promised MESSIAH of JEHOVAH, the God of Israel. Conceive what a blessed promise this was to the good old man; it put an end to all doubt; the SAVIOUR was to come to earth in his own days: even before his own aged body was committed to the grave; he was to see the MESSIAH with his own eyes; the MESSIAH of the Prophets, the Hope of Israel, Him whose coming had been the anxious expectation of good men in every age. Imagine how this promise must have been with him in the morning, and in the night season; "Shall I behold HIM this day? How old I am getting, and yet no tidings are abroad of His Coming, whom I am to see in the body. And what will He be like, when I do see Him? GOD's holy servant, the Son of David, who is to possess His FATHER's throne for ever!" At last the promised day came: and the SPIRIT of GOD directed him to repair to the Temple! We know not exactly how the Spirit made its commands and directions known; but the good men who felt it,

knew what the mind of the SPIRIT was; they knew that they were under His guidance: and with this felt certainty of being guided by the SPIRIT, the aged Simeon hastened to GOD'S House, the Temple, there to see the HOLY ONE of Israel. When he reached it, and had perhaps poured out his prayers and thanksgivings, a Jewish mother came in, to make the usual offering that the Law required after the birth of a male child. This offering was a lamb for a burnt-offering, and a young pigeon or turtle-dove for a sin-offering: but if she was too poor to purchase a lamb, she might offer one turtle or young pigeon for a burnt-offering, and another for a sin-offering. So poor were Mary and Joseph, that she, the Mother of our LORD, who would surely have wished to offer the best offering she could for that Son, brought only the offering of the poor, the two doves or pigeons, instead of the lamb and one dove or pigeon.

But the true LAMB of GOD was in her arms, and the SPIRIT revealed to Simeon, that the babe for which that poor and lowly mother was offering her sacrifice of purification, was the CHRIST. The old man took the wonderful Child in his arms, and poured forth that beautiful song of praise, the "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," which is still sung and ever has been sung, in Christian congregations; and he blessed Joseph and Mary, and told Mary what that Child was; "Behold this child is set forth for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against. Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

How happy and how blessed must the good Simeon have been from that day. Few were speaking of that Holy Child. He had indeed "suddenly come to His Temple," according to the prophecy; but GOD had honoured Simeon with a knowledge of this won-

derful Child; even with a sight of Him who was to save the world. For this his life had been prolonged; and now he felt that GOD, having fulfilled His promise to him, would permit him to depart in peace, and in His favour.

At that instant came in another remarkable person, Anna, a prophetess; one, that is, who, like Simeon, received revelations from the HOLY SPIRIT of GOD. She had been a wife but seven years; but, though she became a widow so early, was a widow indeed, and gave herself up strictly to the worship of GOD. She was now eighty-four years old: a woman who "departed not from the temple, but served GOD with fastings and prayers, night and day." For this long course of service she was rewarded by GOD with a sight of the infant SAVIOUR, on His first coming to His Temple. Like the holy Simeon, she gave thanks to the LORD, and spake of Him whom she had seen, to "all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." These words show (as I before said) that there was a party of those, who (as Malachi had foretold) "feared the LORD, and spake often one to another." By this holy conversation they had kept alive each other's hopes: and now Anna, their aged sister, honoured among them, doubtless, for her prophetic gifts, came and assured them, that these precious hopes were not going only to be realized, but were realized. She told them that the MESSIAH was born into the world! that she had seen Him, when his mother presented Him in the temple; and that Simeon (who probably was known to them to have received a promise that he should see CHRIST before he died) had been filled with the Spirit of Prophecy when he beheld the wonderful infant, and had foretold that He was set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.

"On this history of Anna, we may observe (says the good Bishop Horne), that a life regularly and uniformly conducted according to the discipline of

religion and the ordinances of the Church, attracts the notice of Heaven, and is thought worthy of being recorded by the SPIRIT of truth: that the returns of prayer, and the blessings of piety, though not, perhaps, vouchsafed at the time we expect them, yet at the last will come, and crown all our wishes with a sight of the REDEEMER, and a participation of His joy. From the example of Anna, we are taught what returns we should make to Heaven for the knowledge of salvation communicated to us; we should glorify GOD, and edify our neighbour, hoping at the end of our days to behold the true Temple of the LORD'S CHRIST, the consolation of Israel, the light and the glory of the Church universal."

It is to this point that I wish to call the attention of my readers; to the great reward of a regular, a strict course of piety and devotion—a strict course, prescribed and regulated by a sincere, a conscientious heart. The old Simeon was just: he was devout: he was waiting for the consolation of Israel. He was just towards his brother man, and the word used is the same that is often translated righteous; he was just then both towards GOD and towards man: and he was pious or devout: he had the spirit of religion, the heart, the feeling of it; he performed all known duties with a scrupulous, a religious exactness; and he had come to love his duty, to be holy in heart, fond of prayer and communion with GOD. Feeling, moreover, his own weakness, as those ever feel it most who struggle most against it, his heart turned away from himself, and from the misery and sin that he saw around him in the faithless and now enslaved children of Abraham, to the holy book of prophecy. He read there of the consolation that was to be granted to Israel. That hope filled his heart. He desired, and sighed for His coming: he said daily in his prayers (says an early Father of the Church), "When will He come? when will He be born? when shall I see

Him? Thinkest thou that I shall last till then? thinkest thou that He will find me here? thinkest thou that these eyes will see Him? These things he said in his prayers, and for this his desire he received for answer, that he should not taste of death till he had seen the LORD'S CHRIST."

And what was the character of her, the aged Anna, who was his partner in this happiness? Think of her long life of constant worship? of prayer, of fasting. "She departed not from the Temple, but served GOD with fastings and prayers night and day." The very least that this strong statement can be supposed to mean is, that she neglected no possible opportunity of worshipping in the Temple: early and late she worshipped; every appointed fast she observed, probably many that were not appointed; and ever "continued instant in prayer." Her reward was the same as Simeon's, to see CHRIST—the LORD'S CHRIST; to know, nearly thirty years before He began to preach the Gospel, that the MESSIAH was actually come—had already visited His Temple.

Ought we not to learn, my friends, from these examples, that we too ought to strive to be just and devout—ought to fix our eyes on that CHRIST whom these blessed saints beheld in His infancy, and look forward to His second coming, as they had been looking forward to His first? Ought we not to be regular in our attendance at GOD'S Church? to be regular and frequent in fastings and in prayers? O! let us keep in the line of appointed duty: let us cling with our hearts to the services of CHRIST'S Church; to its prayers, and its praises, and its readings of the word, and its holy Sacraments of wonderful power! Let us seek CHRIST in His ordinances: let us seek Him in His Church. These holy saints, Simeon and Anna, found Him not in the world—found Him not in streets, or markets, or courts; they found Him in the Temple

of the LORD—in the place which GOD had chosen to put His name there:—and they found Him, remember, after long years of faithful service, and of earnest expectation.

Anna especially had attended the daily service of GOD for fifty or sixty years, with the strictest, most self-denying performance of the outward, as well as inward, duties of religion. Do not think that she had not often a hard struggle to keep to this severity; doubtless, she had to combat the sluggishness of the flesh, its love of ease, and unaptness for what is spiritual. She had a hard fight, but she fought on, and she gained the victory; as all will gain it, who are fully sincere in trying to do so: and, at last, her strict and constant devotions had become precious to her: the Temple of the LORD had become to her, doubtless, a heaven upon earth; and, at last, she saw in it the LORD of heaven Himself, who had veiled His Godhead in an infant's body, and was offered to the FATHER in His holy Temple, the only pure offering that had ever been, that will ever be offered to Him from the foundation of the world, till the day of its destruction by fire.—When that CHRIST comes, as He will come, to judgement, what, my brethren, will be your statement? Are all of you just? are all of you devout? are you waiting for the consolation of our Israel; the coming of CHRIST, to separate the bad from the good, and remove the good to their eternal glory? And as to never departing from the Temple, why few as our services are in these cold days, can many say that they attend them all?—that they try to attend them all?—that they feel it a loss of grace if they do not? How many think once a Sunday plenty! do all average once a Sunday all the year round[1]? And how few think of observing the Church fasts, which the practice of her sons has so long despised?

[1] Even if we omit all the times of necessary absence.

how few are abundant in prayer?—how few pray at all, with the heart, without which prayer is so much idle sound? That CHRIST will reveal Himself in His power to us—unless we walk more diligently in the old paths of Christian duty and Christian worship, it is idle to suppose. We deceive ourselves if we expect it. But, O! may GOD's grace stir up some of us to a more earnest piety—a stricter walk—a closer attendance to ordinances. May we seek CHRIST more diligently, may we keep His commandments more perfectly, that so He and His FATHER may (according to His promise) manifest themselves to us with a clearness, in which they never will manifest themselves to the careless world.

FEELING AND DOING.

(From "AMY HERBERT.")

AMY.—And will you tell me, whilst I am working, what you had not time to speak about yesterday? I mean why it never does people any good to go and see others suffer merely from curiosity.

"It not only does them no good, but it does them harm," replied Mrs. Herbert, "and for this reason: GOD gives to almost every one, and especially to young people, many kind and amiable feelings, as a sort of treasure which they are carefully to keep: now these kind feelings, as people grow older, gradually die away as they get accustomed to the sight of suffering, and so at last they are likely to become cold and hard-hearted; and there is only one sure way of preventing this, by doing kind actions whenever we are blessed with kind feelings. Perhaps you would rather I should explain myself more clearly," added Mrs. Herbert, as Amy laid down her work, and looked thoughtfully in her mother's face. "When you saw Susan Reynolds yesterday, you had compassion for her, and a great wish to help

her; this was the good feeling given you by GOD: but, supposing that you had thought that, after all, it was too much trouble to work for her, you would soon have forgotten her; and the next time you saw her, you would probably have pitied her less, and the next time less still, and if you had gone on so, you might have ended in becoming perfectly cold and selfish; but by determining to do something you have kept up your interest; and you will find that your kind feeling will continue and increase, not only for her, but for other persons you may see in distress."

"But then I have heard you say, mamma, that we ought not to follow our feelings entirely."

"No," replied Mrs. Herbert; "because very often our feelings are wrong, and, therefore, we must have some other rule to go by, or we shall continually mistake our duties; but when they are right, they are given us by GOD, to make those duties easy and pleasant; and if we do not encourage them, we shall find when we grow old, that it will be very difficult, if not almost impossible, to do right, however we may wish it."

"Then, mamma, if we had always good feelings, there would be no occasion to do any thing but just what we felt inclined: how very nice that would be."

"There is but one way of getting these good feelings," said Mrs. Herbert, "and that is by doing what we know we ought, whether we like it or not; and only one of keeping them when we have got them, by taking care always to act upon them; and if we begin when we are young, it is astonishing how easy it will soon become. I know you like an illustration, Amy, to make you remember things; so now I will give you one, to teach you the difference between feelings and duty. Feelings are like the horses which carry us quickly and easily along the road, only sometimes they stumble, and sometimes

they go wrong, and now and then they will not move at all; but duty is like the coachman who guides them, and spurs them up when they are too slow, and brings them back when they go out of the way."

FORM AND SPIRIT.

THERE are too many, GOD knoweth, who have nothing left of religion, but the outward form and appearance. They come to church with a solemn countenance, and send their children thither to be baptized, and think it necessary to appear at the LORD'S table; and so far as Christianity is a form, are willing enough to be saved by it; while it appears too plainly, that no doctrine of their religion has any share in their affections, because it seldom or never makes any part in their conversation. When we hear or speak of worldly things, we may perceive that they are in earnest; but if they submit to hear of heavenly things once a week within the walls of the Church, nothing further is to be expected of them. And this empty shell of religion, they think, is as much as any prudent person ought to pretend to, unless he will run the hazard of being reputed a Methodist. The true state of the case is this. He that would be saved from the penalties of sin in the world to come, must first be saved from the dominion of it in this world. GOD hath therefore demanded of us the service of the heart; and all the external forms of religion are designed as a body, of which faith, devotion, and love to GOD and man, are the soul and spirit. "*He is a Jew*," said the Apostle, "*who is one inwardly;*" and we may affirm him to be a Christian, who, with the spirit as well as with the body, serves that GOD who is the FATHER of them both.—*Jones of Nayland.—Letter to a Young Gentleman.*

"Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more."
Wordsworth.

EVEN with respect to heavenly things, let discretion be our guide—let us not soar too high, let our greatest ambition be to have continually before our eyes CHRIST crucified, to know the particulars of His life and death, and what He requires of us. Beyond this let us not seek any thing, and we shall please that Divine Master, whose true disciples ask nothing of Him, but what may contribute to their doing His holy will.—*The Spiritual Combat.*

THE CHURCH IN THE COLONIES. No. 6.

CANADA.

THE following extracts from the Journal of a visitation through parts of his Diocese, by the bishop of Montreal, will show in a striking light the difficulties with which that infant Church has to struggle:—

"On the 7th, I re-crossed the St. Lawrence, and west of the Rivière du Loup Mission, still in the Roman Catholic tracts of country. On Sunday the eighth, I confirmed six persons in the diminutive stone Church. On the 10th, Mr. Guérout, whose guest I was, drove me to Lake Maskinongé, twenty-four miles, chiefly through the woods, by a road barely admitting the passage of the vehicle. The next day I confirmed eight persons here in a farm house: fifty or upwards were present, about the same number as that which had assembled at the Rivière du Loup Church on Sunday. They are a plain simple people, who appreciate the care of their pastor; but they are much connected with the Romanists, by intermarriage and familiar intercourse in life."

DIFFICULTY OF TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

"Mr. GUÉROUT took me on, on the 11th, to proceed by St. Elizabeth, where we slept, and Kildare, to Rawdon, which, with its dependencies, is the Mission of Mr. Bourne. A thaw had now continued for some days, accompanied by occasional heavy rain, and very extraordinary at this season of the year, so that the roads were most intolerably bad, and we were repeatedly upset. In the tract of country in which we were now travelling, which is more or less rude and unfrequented, and in which the winter track, as is often the case in Canada East, was in many places carried through the fields, away from the summer road, we encountered brooks and ditches, which had broken their confinement, and were so swollen with continual augmentations from the melting snow, as to offer some obstruction to our passage across them. The driver of the sleigh[2] which followed us, would here go forward with a pole, to sound the depth; but when it was ascertained that we could pass, which we did in every instance but one, when a circuit of some miles became necessary, it was a matter of very nice arrangement to prevent upsetting, the bottom being very unequal and broken up. In some places the driver only could go, it being necessary that he should stand up and balance the vehicle in its passage. Here the rest of the party crossed on foot, upon rails, which the country people had laid together for that purpose, taken from the fences; or we had recourse to the fences themselves as a footbridge, holding on by the upper rail, and moving our feet along a lower one. In one place Mr. Guérout's little low runnered cariole, called a Verlina, was floating. These scenes brought forcibly to mind that passage in the 147th Psalm, when, after describing

[2] Sledge.

the intensity of frost, the Psalmist says, "He sendeth out his word and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." The roughness which I did encounter here or elsewhere in the journey are such as are constantly familiar to the Missionaries; and I could by no means call them severe, but had deep cause for thankfulness to GOD for being able, such as they were, to go through them without any sort of injury or extreme fatigue, when I remembered that at the same time last year, I was in a condition which caused my friends to augur that, if spared, I should be disabled for life.

* * * *

"After the service, Mr. Bourne drove me on to the Mission of Mr. Torrance, and at the end of about twenty miles, all of abominable road except the last two or three, performed upon the River Achigan, of which we found the ice perfectly sound, we reached North Glasgow, where Mr. Torrence had come to meet us from Mascouche. Having refreshed ourselves and the horses, we set out again, having a dozen miles further to go, to the wild and sequestered township of Kilkenny. Midnight was approaching, when, after winding our way through the tall, solemn, wintry woods, composed in part of pines of a remarkable height, we reached our destination, in the house of a settler, consisting of two little rooms, of which one was assigned to Mr. Torrance and myself. Mr. Bourne had previously turned off to seek accommodation in another part of the township. Our Irish hosts were excellent people: devotedly attached to the Church, and recommending its principles in their lives and deportment. My servant and hired driver were stowed with the family in the outer room, or kitchen; I hardly know how. The next morning we drove to the church, where Mr. Bourne met us, passing on our way what is jocosely called the Cathedral of Kilkenny, being a little log school house, roofed with bark, and

lighted with four panes, in which the Missionaries formerly officiated. The church is a small wooden unpainted building, with square-topped windows, bnt it harmonizes with the present state of things in the worship; and I verily believe it to be attended by some worshippers who worship the Father in spirit and in truth. I consecrated this humble edifice, which is regularly fitted up for public service in the interior, and confirmed in it twenty-four persons. It was the first Episcopal visit. They asked me to give the church a name, as I had objected to the proposal of calling it the Mountain[3] Church, which was partly intended as a compliment to myself; and I called it after St. John the Baptist, as being built for preaching in the wilderness, with which they were highly pleased. GOD grant that the preacher, calling upon men to repent, and at the same time indicating the LAMB of GOD that taketh away the sin of the world, may prepare the way of CHRIST among the people."

PRACTICAL EVILS OF DISSENT.

"THE village of Huntingdon is one among many examples of the deplorable effects of schism in a new country. There, in a spot scarcely reclaimed from the woods, is a little collection of houses, a good mill, a tavern or two, some few tradesmen, and some commencing indications of business; one good spacious church might contain all the worshippers; one faithful pastor might tend them all, and their resources for the support of religion, if combined, might provide for all the decencies of worship in a reverent manner, and for the comfort of the minister and his family: they might, in laying their foundations for the future, exhibit in the article of religion, which should be their all in all, the picture of a little Christian brotherhood; and the village not drawing, or drawing comparatively little, upon the bounty of

[3] The name of the Bishop being Mountain.

the Colonial cities or Societies at home, the aid derivable from those sources might the more largely supply the unprovided tracts of country in the wilderness. But here are four Protestant places of worship—altar against altar, all ill appointed, all ill supported: and while discordant preaching is going on, or unholy leagues are made of two or three irregular sects against the Church, and violent excitements are resorted to, like the getting up of the steam, to force on a particular interest at a particular conjuncture, many a ruder and more remote settlement is supplied only at wide intervals by the extraordinary efforts of this or that minister; and then again marked often by a mutual jealousy, heightened, when the Church is the object of it, to an acrimonious and unscrupulous hostility. In these instances the forbearance and dignity of the Church have, I think I may say without prejudice, stood in most advantageous contrast with the proceedings of other parties. But what cause have we to imitate the prayer of the LORD Himself, that that they all may be one, even as He and His FATHER are one! to pray and long for a nearer approach to that happy consummation described by the Apostle, that there may be no divisions among them, and that they may be all perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same spirit. The Church, whatever opposition she may encounter, can be the only possible instrument of bringing on these blessed results; and the conviction of this truth will surely be a stimulus to all the friends and supporters of the Venerable Society, to add to its means of planting her standard in the rising settlements of the American Colonies.

"Mr. Morris is much beloved, and has at different times received anonymous as well as avowed presents of poultry, or other small tokens of good will, such as the country people could afford to give."

"Not only are many districts in Canada without any clergyman at all, but even those which possess

this advantage, are often so extensive, that, although their pastor is worn out with his exertions in travelling, his flock can hope for no more than occasional visits.

"At Colonel Schriver's, I took leave of Mr. Plees. His charge, although it lies within fixed limits, is wholly of an itinerant character[4]. At St. Remi, which is his home (so far as he has one,) he officiates upon one Sunday and one week-day in the month. Both these are evening services, to which he returns after labouring elsewhere. He has four other Sunday stations in his mission: eleven regular stations for appointed services in all. He officiates twenty-three or twenty-four times every month, and his monthly circuit is 235 miles, besides all extra calls. * * *

"I was now, on the 1st of February, on my way from the mission of Mr. Plees to the adjacent mission of the Rev. C. Morice, which is precisely of the same description. About three miles from Hemmingford Corner, I stopped to inspect the commencement of a church, which unhappily is at a stand. The walls are raised a few feet from the ground; but the unfrequency of the ministrations which the Church can extend to the spot, the poverty of the people, and some disappointments which they have experienced, have caused them to desist from their operations, although not to abandon the hope of resuming them. I met some of the leading settlers, by appointment, and endeavoured to encourage them, but they seemed to be a good deal disheartened. Great and humiliating are the difficulties with which the Church of the sovereign and the empire—that empire the greatest and most glorious upon earth—has to struggle in these portions of British territory. Many must be the anxieties and mortifications of one abundantly conscious of his own insufficiency, upon whom 'cometh the care of all the churches'

[4] Of a character that requires him to travel.

in a diocese like this! and heavily must he often feel the force of the questions, 'Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?' Very needful for him is it to be strengthened in faith, and to keep before his eyes the assurance that CHRIST will forget no portion of that Church for which He shed His blood. Much comfort ought he to take also in considering the means which GOD has raised up in the great Church Societies at home for preserving the seed of the Church in the colonies, and in cultivating a lively trust that those means will be enlarged. The scenes in which I was now engaged (among many others) were calculated to suggest such a train of reflections as this."—*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

THE LAST COMING OF CHRIST.

MAY we for a moment be allowed to conceive the unspeakable awfulness of Christ's coming in the highest sense of all? There are many now living, who have seen and felt the earth shake under their feet, and be rent asunder, and have seen houses, and churches, and palaces, and men, and women, and children with them, swallowed up in an instant[5]. There are those living who have seen and heard the eruptions of a volcano; when the mountain sends forth a fearful voice like thunder, when the air is darkened by the thick clouds of dust, thrown up into the sky, and when the fiery stream, like the molten metal which we may have seen running red hot in the iron furnaces, comes pouring down like a broad and deep river in flood, and sweeps every thing away before it. Persons who have witnessed these scenes have always, I believe, been led to think of the great day of CHRIST's last coming. But the earthquake and the eruption of a volcano, must be very faint images of that fearful hour when heaven and

[5] See the account at page 277.

earth shall pass away; nor can any tongue of man attempt to describe what will then be witnessed. Only, if amidst darkness and storm, and earthquake and fire, we should really, we now living, we now in this place assembled, if we, with our bodily eyes, were to see the sign of the SON OF MAN in heaven, and were to hear that trumpet call, at which the dead shall arise; can we, can our consciences tell us, what would be our feelings at that sight and sound? Should we be filled with fear to our inmost souls, as if certain death were coming upon us, or should we look up to Him whom we beheld amidst the blessed company of His saints and angels, as to one whom we had long known, long loved, long desired to see; so that, love casting out fear, we should be full of joy amidst all the terrours of the perishing world, because our SAVIOUR and REDEEMER was come, and our trial was over, and our perfect rest and happiness was at hand? Should we say to the mountains, "Fall on us," and to the hills, "Cover us;" or should we say, rather, "Lo, this is our GOD! we have waited for Him, and and He will save us. This is the LORD, we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation?"—*Dr. Arnold.—Sermon on Christ's Three Comings.*

ZEAL FOR WHAT IS FALSE.

A GREAT show of zeal and earnestness is a method mistaken people have found out, of seducing others into a good opinion of their own ways. No man is qualified to do either good or harm, unless he appears to be strongly moved with his own persuasion. If a man is right, it is the interest of Satan to lay him asleep with a false security; if he is wrong, then he is stirred up to the exercise of all that vigilance in an evil cause, which is due only to GOD and goodness.

In that famous contest wherein the true GOD was made known by the sign of fire from heaven, we see the votaries of Baal calling out upon him from morn-

ing till evening, and shedding their very blood in honour of their Deity; while the children of the true God were coldly halting between two opinions. The Israelites were justly upbraided with this zeal of idolaters, and with their own inconstancy. *Hath a nation changed their gods, which yet are no gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit.* Heathens, Jews, and Mahometans will even astonish us with their patience and perseverance; while the sloth and indifference of Christians most miserably undervalue their profession in the judgment of unbelievers. How common is it for them to think it unnecessary to seek the means of life and immortality, by attending the public worship of God, if the most trifling worldly business can be pleaded against it, or if the weather is but indifferent, or the church at some distance: while the Turk will undertake a journey of more than two thousand miles over burning sands, and uninhabitable deserts, to visit the rotten remains of a false prophet!—*Jones of Nayland.—Letter to a young Gentleman.*

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

Mr. L. was one morning riding by himself, when, dismounting to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose and galloped off before him. He followed, calling him by his name, which stopt him at first, but, on his approach, he set off again. At length a little boy in a neighbouring field, seeing the affair, ran across where the road made a turn, and, getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr. L. looked at the boy, and admired his cheerful, ruddy countenance. "Thank you, my good lad," said he, "you have caught my horse very cleverly: what shall I give you for your trouble?" (Putting his hand in his pocket.) "I want nothing," replied the boy civilly.—

Mr. L. Don't you? so much the better for you: few men would say as much. But pray, what were you doing in the field?—*Boy.* I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips.—*Mr. L.* And do you like this employment?—*Boy.* Yes, very well this fine weather.—*Mr. L.* But had you not rather play?—*Boy.* This is not hard work; it is almost as good as play.—*Mr. L.* Who set you to work?—*Boy.* My daddy, sir.—*Mr. L.* What is his name?—*Boy.* Thomas Hurdle.—*Mr. L.* And what is yours?—*Boy.* Peter, sir.—*Mr. L.* How old are you?—*Boy.* I shall be eight at Michaelmas.—*Mr. L.* How long have you been out in this field?—*Boy.* Since six in the morning.—*Mr. L.* And are you not hungry?—*Boy.* Yes, I shall eat my dinner soon.—*Mr. L.* If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?—*Boy.* I don't know; I never had so much in my life.—*Mr. L.* Have you no playthings?—*Boy.* Playthings! what are those?—*Mr. L.* Such as balls, nine-pins, marbles, and tops.—*Boy.* No, sir; but our Tom makes foot-balls to kick in cold weather; and then I have a jumping pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with; and I had a hoop, but it is broke.—*Mr. L.* And do you want nothing else?—*Boy.* No, I have hardly time for those; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands; and that is as good as play, you know.—*Mr. L.* Well! but you would buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money?—*Boy.* O! I can get apples at home; and, as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mammy gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.—*Mr. L.* Would you not like a knife to cut sticks?—*Boy.* I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.—*Mr. L.* Your shoes are full of holes; don't you want a better pair?—*Boy.* I have a better pair for Sundays.—*Mr. L.* But these let water in.—*Boy.* O! I don't care for that.—*Mr. L.* Your hat

is torn too.—*Boy.* I have a better at home, but I had rather have none at all, for it hurts my head.—*Mr. L.* What do you do when it rains?—*Boy.* If it rains hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.—*Mr. L.* What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home?—*Boy.* I sometimes eat a raw turnip.—*Mr. L.* But if there are none?—*Boy.* Then I do as well as I can; I work on and never think of it.—*Mr. L.* Are you not dry sometimes in this hot weather?—*Boy.* Yes, but there is water enough.—*Mr. L.* Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.—*Boy.* Sir!—*Mr. L.* I say you are a philosopher; but I am sure you don't know what that means.—*Boy.* No, sir; no harm, I hope?—*Mr. L.* No, no! (laughing.) Well! my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school?—*Boy.* No, sir; but daddy says I shall go after harvest.—*Mr. L.* You will want books then?—*Boy.* Yes, the boys have a Spelling-book and a Testament.—*Mr. L.* Well, then, I will give you them—tell your daddy so, and that it is, because I think you are a very good, contented, little boy. So now go to your sheep again.—*Boy.* I will, sir; thank you.—*Mr. L.* Good bye, Peter.—*Boy.* Good bye, sir.—*Evenings at Home.*

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

On the first of November, 1755, about 40 minutes past nine in the morning, a most violent shock of an earthquake was felt at Lisbon, the Portuguese capital. Its duration did not exceed six seconds; but so powerful was the concussion, that it overthrew every church and convent in the city, together with the royal palace, and the magnificent opera-house adjoining to it; in short, not any building of consequence escaped. About one-fourth of the dwelling-houses were thrown down; and, at a moderate computation, thirty thou-

sand individuals perished. The sight of the dead bodies, and the shrieks of those who were half-buried in the ruins, were terrible beyond description; and so great was the consternation, that the most resolute person durst not stay a moment, to extricate the friend he loved most affectionately, by the removal of the stones, beneath the weight of which he was crushed. Self-preservation alone was consulted; and the most probable security was sought, by getting into open places, and into the middle of the streets. Those who were in the upper stories of the houses were, in general, more fortunate than those who attempted to escape by the doors; many of the latter being buried beneath the ruins, with the greater part of the foot passengers. Those who were in carriages escaped the best, although the drivers and cattle suffered severely. The number, however, of those who perished in the streets and in the houses, was greatly inferior to that of those who were buried beneath the ruins of the churches; for, as it was a day of solemn festival, these were particularly crowded upon this occasion. They were more numerous than the churches of London and Westminster taken collectively; and the lofty steeples, in most instances, fell with the roof, insomuch that few escaped. The first shock, as has been noticed, was extremely short, but was quickly succeeded by two others; and the whole, generally described as a single shock, lasted from five to seven minutes. About two hours after, fires broke out in three different parts of the city; and this new calamity prevented the digging out of the immense riches concealed beneath the ruins. From a perfect calm, a fresh gale immediately after sprang up, and occasioned the fire to rage with so much fury, that, in the space of three days, the city was nearly reduced to ashes. Every element seemed to conspire towards its destruction; for, soon after the shock, which happened near high water, the tide rose in an instant

forty feet, and at the castle of Belem, which defended the entrance of the harbour, fifty feet higher than had ever been known. Had it not subsided as suddenly, the whole city would have been overwhelmed. A large new quay sunk to an unfathomable depth, with several hundreds of persons, not one of the bodies of whom was afterwards found. Before the sea thus came rolling in like a mountain, the bar was seen dry from the shore. The terrors of the surviving inhabitants were great and multiplied. Amid the general confusion, and through a scarcity of hands, the dead bodies could not be buried, and it was dreaded that a pestilence would ensue; but from this apprehension they were relieved by the fire, by which these bodies were, for the greater part, consumed. The fears of a famine were better founded; since, during the three days succeeding the earthquake, an ounce of bread was literally worth a pound of gold. Several of the corn magazines, however, having been fortunately saved from the fire, a scanty supply of bread was afterwards procured. Next came the dread of the pillage and murder of those, who had saved any of their effects; and this happened in several instances, until examples were made of the delinquents. The great shock was succeeded about noon by another, when the walls of several houses, which were still standing, were seen to open from the top to the bottom, more than a fourth of a yard, and afterwards to close again so exactly, as not to leave any signs of injury. Between the 1st and the 8th of November twenty-two shocks were reckoned. A boat on the river, about a mile distant from Lisbon, was heard by the passengers to make a noise, as if it had run aground, although then in deep water; they at the same time saw the houses falling, on both sides of the river, in front of which, on the Lisbon side, the greater part of a convent fell, burying many of its inmates beneath the ruins, while others were precipitated into the river. The water

was covered with dust, blown by a strong northerly wind; and the sun was entirely obscured. On landing, they were driven, by the overflowing of the waters, to the high grounds, whence they perceived the sea, at a mile's distance, rushing in like a torrent, although against wind and tide. The bed of the Tagus was in many places raised to its surface; while ships were driven from their anchors, and jostled together with such violence, that their crews did not know whether they were afloat or aground. The master of a ship, who had great difficulty in reaching the port of Lisbon, reported, that being fifty leagues at sea, the shock was there so violent as to damage the deck of the vessel. He fancied he had mistaken his reckoning, and struck on a rock.—*Clark's Wonders.*

A LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL, ON THE INFLUENCE OF CHURCH PRINCIPLES UPON TRADE.

SIR,—May I trouble you with a few very plain remarks which appear to me of great importance; and, as I speak from experience, I may draw attention to the subject?

The Church has the remedy for our social evils in herself: not only are her ministers publicly to declare to us the rules by which we should walk; but we, as the flock, are bound to teach by our example, and enforce with all our influence, the lessons which we learn. That much good would result from such a line of conduct my own experience convinces me, and to this I will advert. A few years ago I succeeded to an old-established business, employing from twenty-five to thirty men and boys the whole of the summer months, and one-third of that number in winter. I was advised by a highly-valued friend to urge upon the men the importance of steady, sober

conduct, to reward those who behaved orderly, and not to forget the good old custom of sometimes providing them a dinner or supper;—to express approbation and censure when needed, and in every way possible to show that the interest of both master and men were promoted by such a course. I followed the advice given, and the results are most satisfactory. The men were formerly idle and dissolute, never at church on Sundays, and on working days they were addicted to swearing and other evil practices; now I see them clean and orderly in their behaviour at home, and they are regular at church. The business never stands still, because my men now never waste their time at the ale-house; and they themselves are reaping the benefit in having more money at their command, and in knowing how to spend it.

Many masters appear to think, that they have no further concern with their workmen than that they should perform a sufficient quantity of work for the wages paid; so far from being anxious that the money should be properly spent, some will encourage their men to spend it at the ale-house, by paying them there on the Saturday night, and this to secure the publican's custom. Others wink at acts of great immorality in a clever workman, even if committed on their own premises; they fear to discharge him, lest they should not be able to supply his place. If, however, the master does venture to reprove what is done on week-days, he conceives it is no business of his, whether his men are at the ale-house or at church on the Sunday. He flatters himself his own interest does not suffer, and cares nothing for the moral responsibility which attaches to him, or the interests of those he employs; but he is miserably deceived, for by neglecting his duty he is injuring himself and the community; for drunkenness brings on pauperism, and pauperism increases poor-rates. Let the master encourage sobriety and industry in his servants, identify his interest with theirs, and he will soon find

his reward. The Church in solemn voice warns those who oppress or lead astray the poor, whom she views as her especial charge, and promises blessings on those who remember them. What greater pleasure can there be for a master, than to see his men walking and working orderly on the week-day, and to see them with himself, at the sound of the bell, repairing to the house of GOD on the LORD'S day in neat attire, to join in the holy service of the Church? And is not his own interest thereby promoted? It is the duty of the master in cases of irregularity or immorality, where persuasion or the force of example is of no avail, to use that power which is given him by GOD, and enforce obedience; and the man who is compelled at first to be sober, becomes so in course of time from principle: the man who, against his will, is compelled to attend at church, by degrees obtains decent clothes to appear in, while the comfort derived therefrom confirms the habit, and he ultimately views it as a duty and a privilege; he thus becomes a useful member of society, and both master and man are blessed in this world and the next.

If this rule were universally adopted, then we should have the church filled, the alehouses during the whole of the Sunday, and fields during divine service empty, and avoid the pain of meeting on this holy day many of our fellow-creatures in the streets of our Christian country, in a state worse than can be found in barbarous climes. While we are so worldly and selfish, we cannot expect to prosper. May I be so bold, sir, as to ask you to impress again and again upon the minds of our great statesmen my homely advice; and tell them, if they would restore trade to a wholesome condition, they must think very much less about improving the tariff, and very much more about improving the moral and social condition of the people?

Before I conclude, I would just hint at one other subject. We are not so prosperous in worldly matters as we might be, because we forget that "every

good cometh from God," and that He claims a portion of it for His especial service—where this is withheld He often withdraws His blessings; where it is cheerfully apportioned to Him, in due time He returns it double. In the patriarchal dispensation we have Abraham and Jacob to instruct us: under the law the first-fruits were devoted to GOD, a tenth of all was set apart for His service; and where in the Gospel is the duty abolished? And does not the principle apply to us as tradesmen? What can be a happier state of things than for the tradesman to recognise in every blesssing the hand of GOD, and cheerfully devote to His service the first-fruits of his trade, and, in calculating his income, to lay aside a portion for GOD's glory? This I conceive would be the right means of Church extension, would counteract the evils now in existence, deprive the union work-house of its inmates, and make our country what it ought to be in every sense of the word—a Christian land.

I am, &c. A YOUNG TRADESMAN.

From the English Churchman.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN UNITY?

IT is a common notion, at the present day, that there must of necessity be sects among Christians, and that this therefore is no violation of Christian Unity, because, of course, our LORD did not command any thing impossible. On this ground it is thought that Christian Unity does not require that men should all be members of one and the same outward and visible Church; but only that, while they remain divided into many sects, (or denominations, as they are now called,) they should carefully guard against unchristian tempers, they should cultivate friendly feelings, should speak well of each other, and join in works of charity and devotion as far as they can. Thus, for instance, the British and

Foreign Bible Society, or the Temperance Societies, are thought by many people to be so many means of Christian Unity; because they afford an opportunity to men of all the different sects among us to join together in one good cause, as if they were really of one mind. In the objects proposed by these societies they are really agreed; and to advance them, they keep silence for the moment as to the other questions which separate them at other times.

This it is which many people call Christian Unity. But, on the contrary, the doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the Church is this; that all Christians are bound to belong to one outward and visible Church, having the same houses of prayer, the same laws, the same rulers, the same worship, and the same rites. When then our LORD commanded Christian Unity, He forbade that there should be any sects or denominations among Christians at all; and therefore the setting up of each particular sect and denomination of Christians is a breach of Christian Unity and a sin against GOD. That this is true, is quite plain from the words of our LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself. Let us hear what was His prayer for His Church just before He gave Himself for it:—

"Neither pray I for these (the Apostles) alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them; that they may be one, even as We are one; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one[6]."

These words of Him who is the Truth are so wonderful, so awful, that I hardly dare to enlarge upon them. Christians are to be one together as the Father is with the Son (words which I should not dare to

[6] John xvii. 20—23.

write except He had first spoken them). This union is spoken of as immediately proceeding from another wonderful gift, often mentioned in Holy Scripture, the glory given by the Son to His Church, as He received it of His Father. It is connected again with the gift of perfection;—"that they may be made perfect in one;" and with the union of Christians with their LORD and with His Father;—"that they may be one in Us; I in them, and Thou in Me:" lastly, it is made the condition of the conversion of the world;—"that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Let any earnest Christian judge, whether, when our LORD and MASTER spoke this of Christian Unity, He meant nothing more than that union which prevails between the members of many divided sects. Surely he will answer the question for himself; and even if he could not answer it, the visible face of the world would do it for him. Where are the promised effects of unity? Does the union of Christians force upon the heathen world the acknowledgment of their LORD, or is it rather true that, by their disunion and disputes, professed Christians are tempted to unbelief? Shall we say that Christians have broken from unity, or that His promise connected with Christian Unity has failed?

His words are plain by themselves; yet if they did admit of a doubt, to whom must we go for the interpretation of them but to His Apostles, whom He appointed to teach us, and to whom He said, "He that heareth you heareth Me." Now we do know how the holy Apostles understood our LORD's words; they have told us, both by their actions and by their words:—by their actions; for when, by their ministry, the Church of CHRIST was set up on earth, His prayer was literally fulfilled; "The multitude of them that believed were together." Every Christian was a member of the same visible Church; none who were out of that visible Church

had any pretensions to be Christians at all. Now this was the act of the holy Apostles, and it shows what they understood our LORD to have commanded. Their deeds were an explanation of His words. It is the same in many other instances. For example, a man may ask, How do you know that when our LORD commanded Baptism, He was speaking literally, and commanding us to be washed with literal water? Is it not better to suppose that He was commanding an inward purification and washing of the soul? To this we reply, We know that our LORD was speaking literally, because His Apostles fulfilled His words literally; washing in literal water all who believed in Him. In like manner here—we know that He commanded all Christians to be members of the same outward and visible society, because the Apostles set up only one outward and visible Church wherever they preached His Gospel.

And it must not be thought that, in those days, there was no temptation to Christians to divide into different sects. There were opportunities of division in abundance, if they had not been carefully guarding against it. Let no man say, there must be sects now, because there are so many differences of opinion; but if we had lived in the times of the Apostles we should of course have remained in one Church. The fact is, that to divide the Church was the very first device which Satan tried against the faith, even before he stirred up his servants to shed the blood of the first martyr: "There arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration[7]." Such heart-burnings have caused many a division (as we know) in later times. Such as this was the strife between the herdsmen of Abraham and Lot, which was concluded by their separating from each other[8]. But the spiritual seed of Abraham was not to be divided—the holy Apostles dared not prevent dis-

[7] Acts vi. 1. [8] Gen. xiii.

putes by separation. The rent must be united, not completed; and the Grecians and the Hebrews remained one Church. Afterwards, yet more agitating questions arose (to which St. Paul's Epistles bear such abundant witness), on the question whether Christians were bound to keep the law of Moses; yet still, although the dispute raged long and wide, and the subject of it was most important, and although those who held that the law was binding, openly taught that none who acted on the contrary doctrine could be saved; still the Apostles would not, for one moment, allow their converts to be divided into two Churches, one consisting of those who observed the Levitical law, the other of those who did not observe it: and this, because by so doing they would have made a schism in the body of CHRIST.

That this was their reason is evident from their teaching, to which I now proceed, and which exactly agreed with their conduct. For example, St. Paul warns the Corinthians—and warns them, remember, at the very beginning of his first Epistle, (as if it were the most pressing lesson which he had to enforce upon them, although we know there were among them many most crying evils, which he afterwards went on to correct,) but first he warns them, "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgement. For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you. Now this I say, that every one of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of CHRIST. Is CHRIST divided? Was Paul crucified for you? or were ye baptized in the name of Paul[9]?" And again, "Ye are carnal;

[9] 1 Cor. i. 10—13.

for whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal[1]?" The whole Epistle abounds with similar testimonies; especially the twelfth chapter, in which the nature of the unity required is most plainly declared, namely, that it is not a unity of Spirit only, but of body: "by one Spirit ye are all baptized into one body." Now ye are the body of CHRIST, and members in particular. Again, to the Ephesians: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one LORD, one faith, one baptism, one GOD and FATHER of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all[2]." And to the Colossians: "The peace of GOD, to which also ye are called in one body[3]."

I might quote many other texts of a like tenor, had I room to do it; but when I had transcribed them I should by no means give the full force of Scripture testimony on this subject; for so it is, that he who would see the full majesty and dignity of the word of GOD, must read it, and meditate upon it, and live upon it, until it is engrafted into him. But to any serious man, "who trembles at GOD's word," I should hope I have already presented enough to show, at least, what is the mind of Holy Scripture. I would ask such an one,—Can these words of eternal truth be fulfilled as long as Christians are divided into separate denominations?—*Rev. Henry Wilberforce.* (*Tract on Christian Unity.*)

[1] 1 Cor. iii. 3. [2] Ephes. iv. 4—6. [3] Col. iii. 15.

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OCTOBER, 1844.

CHURCH IN THE COLONIES. No. 7.

NEW BRUNSWICK (NORTH AMERICA).

From the Rev. Dr. S. Thomson, Missionary at St. Stephen.

"The mission consists of the parishes of St. Stephen, St. David, St. James, and St. Patrick, which unitedly cover a tract of country more extensive than an ordinary English county. There is now in each parish a parish church, in good repair, and every way fitted for the decent celebration of divine service. The congregations vary with the church in which they assemble, and with the season of the year. Fifty may be regarded as the least, and three hundred as the greatest number in any of the churches. Severe weather, and the absence of the greater part of the male inhabitants of some districts during the lumbering season, may perchance diminish some congregations below fifty, for a Sunday or two; but this rarely happens; and for the greater part of the year the very least exceeds that number.

"In addition to the four parish churches, the mission contains two handsome chapels of ease, at the two mill villages in the parish of St. Stephen; both of these were consecrated by your lordship.

"The moral and religious improvement of the people has kept pace, I think, with the multiplication of churches in the mission. Of this important fact we have many evidences; and among them not the least is the increase of the number of communicants, from eighteen to more than one hundred. These communicants are scattered over the mission, and so widely separated from each other, that they never meet all together, but at the separate times at which I can attend at their parish churches, respectively. Indeed, some are so old and feeble, and live so remote from any of the churches, that I am forced to visit them individually, or sometimes, perhaps, collect a few in some humble dwelling in the neighbourhood, and then administer to them the emblems of a dying SAVIOUR'S love; and most comforting it is to witness the pious devotion with which they receive the 'bread of life,' and how grateful they are to that benevolent Society by whose charity they are not suffered to perish for the lack of it, in their remote forest homes. Another evidence of improvement is the decided growth of a sober earnestness on the subject of religion, alike remote from the torpid indifference on the one hand, and the fanatic excitement on the other, which used to follow each other in periodical succession. The excitement produced, as its natural consequence, the lethargy of exhaustion and torpidity, till the annual protracted meetings, continued for a whole week at a time, with the most violent appeals to the passions, awoke the excitement again, and in several instances produced confirmed insanity, and a general effect little becoming the disciples of Him '*who did not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.*' Such protracted meetings are now sinking or sunk into disuse. They have had their effect, however. Their delusive character, as means of religion, has become understood in some degree, and the consequence has been, that while some have been driven from them to take refuge among Univer-

salists and Infidels, others have fled to the Church, whose doors stood invitingly open, whose sober and faithful teaching becoming better understood, she is now looked up to as the divinely-appointed guide of the pilgrim journeying Zion-ward.

"Among those who become truly members of the Church, there is evidently a desire to 'adorn the doctrine of GOD their SAVIOUR' by a life of moral honesty and truth; so that it has become generally admitted that Churchmen are most trustworthy in all the relations of social life: at least, this is admitted of all such as devoutly hear her instructions and participate in her ordinances.

"Such, my lord, is the present state of the mission: what was its state when it came under my charge? Then, there was in it only one church, where there are now six, and that church neither so well equipped nor so well filled as the very poorest of the six now. The only church was in St. Stephen's; and to it some four or five families resorted; but the whole congregation furnished only fourteen communicants, exclusive of the members of my venerable predecessor's family (now all dead or removed from the parish) and my own wife. In the parishes of St. David and St. James, there was not, I believe, a single family avowedly belonging to the Church; and that part of St. Patrick's where the church now is, was a wilderness. The whole mission then contained but eighteen communicants—now above one hundred; but four or five families professing to be members of the Church—now several hundreds."

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.

CANADIAN TRAVELLING.

Extract of a Letter from the Bishop, dated December 12, 1843.

"My travels this year are not quite so extensive as those to the Upper Lake and through the Western

districts in the summer of 1842, but they have required rather more time; and, from the uncommon heat of the weather and general badness of the roads, have been rather more laborious. Indeed, I found the roads in many places dangerous and almost impracticable. A rough, strong farmer's waggon is the only vehicle that dares attempt them, and even that occasionally breaks down. And to be prepared for such accidents, we carry with us an axe, a hammer, and nails, with ropes, &c. Sometimes we scarcely make a mile an hour, through the fallen trees, roots, and mud-holes which lie in our way. Nor is such travelling cheap; and as for the accommodation, it is painfully unpleasant, and this, notwithstanding the generous hospitality of the clergy and laity, whenever they have an opportunity. The time consumed is perhaps the thing most to be lamented. We seldom travel further in a day than you may do by railroad in an hour, and more often scarcely half the distance.

"I say nothing of the fatigue of those journeys, the deep mud-holes, the fallen trees to be cut out of the path, the jolting on the log-carriages, exposure for months to a summer Canadian sun, and the autumn rains, &c. &c., because these are all incident to the discharge of duty, and neither a proper subject of dissatisfaction nor complaint."—*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*

UNEXPECTED EVIDENCE.

I HAVE heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember, in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him in the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot (a gun shot) in the head, and he produced the matted

hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court; and, as the blood gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun, which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.—*Lord Eldon's Note Book.*

"WHERE two or three are gathered together in My name, (said our blessed LORD,) there am I in the midst of them." When Christians assemble for public worship in their Churches, their GOD and SAVIOUR, CHRIST JESUS, is present among the congregation; present to hear their prayers, and receive them, and offer them to His FATHER; present by His HOLY SPIRIT, to add warmth to their petitions; present with the Word preached, that it may penetrate into the hearts of some; present with and in the sacred elements blessed into spiritual food, according to His ordinance, and by virtue of His divine power, at the Holy Table; present at the font, where our infants are born anew into the Church; present in every part of the service, in every rite that is administered within the consecrated walls of the "House of GOD." Oh! if we believe this, ought we not to reverence GOD's House?

IN DURA'S PLAIN.

IN Dura's plain an Image stands,
And high and low from distant lands
That own the Babylonian sway
Flock to its dedication day.
The king is there in royal state,
With all the learned and the great
Around his throne.—'Tis silence all,
Till sounds the long-expected call,

The crash of music, echoing loud
Its summons to th' assembled crowd;
When in a moment, at that sound,
All prostrate fall upon the ground.
But three, though high in rank and place,
Refus'd to pay that homage base,
Nor careful were the monarch's rage
With humble language to assuage.
They need not man's compassion crave,
Whose God is powerful to save.
In vain the mighty monarch's ire
Increased the fury of the fire:
Unhurt the raging flames they trod,
Companions of some son of God.
Oh, noble faith! that deed sublime
Shall run an equal race with Time,
To teach that God is still the same,
And Law and Gospel both proclaim,
That who the path of duty choose,
Shall find the life they seek to lose!

EXECUTION OF THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

THE scaffold was erected on Tower-hill; the earl, when ready, left his chamber; Archbishop Laud[1], as he had requested, was at his window to give him his blessing as he passed; the feeble old man raised his hands, but was unable to speak, and fell back into the arms of his attendants. The earl moved on; the lieutenant desired him to take coach at the gate, lest the mob should tear him to pieces; he replied that it was equal to him, whether he died by the axe or by their fury. The multitudes extended far as the eye could reach; the earl took off his hat several times and saluted them; not a word of insult was heard; "his step and air," says Rushworth, "were

[1] Who soon afterwards followed his friend to execution.

those of a general marching at the head of an army to breathe victory, rather than death." From the scaffold he addressed the people, assuring them that he had always had the welfare of his country at heart; it augured ill for their happiness, he told them, to write the commencement of a reformation in letters of blood; he assured them that he had never been against parliaments, regarding them as the best means under GOD to make the king and his people happy. He turned to take leave of his friends, and seeing his brother weeping, he gently reproached him. "Think," said he, "that you are now accompanying me the fourth time to my marriage-bed. That block shall be my pillow, and here I shall rest from all my labours." He then began to undress, saying, "I do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." He knelt and prayed, Archbishop Usher, and other clergymen, kneeling with him. He laid down his head to try the block; then telling the executioner that he would stretch forth his hands as a sign when he was to strike, he laid it finally down, and giving the signal, it was severed at a single blow.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THOU who didst die for all and each,
And, in that last sad night,
Didst to thy flock so sweetly preach
Of love's controlling might:

Still on thy little band impress,
Who else might disagree,
Thy last and dying care was this,
"Thy members' unity!"

Count Zinzendorff,
(translated by Miss Cox.)

ENGLISH MANUFACTURING LABOURERS.

(From "KOHL'S ENGLAND AND WALES.")

It is well for us to hear what foreigners say against us. Though the following extract is, we trust, not entirely true, we fear that there is some truth in it.

"It is a strange thing that all over the world, in America and in Europe, there should exist such a very unfavourable opinion of English labourers, and that their undeniable skill and industry, in their particular vocations, should be unable to remove the universal impression of their immorality, lawlessness, ignorance, and brutality. Even where it is found necessary to employ them, this is always done reluctantly and fearfully. I was in Austria shortly after the English labourers had been dismissed from the railroads making there, because their turbulence, brutality, and drunkenness, occasioned all kinds of riots and accidents. I went to Saxony, and found that there, too, all the English labourers had been turned away, because their conduct was found quite insufferable. I went to Frankfort, and met a papier maché manufacturer, who told me, with rueful shakings of the head, that he was indeed compelled to employ English labourers in some parts of his business, because they understood their business so well, and were so remarkably skilful in it, but that he longed to get rid of them, because they were the most troublesome, ignorant, and unmanageable of his work-people. I went to Belgium, and read an interesting report of an English Poor Law Commission, in which the evidence of a great manufacturer of Philadelphia, concerning English labourers, was given at full length. This gentleman testified that one-fifth of the work-people, in the American factories, were foreigners, most of them Englishmen, whom, however, the manufacturers employed very unwillingly, on account of their being so 'dissipated and discontented.' They were, besides, universally dis-

liked, because they were so given to drunkenness. The American labourers are always found better educated, more intelligent, and less given to sensual indulgences. No strikes or combinations of workmen are ever known among the American labourers, as among the English, who are always combining to force higher wages from their masters. The superiority of the American labourers is chiefly attributed to their superiority of education. The American masters are always very particular in having the children of their labourers sent regularly to school.

"I came to England, and read further reports on the subject, all equally confirmatory of these statements. A Swiss manufacturer of Zurich, testified that he employed in his factory from six to eight hundred work-people of all nations, Swiss, Saxons, Bavarians, French, Danes, Norwegians, Poles, Hungarians, Prussians, Dutch, Scotch, and English, and that these last were 'the most disorderly, debauched, unruly, and least respectable and trustworthy of any nation whatsoever whom we have employed.' This gentleman further stated, that in saying this he spoke the feelings of all the continental manufacturers with whom he was acquainted, more particularly that of the English manufacturers, settled in different parts of Europe.

* * * * * *

"He found also that English labourers of the highest class, as to skill and pecuniary remuneration, generally lived worse, and indulged themselves in lower ways than those of a far inferior rank of other nations. The townspeople of Zurich dread the English workmen as inmates, on account of their unruly and disorderly behaviour. The English workman of the first class will often spend half his nights in the wine-shop, will let his children grow up in all kinds of ignorance and brutality, and will live in the midst of dirt and disorder; while a German or Swiss labourer, of the very same class, reads, studies nature,

cultivates music, has a clean and tidy household, and gives his children an excellent education. This report, while it affords a startling testimony to the ignorance and brutality of the uneducated English, is also a proof, let it never be forgotten, of the admirable candour and generosity of the nation. In no other European country would such a statement have been patiently heard, much less printed and published. This gentleman returned shortly afterwards to Zurich, with an English lady whom he had married in England. The work-people of his establishment hastened to welcome them, to present their master with a little congratulatory address, and his wife with various interesting little specimens of national industry, as nuptial presents; all, except the English labourers, who remained sullen spectators of the general rejoicing, and gave no signs whatever of cordiality and satisfaction!

"Thus unanimous is the voice of the world concerning the English manufacturing labourers."

EXTRACT FROM A VILLAGE SERMON ON THE LITURGY.

Kneeling. Making the Responses.

If we reverence God's name, we shall think every thing of importance that affects His service. Our Liturgy is not only most scriptural, most solemn and beautiful in language, but it is also admirably fitted for the worship of a congregation, having great life and variety in its different portions, if it is properly performed. It has its solemn introduction by the Clergyman, its solemn Confession of sin made by all, the Clergyman leading his flock; the solemn Absolution pronounced by the Priest in the name of Christ, the Great Head and High Priest of the Church, who left to His Ministers the power of binding and loosing; then prayer and songs of praise, and readings of God's Word mingled together,

to keep the attention awake by the shortness of each portion, and the variety with which one succeeds to another. But the effect of this beautiful service is greatly injured by the way in which the congregation's part is performed; in which there are two perverse faults that destroy the beauty of the service, and help to make it cold and uninteresting to the heart, even if it is not felt (as I fear it often is) to be tedious and wearisome. The first great fault is the neglect of kneeling. According to the directions in the Prayer-Book, the congregation kneel when they pray to ALMIGHTY GOD; stand when they praise Him in psalms, or declare their belief in the great articles of the Gospel; and sit when they hear the Word of GOD read, or listen to the voice of the preacher. This is the general order: you should kneel to pray, stand to praise, and sit to receive instruction. Unfortunately the kneeling is by too many quite neglected; sitting is so common, that I lately saw it stated as a universal truth, in a work describing the English Church system for the use of foreigners, that English congregations sit at their prayers! Now kneeling has in every age been the posture of prayer; it is the humblest posture, and therefore the fittest posture for prayer; . . . the fittest for sinners imploring the ALMIGHTY to bestow upon them the spiritual and temporal blessings, of which they are so utterly unworthy. Think to WHOM we are praying! think of GOD'S Majesty! think of the glory of your risen SAVIOUR! think of CHRIST, at whose name every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth. Which of you would venture to sit unbidden in a king's court? and will you sit when you are told not to sit, but on the contrary commanded to kneel, in the Court of GOD'S House, where the majesty of the King of kings is really but invisibly present? I cannot think it possible, that those who sit through the prayers have really any reverence for GOD and CHRIST.

The other great fault is, the dead silence, or at best the mere low muttering of the congregation in their part of the service. In spite of the directions of the Rubric, they take no visible part in the service except with their eyes; so that instead of the single voice of the Minister being answered in the Psalms by the blended voices of a multitude declaring aloud the glories of GOD, or His mercy, or His love, or the devout aspirations of holy desire, we have the one voice of the Clergyman alternating with the one voice of the Parish Clerk, to whom you have all agreed to give up your part of the service. At the time of the Reformation, when the English service was adopted instead of the Latin service, which had always been used before, few people could read, and therefore few could at first take a part in the new service. Then a Clerk was necessary, to lead the people; but now he is not wanted in the performance of the service, and the manner in which congregations have acquiesced in letting their parts be usurped by the Clerk, has been, and nearly everywhere is, fatal to the beauty of the most beautiful part of the service, the holy songs of prayer and praise, which we call the Psalms.

An old father of the Church, St. Basil, (as quoted in the Homilies,) speaks of "the joined sound of men, women, and children, as it were of the waves beating on the shore, in which the Christians of his day sent forth their prayers unto GOD." It is that "joined sound of men, women, and children, that our service so grievously wants; it is that of which it has been robbed, and which I trust that you will, in this congregation, restore to it. No instrumental music can compare in effect with the human voice, when a multitude pour forth together the expression of a common feeling: let us try this, and we shall find what a life and spirit is added to our service; we shall find that devotional fervour is contagious; that feeling is kindled by feeling; and we shall come really to delight in hymning the

praises of the MOST HIGH. We shall then know something of the beauty of social worship, the joint service of many worshippers uniting as brethren in one form of supplication, and lifting up their voices together as one band of fellow-worshippers!

But let us ever remember that outward worship (though a blessed and necessary work) is but a form, unless it carries the heart with it; unless it expresses the feelings of the heart, and re-acts, as it were, upon the heart by filling it with holy thoughts and feelings, by preserving and increasing its reverence for GOD's Word, and Sacraments, and ministers, and for His commandments. Holy as a Christian Church is, yet a Christian heart is a still holier thing, a still holier temple, unless the Holy Spirit of CHRIST has fled from its sanctuary, because we have defiled that sanctuary by sin! Oh! let us so worship in GOD's temples here, that we may (according to His promise to the Philadelphian Church) become pillars in the temple of GOD, in the new Jerusalem, and have CHRIST's new name written upon us, and go out no more. May we so worship GOD here, through His only and blessed SON, that we may worship Him eternally before the throne of His glory in the heavens!

AWAY with high excitement, and the joys
Of sensual men! away delirious mirth!
Calm are all pleasures to which GOD has given
A lasting value, an abiding worth.

Pure pleasures grow beneath the roof of home
In hearts by holy discipline subdued.
Seek not abroad for too intense delight:
True joy then most is found, when least pursued.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF INDIA.

SAILING UP THE HOOGLY.

(Bp. Heber.)

ONE of the first specimens of the manners of the country which has fallen under our notice has been a human corpse, slowly floating past, according to the well-known custom of the Hindoos. About twelve o'clock some boats came on board with fish and fruit, manned by Hindoos from the coast.

They were all small slender men, extremely black, but well made, with good countenances and fine features—certainly a handsome race; the fruits were shaddocks, plantains, and coco-nuts, none good of their kind, as we were told. The shaddock resembles a melon externally, but it is in fact a vast orange, with a rind of two inches thick, the pulp much less juicy than a common orange, and with rather a bitter flavour, certainly a fruit which would be little valued in England, but which in this burning weather I thought rather pleasant and refreshing. The plantain grows in bunches, with its stalks arranged side by side; the fruit is shaped like a kidney potato, covered with a loose dusky skin which peels off easily with the fingers. The pulp is not unlike an over-ripe pear.

The whole river, and the general character of this shore and muddy stream, remind me strongly at this moment of the Don, between Tcherkask and Asof.

* * * *

Several boats again came on board us; in one of which was a man dressed in muslin, who spoke good English, and said he was "a sircar[1]," come down in quest of employment, if any of the officers on board would entrust their investments to him, or if any body chose to borrow money at 12 per cent.

[1] A native agent, as well as a money-lender.—ED.

In appearance and manner he was no bad specimen of the low usurers who frequent almost all seaports. While we were conversing with him a fowl fell overboard, and his crew were desired to hand it up again; the naked rowers refused, as the Hindoos consider it impure to touch feathers, but the sircar was less scrupulous, and gave it up at the gangway. A "panchway," or passage-boat, succeeded, whose crew offered their services for fifteen rupees to carry any passengers to Calcutta, a distance of above one hundred miles. This was a very characteristic and interesting vessel, large and broad, shaped like a snuffer-dish; a deck fore and aft, and the middle covered with a roof of palm-branches, over which again was lashed a coarse cloth, the whole forming an excellent shade from the sun, but, as I should apprehend, intolerably close. The "serang," or master, stood on the little after-deck, steering with a long oar; another man, a little before him, had a similar oar on the starboard quarter; six rowers were seated cross-legged on the deck upon the tilt, and plied their short paddles with much dexterity, not, however, as paddles usually are plied, but in the manner of oars, resting them instead of on rullocks on bamboos, which rose upright from the sides. A large long sail of thin transparent sackcloth in three pieces, very loosely tacked to each other, completed the equipment. The rowers were all naked except the "cummerbund," or sash: the steersman, indeed, had, in addition, a white cap, and a white cloth loosely flung like a scarf over one shoulder. The whole offered a group which might have belonged to the wildest of the Polynesian islands. Several of these panchways were now around us, the whole scene affording to an European eye a picture of very great singularity and interest. One of the serangs had a broad umbrella thatched with palm-leaves, which he contrived to rest on his shoulder while he steered his canoe, which differed from the

others in having a somewhat higher stern. The whole appearance of these boats is dingy and dirty, more so, I believe, than the reality.

We were now approaching the side of the river opposite Kedgeree. Here all likeness to the Don disappeared, and nothing met the eye but a dismal and unbroken line of thick, black wood and thicket, apparently impenetrable and interminable, which one might easily imagine to be the habitation of everything monstrous, disgusting, and dangerous, from the tiger and the cobra de capello down to the scorpion and mosquito,—from the thunder-storm to the fever. —The seamen and officers spoke of this shore with horror, as the grave of all who were so unfortunate as to remain many days in its neighbourhood; and, even under our present brilliant sun, it required no great stretch of fancy to picture feverish exhalations rising from every part of it. As we drew nearer to the Sunderbunds their appearance improved. The woods assumed a greater variety of green and of shade; several round-topped trees, and some low palms, were seen among them, and a fresh vegetable fragrance was wafted from the shore. The stream is here intense.—I looked with much interest on the first coco-palms I saw, yet they rather disappointed me. Their forms are, indeed, extremely graceful, but their verdure is black and funereal, and they have something the appearance of the plumes of feathers which are carried before a hearse. Their presence, however, announced a more open and habitable country. The jungle receded from the shore, and its place was supplied by extremely green fields, like meadows, which were said to be of rice, interspersed with small woods of round-headed trees, and villages of huts, thatched, and with their mud walls so low that they look like hay-stacks.

We anchored a few miles short of Diamond Harbour. The current and ebb-tide together ran at a rate really tremendous, amounting, as our pilot said,

to ten and eleven knots an hour. We were surrounded soon after our anchoring by several passage vessels; among these was a beautiful ship of about two hundred and fifty tons, with the Company's Jack and a long pendant, which we were told was the Government yacht sent down for our accommodation.

During this day and the next I made several fresh observations on the persons and manners of the natives by whom we were surrounded. I record them, though I may hereafter see reason to distrust, in some slight degree, their accuracy. I had observed a thread hung round the necks of the fishermen who came first on board, and now found that it was an ornament worn in honour of some idol. The caste of fishermen does not rank high, though fish is considered as one of the purest and most lawful kinds of food. Nothing, indeed, seems more generally mistaken than the supposed prohibition of animal food to the Hindoos. It is not from any abstract desire to spare the life of living creatures, since fish would be a violation of this principle as well as beef, but from other notions of the hallowed or the polluted nature of particular viands. Thus many Brahmins eat both fish and kid. The Rajpoots, besides these, eat mutton, venison, or goat's flesh. Some castes may eat anything but fowls, beef, or pork; while pork is with others a favourite diet, and beef only is prohibited. Intoxicating liquors are forbidden by their religion; but this is disregarded by great numbers both of high and low caste, and intoxication is little less common, as I am assured, among the Indians than among Europeans. Nor is it true that Hindoos are much more healthy than Europeans. Liver-complaints and indurations of the spleen are very common among them, particularly with those in easy circumstances, to which their immense consumption of "ghee," or clarified butter, must greatly contribute. To cholera morbus they are much more

liable than the whites, and there are some kinds of fever which seem peculiar to the native race.

The great difference in colour between different natives struck me much: of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as negroes, others merely copper-coloured, and others little darker than the Tunisines whom I have seen at Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the principal of Bishop's College, who, with Mr. Corrie, one of the chaplains in the Company's service, had come down to meet me, and who has seen more of India than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and every where striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fishermen who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs[1] are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark complexions in Europe, though, where so much of the body is exposed to sight, it becomes more striking here than in our own country.

A VILLAGE SERMON ON THE HARVEST.

GENESIS viii. 22.

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

THE Bible is full of passages that allude to the usual goings on of a country life; to its crops, its harvests, its sheep-shearings, and so on. We should try, therefore, to link, as it were, Bible thoughts with such sights and occupations as these; for it is a great thing to get the Bible into our minds; to make its thoughts our thoughts; thoughts rising up in our minds of their own accord, and therefore in an easy,

[1] The lowest caste.

natural way, yet so as to hallow our very being for the time, and long afterwards. I need not say how different this is from quoting texts, or trying to puzzle a neighbour, or taking comfort from a habit of talking about 'high' doctrines, as they are called. Religion is not talking, but doing and being; not outward skirmishing and flourishing, but an inward and silent warfare; a principle of change, moulding us, more and more, into the likeness of GOD's children.

I shall to-day endeavour to show you how the great yearly business of harvest, in which so many of you have lately been engaged, may and should bring Bible thoughts and images to your minds. "Now [1] every attentive reader of the New Testament, as soon as he hears the word harvest, will be reminded of the harvest which our SAVIOUR speaks of in the parable of the tares. You may remember, that when the disciples asked Him to show them the meaning of that parable, He said, 'The harvest is the end of the world; the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world. The SON of man shall send forth His angels; and they shall gather out them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire.' Now if, when you have gone out to your daily task of reaping or carrying or gleaning, you had kept these words of our SAVIOUR's well in mind; if every day you had said to yourselves, 'This present harvest is certainly of great importance to our worldly interests, but it is nothing in comparison with the harvest which is to come; that is the harvest to look forward to: God grant me His grace, that during this present harvest I may behave as His child and servant, that I may not fall into condemnation at that dreadful harvest when angels are to be the reapers, and sinners are to be treated like so many hurtful weeds that are fit for nothing but to be burnt:—'

[1] The following passage (to the middle of the next page) is from the Rev. A. Hare's Sermons.

I put it to each of you, my brethren, whether it would not have been profitable to your souls, if you had accustomed yourselves, through the present harvest, never to begin your morning's work without some such seasonable thoughts? Would not much improper talk have been stopt by it? Would not much intemperance have been prevented by it? Would not your hearts have been filled with a purer thankfulness to GOD, Who giveth the increase? In a word, would not this have been a holier harvest to every one of you, if the thought of that last harvest which our SAVIOUR speaks of, had been continually before your minds?"

"But though this harvest at the end of the world, with the burning of the tares and chaff, and the gathering of the good sheaves into GOD's barn, which we are told shall then take place, though these are doubtless the first spiritual truths which a reader of the Bible will think of, when he is going to harvest work, yet these are not the only spiritual lessons to be drawn from the time of harvest. There are other very good and useful practical lessons to be drawn from that time besides." FOR instance, when we think, in an abundant year, of the vast interest with which a fruitful and carefully tilled soil repays what it received, we can hardly fail to remember how great an increase will be expected from the soil of every "honest and good heart," in which the seed of grace has been sown. They who, having heard the word, keep it and bring forth fruit with patience, are to bring forth some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty. The land in the east generally yields, we are told, ten-fold; rarely twenty or thirty: and it is said of Isaac, on one occasion, "that he sowed in that land, and received the same year a hundred-fold, and the Lord blessed him," that is to say, this surprising increase was a proof, an instance of GOD's blessing him. It follows, then, that to return thirty-fold was in the east a great crop; sixty-

fold an unusually large one; and a hundred-fold an increase almost unheard of. Alas! are our hearts so honest and good, as to make this large return for the seed sown? There was no fault in the sowing; none in the seed. But is the soil good? Does it stand thick and laugh with the abundance of its produce? or is it a poor and thankless land, bearing a scanty straggling crop, here and there a stalk or two; more straw than ears, and many, perhaps, blighted; overtopped by a rank crop of gay but pernicious weeds? A hundred-fold!—but that, you may say, is for saints and martyrs. Well, then, sixty-fold; thirty: nay, but is there any increase? or rather, is it land that is not worth cultivating? land that has no heart in it, and that we have allowed, year after year, to grow worse and worse continually? "The earth" (says the Apostle,) "which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from GOD. But that which beareth thorns and briers, is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned." Now, as it is with the soil of outward nature, so it is with the soil of the heart. That GOD who giveth the rain, the former and the latter in its season—He too sheds the dews of His grace upon the heart of Christian man: He sends His servants, some to sow the seed of the Word, and others to water it, but it is His own peculiar task to give the increase: but if that soil does not drink in the rain that cometh oft upon it; if it does not bring forth herbs meet for HIM by whom it is dressed, assuredly, it will receive from HIM no blessing; but it will be rejected and finally cursed, and have its end to be burnt, on account of the thorns and briers that it has permitted to spring up and choke the good seed. Do you, my brethren, drink in the rain that cometh oft upon you? do you drink in the teaching of GOD's Word and Spirit that comes upon you again and again, Sunday after Sun-

day? do you bring forth the fruits of righteousness, which alone are meet for HIM by Whom the the soil of your hearts is dressed, the GOD Who hateth iniquity, the LORD Whom no man may see without holiness? Oh! when you think of, when you see, the abundant increase of nature, when your fields are standing thick with corn, when you carry the heavy sheaves to your barns, or the barns of your neighbours, think of the harvest which the great husbandman will look for from you: and strive and pray that you too may bring forth thirty, sixty, or, if it be possible, even a hundred-fold, before you are gathered, like a ripe sheaf, into the garner of the grave!

"He that gathereth in summer," says Solomon, "is a wise son; but he that sleepeth in harvest, causeth shame." Now is the summer in which we are to gather: now is the time for us to bring forth fruit and gather it, and offer it by prayer to GOD, through the mediation of CHRIST! Let us gather whilst it is summer: let us make the most of our many opportunities, before they are withdrawn: let us not sleep, my brethren, in this spiritual harvest of our duty to GOD and man. If you are young, now is the time for you to gather that knowledge of GOD and of your duty, of CHRIST your Redeemer, and the HOLY GHOST, your Sanctifier, which may abide with you in the busier hours of manhood, and preserve you from the "corruption that is in the world through lust." Are you in the prime of manhood, now is your summer—your great time for action, when you have health, and strength, and energy to do the LORD'S work, to resist sin, to assist in charitable objects, to do deeds of mercy and kindness; to earn money, not for your own selfish indulgence, but that you may provide for your own, and have to give to him that needeth.

If, again, you are far gone in manhood, and have slept hitherto, call to mind St. Paul's words, that "now it is high time to awake out of that sleep."

Your summer is hastening to its close; gather then before the winter comes, that will both numb the hand and destroy the crop: shame upon you, if you still sleep, when it is the time of harvest; if you still neglect to gather knowledge, and act upon it, though knowing that the time for doing what must be done before we die (unless we are to die for ever), is fast slipping away, and may come to an end to-day—at any moment of to-day—at any moment of the life of man!

At the beginning of the Jewish harvest, the first handful of ripe barley was carried to the altar of the LORD, and laid upon it; nor might any man begin his own harvest till that ceremony was performed. The Jews were thus called upon to remember (and this season is one that may well make us remember if we had forgotten) Who it was that gave them the increase of the earth: Who it was that sent the rain, the former and latter in its season. The blessing of harvest is so common, so regular in its return, that we think little of it; and yet all who know any thing of such subjects, know how much benevolent contrivance is necessary for the ripening of the fruits of the earth, and generally for the fitting of this world to be the dwelling-place of man. Accordingly, St. Paul reminded the people of Lystra, that this ripening of the fruits in their season was a constant witness to the power and goodness of GOD. "Nevertheless," he says, "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Let us then not overlook the hand and providence of GOD in this matter; let us rather catch the feeling that St. Paul must have had, when he thus spoke to the people of Lystra; the feeling that our Liturgy calls upon us to make our own, praying that "GOD would give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them." Let us then lay, as it were, a portion of our

increase, the first portion, upon the altar of the LORD; let us make our barns, and our stores, and all our substance holy, by using all charitably with respect to others, temperately with respect to ourselves; remembering that we are owners of nothing, but stewards only—GOD's stewards.

Lastly, my brethren, let us pray for that harvest of the LORD, the souls of men, into which He prayed that labourers might be sent by the LORD of the harvest;—that harvest in which fruit is gathered unto life eternal. Let us pray for the state of CHRIST's Church at home and abroad; that it may please GOD to extend it every where, and to purify it every where; to bring Christian men into charity one with another, and to fill the land, to fill the face of the whole earth with zealous and able labourers, that the fields may every where laugh with corn, and that "both he that soweth and he that reapeth, may rejoice together."

HYMN FOR HARVEST.

"Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."—PSALM cxlv. 16.

"Oh! that men would therefore praise the LORD for His goodness."—PSALM cvii. 8.

WE come our hearts with gladness glowing,
Thee, LORD of Harvest, to adore
For garners fill'd to overflowing
With treasur'd heaps and plenteous store:
To thank Thee that thy Father-hand
Has blest anew our happy land.

Our praise for this abundant blessing
With favour, gracious Father, hear,
More deeply on our hearts impressing,
Thy mercies each successive year,
That so our thankful praise may be
A life devoted all to Thee.

Since Thou, on us compassion taking
With daily bread our wants dost feed,
So, pity in our breasts awaking,
Make us to feel for others' need:
Thou rich and poor alike dost love,
Then let them both Thy bounty prove.

The heavenly dews our seed have nourish'd,
And plenteous fruit our harvest yields;
But have the fruits of faith too flourish'd,
Within Thy SON's own harvest-field?
And when His eye o'erlooks the ground,
Shall thriving plants therein be found?

Defeat our foe, his craft confounding,
When tares within thy field he'd sow;
And let Thy Word's good fruit abounding
To thy great fame and glory grow,
That all full sheaves may carry home,
When that great Harvest-day shall come.

(From the German of Liebich by Miss Cox.)

THE WIRAU MASSACRE.

(From the "Southern Cross," New Zealand paper, of the 23rd of March.)

INTERVIEW BETWEEN HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR AND RAUPARAHA, THE PRINCIPAL CHIEF PRESENT AT THE WAIRAU MASSACRE.

ON Monday, the 12th of February, 1844, his Excellency Governor Fitzroy, accompanied by Sir Everard Home, Captain of Her Majesty's ship North Star, Major Richmond, Mr. Commissioner Spain, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Forsaith, and several officers belonging to the North Star, landed at Waikanae.

His Excellency and suite were received on shore by the Rev. Octavius Hadfield, Messrs. Symonds and Clarke, and a large body of natives, who, to the number of 400 and upwards, soon assembled in a large open enclosure within the pah.

His Excellency commenced by reading the following address:—"I salute you, chiefs and elder men. Health to you. Peace be among you. I am glad to see you. I rejoice to meet you here. I have much to say to you—many important things. I have heard of all that has been done—some things good, but some very bad. When I see your Church the work of your own hands, and when I hear from your true friend, Mr. Hadfield, what progress you have made in Christian knowledge, I rejoice greatly; but when I hear of the evil that has been done by some, I can hardly believe it can have been done by the same people; so bad is it in my sight. I have heard of all that happened at the Wairau, according to the English account, and it has grieved my heart exceedingly. I now ask you to tell me your story, that I may compare the two and judge fairly. When I have heard your account of that dark day, I will reflect, and then tell you what I shall do. The bad news I have heard about killing the English so cruelly at the Wairau, after they had ceased fighting, and had trusted to your honour, has made my heart very dark, has filled my mind with gloom. Tell me your story, that I may compare it with the English and know the whole truth. When I first heard of the death of my friends, of the English who fell at Wairau, I was very angry, and thought of hastening here with many ships of war, with many, many soldiers, and several fire-moved ships [1]. Had I done so, your warriors would have been killed, your canoes would have been all taken and burnt, your houses and pahs would have been all destroyed, for I should have brought with me from Sydney and other places an irresistible force. But these were hasty, angry, unchristian thoughts,—they soon passed away. I considered the whole case; I saw that the English had been very much to blame, even by their own

[1] Steamers.

account, and I saw how much you had been provoked. Then I determined to put away my anger, and come to you peaceably. Let me now hear your story.

Rauparaha then rose to detail the origin of the fray. "Land," said he, "is the foundation of all our troubles." He then explained how Wairau was surveyed by Captain Wakefield and Mr. Thompson, although it had never been sold by the authority of the Chiefs, and the latter had expressly requested them to desist from their operations. He next recounted the expedition made by the Chiefs, for the purpose of removing their obnoxious visitants. Then came the crisis. All that preceded and all that relates to the melancholy conflict, we will give in the language of the Chief himself:—

"We continued our planting, till one morning we saw the Victoria (Government brig); then were our hearts relieved, for we imagined that Mr. Spain and Mr. Clarke had come to settle the question of our lands. Being scattered about at different places on the river, we took no further notice, expecting a messenger to arrive from Mr. Spain and Mr. Clarke; but a messenger came up to say that it was an army of English, and that they were engaged cleaning the arms and fixing the flints of their guns. They met Puaha, and detained him prisoner. They said, 'Where are Rauparaha and Rangihaeta?' Puaha said, 'Up the river.' They answered, 'Let us go.' Puaha was glad to hear them say this, as he was afraid they would kill him. He afterwards watched his opportunity, and ran away and came to us. A messenger had before come to tell me that Puaha and Rangihaeata had been caught by the Europeans. Afterwards Puaha and Rangihaeta arrived, and we consulted what we should do. I proposed going into the bush, but they said no; 'No, let us remain where we are; what have we done, that we should be thus beset?' The Europeans slept some distance

from us, and after they had breakfasted, came on towards us in two boats. We remained on the same spot, without food; we were much alarmed. Early in the morning we were on the look-out, and one of our scouts, who caught sight of them coming round a point, called out, 'Here they come, here they come!' Our women had kindled a fire and cooked a few potatoes that we had remaining, and we were hastily eating them, when they came in sight. Cotterell called out, 'Where is Puaha?' Puaha answered. 'Here I am, come here to me.' They said again, 'Where is Puaha?' Puaha again saluted them. Cotterell then said, 'Where is a canoe for us to cross?' (Rauparaha here described the manner of their sitting down, some one side, some on the other.) Thompson, Wakefield, and some other gentlemen, crossed over to us with a constable to take me, but the greater number stopped on the other side of the creek. Thompson said, 'Where is Rauparaha?' I answered 'Here.' 'Come, you must come with me.' I replied, 'Where?' He said, 'On board the ship.' I replied, 'What for?' He answered, 'To talk about the houses you burned down.' I said, 'What house was it I burned? Was it a tent belonging to you, that you make so much ado about it? You know it was not; it was nothing but a hut of rushes; the materials were cut from my own ground; therefore I will not go aboard, neither will I be bound; if you are angry about the land, let us talk it quietly over; I care not if we talk till night and all to-morrow, I will settle the question about the land.' Mr. Thompson said, 'Will you not go?' I said 'No,' and Rangihaeata, who had been called for and who had been speaking, said so too. Mr. Thompson then called for the handcuffs, and held up the warrant, saying, 'See, this is the Queen's authority, Rauparaha.' I said, 'I will not listen either to you, or to your book.' He was in a great passion; his eyes rolled about, and he stamped his foot. I said, 'I had rather be

killed than submit to be bound.' He then called for the constable, who began opening the handcuffs and to advance towards me. Mr. Thompson laid hold of my hand. I pushed him away, saying, 'What are you doing that for?' Mr. Thompson then called out, 'Fire!' he called out once, and then Thompson and Wakefield called out together 'Fire.'"—On being asked which of the gentlemen it was who gave the command to fire, Rauparaha answered, "Thompson gave the word of command, but Wakefield recommended him to do so. The Europeans began to cross over the creek, and as they were crossing they fired one gun. The women and children were sitting round the fire. We called out, 'We shall be shot.' After this one gun they fired a volley, and one of us was killed, then another, and three were wounded. We were then closing fast. The English guns were levelled at us. (Here he described by comparison the distance between the contending parties.) I and Puaha cried out, 'Friends, stand up and shoot some of them in payment.' We were frightened, because they were very close; we then fired, and three of the Europeans fell. They fired again, and killed Rongo, the wife of Rangihaeata. We then bent all our energy to the fight, and the Europeans began to fly. They all ran away, firing as they retreated. The gentlemen ran too. We pursued them, and killed them as we overtook them. Captain Wakefield and Mr. Thompson were brought by the slaves who caught them to me. Rangihaeta came running to me, crying out, 'What are you doing? Your daughter is dead. What are you doing, I say?' Upon which some heathen slaves killed them. (Rauparaha here particularly mentioned that those who killed the prisoners were, to use his own literal expression, devils, not missionaries, meaning heathen natives, at the instigation of Rangihaeata, neither Puaha nor the Christian natives being present.) There was no time elapsed between the fight

missionaries, the protectors, and officers of Government, I now bid you farewell, and wish you all health, and the blessing of God."

If the language here used by the Governor of New Zealand may be understood to illustrate his plan of administering the affairs of the colony, we think that both English and native subjects are to be congratulated on their good fortune; for had these principles been promulgated and enforced by men of station and authority in our older colonies, how many acts of injustice, rapine, and murder would the historian have been spared from recording!—*Times.*

Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
Since few can save, or serve, but all can please,
Oh! let th' ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance of another's fault,
The taunting word suppress'd as soon as thought[1];
On these heaven bade the sweets of life depend,
And crush'd ill fortune, when it made a friend;
Small slights, contempt, neglect, unmixt with hate,
Make up in number what they want in weight;
These, and a thousand griefs minute as these,
Corrode our comforts and destroy our peace.

Hannah More.

What! dost thou shrink from a cross laid upon thee, not by this or that person, but sent from thy Father who is in heaven?

(*Spiritual Combat.*)

[1] The sentiment is here better than the *rhyme.*

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BAPTISM.

It is good for us all to think often of our Baptism: and often to read over the service appointed by the Church for that rite; that so we may keep in our minds, both what was done for us at Baptism by God, and what we were then bound (by express engagements) to do for ourselves in after life. Upon our fulfilment of these express engagements all our hopes of salvation depend: and shall we be foolish enough to take for granted that all is right, when if all is not right, never-ending misery will be the punishment? To act thus, is to act, with reference to our eternal well-being, in a way that no man, I may say, can act in with reference to his welfare in this world.

What then is Baptism? Nothing can be plainer than the language in which this question is answered in the Catechism, and in the Baptismal service. The question is thus answered in the Catechism: At Baptism "I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven." The inward and spiritual grace of Baptism is, "a death unto sin, and a new-birth unto righteousness: for (the Catechism says) being by nature born in sin, and the children of wrath, we are hereby (that is, by Baptism) made the children of

grace." It is here taught in the plainest words, that a new-birth unto righteousness is one part of the inward and spiritual grace of holy Baptism. To have received a new birth, is to be re-generate, a word which means born-again: and the service for Baptism tells us that we are born-again in that sacrament. That its meaning may not be mistaken, it uses both the hard words, regenerate and regeneration, and the very plain ones, born-again and new-birth. Let us hear the very words of the service. Before the child is baptized, the priest prays GOD to give His HOLY SPIRIT to the infant, that it may be born-again and made an heir of everlasting salvation. This benefit, therefore, of being born-again, is what the service teaches us to look, hope, and pray for, when we bring our infants to be baptized. Well; what does the service say when the child has been baptized? It says in the plainest way, that that child is regenerate, or born-again. The priest says to the persons present, "seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of CHRIST'S Church, let us give thanks unto ALMIGHTY GOD for this benefit," and so on. In the prayer which follows this exhortation, the words are, "We yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful FATHER, that it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant with Thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for Thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into Thy holy Church."

It is impossible for any thing to be plainer than the doctrine of the Church, that Baptism confers the new-birth, or regeneration, that all must receive. It confers it, that is, if there is no obstacle put to it by the baptized person. If a person at the age of reason came to be baptized with an insincere heart, came in hypocrisy, came without repentance or faith, it would be a different thing, but an infant cannot put this bar in the way of God's mercy.

Let us now consider, how this doctrine should be

acted upon by the baptized person himself, and by his parents and teachers.

How should it be acted upon by parents and teachers? for we will consider that first. Their duty it is to see that the baptized child be virtuously brought up, to lead a godly and a Christian life. The child whose education is entrusted to them, has received an inestimable benefit; it has been born for heaven: but as the life of our body is at first a weak thing, so is the life of our soul. The child born into the world, has certainly received life; but whether it will thrive, and live, and grow; whether, that is, its life will go on to any thing like its completion, to the fulness of what man's life should be, in health, in strength, in power of body and mind, depends much on the care of those who are to feed, and educate, and train the born infant for a man's life: so does it depend much upon parents, teachers, and friends, whether the child born into the Church shall grow into a healthy and useful member of the Church: whether its new life shall be fostered or checked: whether that beginning of life shall be strengthened or killed. Now what parents would not be held in abhorrence, if they were wilfully to withhold strengthening and suitable food, and warm clothing from their infants? if they never watched over them to shield them from harm? if they gave them no instruction to fit them for going through this world like reasonable beings? But ought not those parents to be held in much greater abhorrence who withhold from their children the food of their heavenly life? who take no care to strengthen that life by holy lessons and holy examples? to warn their children (God's children committed to their care) from checking or killing the growth of their soul's life by sin, which is the death of the soul? Consider, ye parents, that every child God has given you is made by Baptism one of His children; one of Christ's members, one of the inheritors of heaven

committed to your care, to be governed, guarded, trained for heaven. Oh! do not neglect that trust: you will have to answer to CHRIST for your management of His little ones: and if you have done any thing to check or kill the life of their souls, heavy will be your guilt, and heavy your punishment, to be decreed on that day, when CHRIST shall come to judge us all by the rule of the Gospel. Perform, therefore, your duties, all ye who are parents or teachers, or godfathers or godmothers; and perform it hopefully and zealously: for sad as appearances may be, there must be hope (some hope) as long as life lasts, that GOD'S Spirit will be pleased to call into renewed life the seed that was planted in the heart at Baptism. And let us all, young or old, who have been born again in Baptism, remember that Baptism (holy and mysterious as it is) is no charm: we received a new life in that Sacrament; but we may cherish and strengthen that life, or we may kill it: and we cannot help doing something, either to strengthen it or to kill it, every day of our lives, and very many times every day. Every act of obedience to GOD'S will strengthens that life; every act of disobedience to GOD'S will weakens it—tends to thwart its growth, to make it sickly and unhealthy. Oh! that we all knew this! that we all remembered the precious gift we received in Baptism, which our actions may turn into a curse. We cannot be amongst those who will be beaten with few stripes, because (though they sinned) they did not know their LORD'S will. We do know it: we know that in Baptism we were bound to be CHRIST'S faithful soldiers and servants to our life's end: that we were bound to die with CHRIST to sin, and to rise again to righteousness; to mortify continually all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily to proceed in all virtue and godliness of living.

WHERE NOW IS FAITH?

When that great day, the day of Christ,
Of man's eternal life the birth,
Bursts in its terrour on the world,
Shall faith be found upon the earth?

Where now is faith?—when thousands still
Their Master's simple doctrine scorn,
That every soul must be again
Of water and the Spirit born!

Where now is faith?—when thousands still
Their Lord's own teaching disbelieve,
That if we wish to live, we must
His body and His blood receive.

Where now is faith?—when thousands still
One service in the week attend;
And with that single form endured,
Week after week begin—and end.

Where now is faith?—when thousands still
Their Christian conscience drown in wine,
And turn from their baptismal grace
In filth to wallow with the swine.

Where now is faith?—when that great day—
But why vain questions should we ask?
To watch and pray, be that to each
The great, the all-important task.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF INDIA. No. 2.

SAILING UP THE HOOGHLY.

(Bp. Heber.)

At six o'clock in the evening of October the 6th, we went on board the yacht, which we found a beautiful vessel, with large and convenient cabins, fitted up in a very elegant and comfortable manner,

and slept for the first time under mosquito-curtains, and on a mattress of coco-nut coir, which, though very hard, is cool and elastic. The greater part of this day was occupied in ecclesiastical business, so that I had less opportunity for observing the country and people round us. The former improves as we ascend the river, and is now populous and highly cultivated. On the 7th we left Diamond Harbour, a place interesting as being the first possession of the East India Company in Bengal, but of bad reputation for its unhealthiness, the whole country round being swampy. Many ships were lying there. I saw no town, except a few native huts, some ruinous warehouses, now neglected and in decay, and an ugly, brick, dingy-looking house with a flag-staff, belonging to the harbour-master. There are, however, many temptations for seamen among the native huts, several of them being spirit-houses, where a hot unwholesome toddy is sold. We proceeded with a light breeze up the river, which still presents a considerable uniformity of prospect, though of a richer and more pleasing kind than we had seen before. The banks abound with villages, interspersed with rice-fields, plantations of coco-palms, and groves of trees of a considerable height, in colour and foliage resembling the elm. We have seen one or two pagodas, dingy buildings with one or more high towers, like glass-houses.

The Hooghly is still of vast width and rapidity. Our ship tacks in it as in a sea, and we meet many larger vessels descending. One of these was pointed out to me as an Arab, of completely European build, except that her stern was overloaded with open galleries and verandahs, with three very tall masts, and carrying more sail than English merchant ships generally do. She had apparently a good many guns, was crowded with men, and had every appearance of serving, as occasion required, for piracy as well as traffic. Her "rais," or master, had a loose purple

dress on, and her crew I thought were of fairer complexions than the Hindoos. These last perform their evolutions with a great deal of noise, and most vociferously, but the Arabs excelled them in both these particulars. They shifted their sails with a clamour as if they were going to board an enemy. The old clumsy Arab dow, mentioned by Niebuhr, is now seldom seen; they buy many ships from Europeans; they build tolerable ones themselves; and even their grabs, which still have an elongated bow instead of a bowsprit, are described as often very fine vessels and good sailers. In short, they are gradually becoming a formidable maritime people, and are not unlikely to give farther and greater trouble in the Indian Seas to ourselves and other European nations.

Accidents often happen in this great river, and storms are frequent and violent. The river is now unusually high, and the Brahmins have prophesied that it will rise fourteen cubits higher, and drown all Calcutta; they might as well have said all Bengal, since the province has scarcely any single eminence so high above the river. Whenever we see the banks a few feet higher than usual, we are told it is the dam of a "tank," or large artificial pond. The country is evidently most fertile and populous, and the whole prospect of river and shore is extremely animated and interesting. The vessel in which we are is commanded by one of the senior pilots of the Company's service; he and his mate are the only Europeans on board; the crew, forty in number, are Mahometans, middle-sized, active and vigorous, though slender. Their uniform is merely a white turban of a singularly flat shape, a white shirt and trowsers, with a shawl wrapped round their hips. I was amused to-day by seeing them preparing and eating their dinner, seated in circles on the deck, with an immense dish of rice, and a little sauce-boat of currie, well seasoned with garlic, set between

every three or four men: the quantity which they eat is very great, and completely disproves the common opinion that rice is a nourishing food. On the contrary, I am convinced that a fourth part of the bulk of potatoes would satisfy the hunger of the most robust and laborious. Potatoes are becoming gradually abundant in Bengal; at first they were here, as elsewhere, unpopular. Now they are much liked, and are spoken of as the best thing which the country has ever received from its European masters. At dinner these people sit, not like the Turks, but with the knees drawn up like monkeys.

Their eating and drinking vessels are of copper, very bright and well kept, and their whole appearance cleanly and decent, their countenances more animated, but less mild and gentle than the Hindoos. They do not seem much troubled with the prejudices of Mahometanism, yet there are some services which they obviously render to their masters with reluctance. The captain of the yacht ordered one of them, at my desire, to lay hold of our spaniel: the man made no difficulty, but afterwards rubbed his hand against the side of the ship with an expression of disgust which annoyed me, and I determined to spare their feelings in future as much as possible.

We had hoped to reach Fulta, where there is an English hotel, before night; but the wind being foul, were obliged to anchor a few miles short of it. After dinner, the heat being considerably abated, we went in the yacht's boat to the nearest shore. Before us was a large extent of swampy ground, but in a high state of cultivation, and covered with green rice, offering an appearance not unlike flax; on our right was a moderate-sized village, and on the banks of the river a numerous herd of cattle was feeding; these are mostly red, or red and white, with humps on their backs, nearly resembling those which I have seen at Wynnstay and Combermere. Buffaloes are uncommon in the lower parts of Bengal. As we

approached the village a number of men and boys came out to meet us, all naked except the cummerbund, with very graceful figures, and distinguished by a mildness of countenance almost approaching to effeminacy. They regarded us with curiosity, and the children crowded round with great familiarity. The objects which surrounded us were of more than common beauty and interest; the village, a collection of mud-walled cottages, thatched, and many of them covered with a creeping plant bearing a beautiful broad leaf, of the gourd species, stood irregularly scattered in the midst of a wood of coco-palms, fruit, and other trees, among which the banyan was very conspicuous and beautiful; we were cautioned against attempting to enter the houses, as such a measure gives much offence. Some of the natives, however, came up and offered to show us the way to the pagoda,—"the Temple," they said, "of Mahadeo." We followed them through the beautiful grove which overshadowed their dwellings, by a winding and narrow path; the way was longer than we expected, and it was growing dusk; we persevered, however, and arrived in front of a small building with three apertures in front, resembling lancet windows of the age of Henry II. A flight of steps led up to it, in which the Brahmin of the place was waiting to receive us,—an elderly man, naked like his flock, but distinguished by a narrow band of cotton twist thrown two or three times doubled across his right shoulder and breast, like a scarf, which is a mark of distinction, worn, I understand, by all Brahmins; a fine boy, with a similar badge, stood near him, and another man, with the addition of a white turban, came up and said he was a police-officer ("police-walla"). The occurrence of this European word in a scene so purely Oriental had a whimsical effect. It was, not, however, the only one which we heard, for the Brahmin announced himself to us as the "Padre" of the village, a name which they have originally learnt

from the Portuguese, but which is now applied to religious persons of all descriptions all over India, even in the most remote situations, and where no European penetrates once in a century. The village we were now in, I was told, had probably been very seldom visited by Europeans, since few persons stop on the shore of the Ganges between Diamond Harbour and Fulta. Few of the inhabitants spoke Hindoostanee. Mr. Mill tried the Brahmin in Sanscrit, but found him very ignorant; he, indeed, owned it himself, and said in excuse, they were poor people.

I greatly regretted I had no means of drawing a scene so beautiful and interesting.

I never recollect having more powerfully felt the beauty of similar objects. The green-house-like smell and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances; they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months' voyage; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry, now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantage of creatures, so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. "They would be Angels, if they were Christians!" As the sun went down, many monstrous bats, bigger than the largest crows I have seen, and chiefly to be distinguished from them by their indented wings, unloosed their hold from the palm-trees, and sailed slowly around us. They might have been supposed the guardian genii of the pagoda.

During the night and the whole of the next day the wind was either contrary, or so light as not to enable us to stem the current: it was intensely hot; the thermometer stood at about 96°. The commander of our vessel went this morning to a market held in a neighbouring village, to purchase some trifles for the vessel; and it may show the poverty of the country, and the cheapness of the different articles, to observe, that having bought all the commodities which he wanted for a few pice[1], he was unable in the whole market to get change for a rupee, or about two shillings.

In the evening we again went on shore to another village, resembling the first in its essential features, but placed in a yet more fertile soil. The houses stood literally in a thicket of fruit-trees, plantains, and flowering shrubs; the muddy ponds were covered with the broad-leaved lotus, and the adjacent "paddy," or rice-fields, were terminated by a wood of tall coco-nut trees, between whose stems the light was visible, pretty much like a grove of Scotch firs. I here remarked the difference between the coco and the palmira; the latter with a narrower leaf than the former, and at this time of year without fruit, with which the other abounded. For a few pice[1] one of the lads climbed up the tallest of these with great agility, notwithstanding the total want of boughs, and the slipperiness of the bark. My wife was anxious to look into one of their houses, but found its owners unwilling to allow her. At length one old fellow, I believe to get us away from his own threshold, said he would show us a very fine house. We followed him to a cottage somewhat larger than those which we had yet seen; but on our entering its little court-yard, the people came in much earnestness to prevent our proceeding farther. We had, however, a fair opportunity of seeing an Indian

[1] A small copper coin, about the value of our halfpenny.

farm-yard and homestead. In front was a small mud building, with a thatched verandah looking towards the village, and behind was a court filled with coco-nut husks, and a little rice straw; in the centre of this was a round thatched building, raised on bamboos about a foot from the ground, which they said was a "Goliah," or granary; round it were small mud cottages, each to all appearance an apartment in the dwelling. In one corner was a little mill, something like a crab-mill, to be worked by a man, for separating the rice from the husk. By all which we could see through the open doors, the floor of the apartments was of clay, devoid of furniture and light, except what the door admitted. A Brahmin now appeared, a formal pompous man, who spoke better Hindoostanee than the one whom we had seen before. I was surprised to find that in these villages, and Mr. Mill tells me that it is the case almost all over India, the word "Grigi," a corruption of "Ecclesia," is employed when speaking of any place of worship. Most of these people looked unhealthy. Their village and its vicinity appeared to owe their fertility to excessive humidity under a burning sun. Most of the huts were surrounded by stagnant water; and near the entrance of one of them they showed us a little elevated mound like a grave, which they said was their refuge when the last inundation was at its height. So closely and mysteriously do the instruments of production and destruction, plenty and pestilence, life and death, tread on the heels of each other!

Besides tamarinds, cocos, palmiras, plantains, and banyans, there were some other trees of which we could not learn the European name. One was the neem, a tree not very unlike the acacia, the leaves of which are used to keep moth from books and clothes. Another I supposed to be manchineel,—a tree like a very large rhododendron, but not without flowers; its thick club-ended branches, when wounded,

exuded[1] a milky juice in large quantities, which the natives said would blister the fingers. We saw one jackall run into the woods: the cries of these animals grew loud and incessant as we returned to the ship, and so nearly resembled the voice of children at play, that it was scarcely possible at first to ascribe them to any other source. On our arrival at the vessel we found two "Bholiahs," or large row boats, with convenient cabins, sent to take us up the river, as it was impossible, with such light winds, for the yacht to stem the force of the current.—*Bp. Heber.*

CHRIST ASLEEP IN THE HEART.

(*From St. Augustine.*)

THOU hast heard an insult, it is the wind; thou art angry, it is a wave. When, therefore, the wind blows, and the wave swells, the ship is endangered, the heart is in jeopardy, the heart is tossed to and fro. When thou hast heard an insult, thou longest to be avenged: and lo! avenged thou hast been, and, rejoicing in another's harm, thou hast suffered shipwreck. And why is this? Because CHRIST is asleep in thee. What does this mean—CHRIST is asleep in thee? Thou hast forgotten CHRIST. Rouse Him up then; call CHRIST to mind; let CHRIST awake in thee; give heed to Him! What didst thou wish? To be avenged. Hast thou forgotten, that when He was crucified, He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" He who was asleep in thy heart did not wish to be avenged. Awake Him up then; call Him to remembrance. The remembrance of Him is His word! The remembrance of Him is His command. And then wilt thou say, if CHRIST be awake in thee, What manner of man am I, who wish to be avenged? Who am I who deal out threatenings against another

[1] Oozed out.

man? I may die, perhaps, before I am avenged. And when at my last breath, inflamed with rage and thirsting for vengeance, I shall depart out of this body, He will not receive me who did not wish to be avenged: He will not receive me, who said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; forgive, and it shall be forgiven you." Therefore will I refrain myself from my wrath, and return to the repose of my heart. CHRIST hath commanded the sea; tranquillity is restored.

Now what I have said as to anger, hold fast as a rule in all your temptations. A temptation has sprung up; it is the wind: thou art disturbed; it is a wave. Awake up CHRIST then; let Him speak with thee. "Who is this, since the winds and the sea obey Him?" Who is this, whom the sea obeyeth? "The sea is His, and He made it." All things were made by Him. Imitate the winds and the sea better: obey the Creator. At CHRIST's command the sea giveth ear, and art thou deaf? The sea heareth, and the wind ceaseth; and dost thou still blow on? What I am saying, doing, devising:—what is all this, but to be blowing on, and to be unwilling to stop in obedience to the word of CHRIST? Let not the wave master you in this troubled state of your heart. Yet, since we are but men, if the wind should drive us on, and stir up the affections of our souls, let us not despair; let us awake CHRIST, that we may sail on a tranquil sea, and so come to our country.—*St. Augustine* (*Oxford Translation, with a word or two altered*).

SYMEON.

SYMEON was son of Clopas, who was brother of Joseph[1]. Thus he was reputed cousin-german to the LORD. His mother was Mary, sister of the

[1] Euseb. E. H. iii. 11.

Virgin [2]. Thus he again stood in the same relation to the LORD; and he was in the vigour of ripe manhood [3] when the long-expected SAVIOUR revealed Himself to the world. We know that at first JESUS disappointed the expectations even of his own family, and that for some time not even his brethren believed in Him [4]. But Symeon overcame all these impediments, and attached himself to JESUS, though in what position he stood as a disciple of our LORD is not known: since, however, the kinsmen of the LORD were held in so much honour after His ascension [5], he was probably called upon to assist at the council of Jerusalem [6], and was also entrusted with the care of one of those congregations, into which this Church, so numerous even under its sorest afflictions, was divided.

But we know nothing of his position in the Church with certainty, till in one of the murderous riots with which the Jews ever and anon assailed the flock of CHRIST, they threw its bishop, James, the brother of the LORD, down from the battlements of the temple, and then stoned him to death [7]. Upon this a solemn assembly was held of the Church, to which there came from all quarters the Apostles (such at least as were within reach), the disciples and the kinsmen of the LORD. They elected Symeon into the place of James [8]. Perhaps not only his relationship to the LORD, and private character, but also his age as a disciple contributed to this choice. For, as heresy was now beginning to rear its head in the Church, it was of the utmost importance, that they whose authority was to be looked up to, should have been, if possible, eye-witnesses and hearers of the LORD Himself. Such men would be able, by their

[2] Euseb. E. H. 32. John xix. 25.

[3] Suffering under Trajan at the age of 120. Euseb. E. H. iii. 32. whose whole account of Symeon is given from Hegesippus.

[4] John vii. 5. [5] Euseb. H. E. iii. 11. [6] Acts xv.

[7] Euseb. H. E. ii. 23. [8] Ib. iii. 11.

own testimony, to keep their flocks clear from the forged traditions by which the heretics perverted the truth. Symeon was very shortly called upon to put this his talent to account. One Thebuthis, disappointed at not being elected rather than Symeon, headed a heresy[9], which must have miserably added to the distress of this afflicted Church. But Symeon had heard his Master say, "It must needs be that offences come. But woe to that man by whom the offence cometh[1]." He would not, therefore, be confounded at the sight of this as yet strange spectacle; and the awful warning contained in this prophecy would stimulate him, were other motives wanting, to exert all his talents and opportunities, that no share of the guilt might be imputed to himself, if the evil made progress. Yet the feelings of a good shepherd, like Symeon, must have been painfully wrung, even if but one or two of his flock were infected. The malice and uncharitableness with which a departure from Christian truth always fills the breast of him who separates himself from the communion of the Church; the wranglings which now filled the house of peace; the reckless disputations on awful points, which the Lord had purposely left in mystery; the mad perversions of the Holy Word; the avowed contempt of established ordinances; the railing accusation; the unblushing falsehood; the audacious forgery;—these were lamentable novelties in the yet virgin Church, and their outward effects would be even still less horrible to Symeon, than the thought of the extreme jeopardy in which the eternal salvation of these, his wandering sheep, was involved. We, alas! are so accustomed to such horrible sights, that we cannot see them in their proper hideousness. But to Symeon, his Church thus vitiated for the first time, must have seemed like a second fall of man. Oh that we and all could enter into the notions and

[9] Euseb. H. E. iv. 22. [1] Matt. xviii. 7.

feelings of this godly man, on the unity of the Church of God. How beautiful would she be in our sight, how happy, how unwearied would be our labour of love in building up each other into so glorious a temple. Alas! we may as well endeavour to enter into the notions and feelings of the innocent Adam.

To counterbalance this disquietude from within, there was now unwonted peace from without. A succession of iniquitous and rapacious governors, who seem to have been raised up by God for preparing the execution of his awful judgment, were goading on the Jews to their fatal rebellion. The attention of the persecutor was thus too fully absorbed with his own concerns to attend to his usual employment of harassing the Christian Church. Now, therefore, it had rest, and Symeon's utmost diligence would be exerted to separate his flock from the doomed nation. For by this time the prophecy of his Master was rapidly unfolding itself. The portentous signs which he had bidden him to expect, as harbingers of the approaching destruction, were already blazing in the sky. Even to us, who are certified from its fore-calculated appearance, that it is a thing in the regular course of nature, and therefore look for no consequences, a comet is an object of instinctive awe. The mind cannot contemplate a strangeness in the heavens without a feeling, however quickly subdued, of being brought under strange influence. What then must have been the feelings of Symeon at the unnatural spectacle, when a fiery sword hung in the sky over his dying country for a whole year[2]. Now was his vigilance put to its utmost proof. He had, like Noah, to preach and fill the ark of salvation. He had not only to draw off his own flock apart from the doomed multitude, as the wheat for the garner from the tares for the fire, but also to win over and save as many as possible of

[2] Joseph. Bell. Jud. vi. 5. 3.

the yet unconverted. God had chosen him as the fittest instrument for his merciful purpose: for, perhaps, none but he, who was kinsman of the Lord, who had heard the Almighty Denouncer with his own ears, could have prevailed to keep the line of separation so clear as to fulfil his Master's prediction, that "not a hair of the head in all his followers should perish[3]." But, as it had been in the days of Noah, so was it now[4]. They ate, and they drank, and they were married. Few, therefore, probably, were they who accepted Symeon's invitation to enter the ark.

Symeon had now brought his household of faith together, and was waiting the Lord's time. The first signal to be ready had been given. Jerusalem was compassed with armies[5]. Christian hymn and prayer ascended amid the execrations of the doomed. The Temple, where murderers, and no longer righteousness, now lodged[6], had, without doubt, ceased to be frequented by the flock of Christ. What an awful interval of suspense was this, when all the haunts of their devotion, all the monuments of the religion of their fathers, all the spots consecrated by the Lord's presence, yea, their own places of assembly for prayer, were shortly to be mingled with blood, smoke, and fire, in one undistinguished ruin.

Amid this daily expectation of fleeing to the mountains[7], the last signal came from the Lord. Symeon and his church were warned by a Divine oracle to quit the devoted city, and take refuge in Pella, a city in the mountainous country beyond Jordan[8]. An interruption of the blockade at this moment gave a free passage to their escape. Thus the ark was floated, and it rested as upon another Ararat. From this secure retreat Symeon heard but the rumours of wars, until the final and dread-

[3] Luke xxi. 18. [4] Matt. xxiv. 38. [5] Luke xxi. 20.
[6] Isa. i. 21. [7] Luke xxi. 21.
[8] Euseb. iii. 5. Epiphan. de Mens. et Pond., 15.

ful execution of his Master's denunciation was announced to him. It must have been with a strange mixture of sorrow and joy, that he heard this news. Jerusalem was dear to the heart of every Jew. His country was wiped out from the tablet of nations; his countrymen, in uncounted myriads, had been slain or sold; some of the sweetest and most natural associations of a long life were utterly broken up. But, on the other hand, the LORD's truth had been vindicated in the face of the whole earth, and to all succeeding ages. The yoke of their oppressor had ceased. His flock had been mercifully delivered by the LORD himself from the general calamity.

What breathless awe must have attended his solemn announcement to his assembled Church of this fearful consummation, and with what a fearful comment could he follow it up. The LORD had mingled his prophecy of the judgment of this day with that of the last day, and he bade the witnesses of the one prepare themselves for witnessing the other. The "great and dreadful day of the LORD," which had just passed over to the extent of Judæa, and to the death of the body, was the harbinger of another still greater and more dreadful day which should come to pass to the extent of the whole world, and to the death of the soul. He who had come in judgment on Jerusalem, should come a second time to judge the world. "You have already in your patience possessed your souls[9] (he might have said), to the salvation of this life; henceforward possess them in your patience to the salvation of the life to come. O pray without ceasing, and labour without being weary, that he who chose you for his own from the general doom on this day, may also choose you on that. This signal deliverance has made you responsible beyond all other men, and has bound you beyond all other men not to neglect so great salva-

[9] Luke xxi. 19.

tion." Never, perhaps, had Symeon so much satisfaction in the tending of his flock as now. The heretics, most probably, had been left behind in Jerusalem, having refused the warning of their despised pastor. The late extraordinary deliverance had filled all hearts with thankfulness, and the late terrible judgment had vividly impressed upon them the fear of the LORD. Where such elements were working, there could not but be mutual love, unity, and peace.

How long the Church sojourned at Pella we know not. We only know that in the reign of Adrian it was once again settled at Jerusalem[1]. But we may reasonably conjecture that it returned under Symeon, as soon as the troubles of Judæa were completely composed, and the axe and mattock of the Roman had done their last work at Jerusalem. At Pella they were among the heathen, and exposed to their insults. But the desolation of Jerusalem would afford them a secure retreat. They were burthened with little property; their sincere profession had kept them free from all worldly entanglement at Pella; and spiritual soldiers as they were, they were ready to strike their tents and march at a moment's warning. A few cabins erected on the ruins would be sufficient for their accommodation. They would, therefore, take the first opportunity of re-establishing themselves on a spot which, independent of great advantages, was full of the dearest and most sacred recollections. Symeon, indeed, like Ezra, returned to his native city, and found it a heap of ruins. But he had not, like Ezra, to restore a Church which was tied down to one place. He came not with a crowd to rear anew the place of sacrifice of bulls and rams. On the contrary, the very desolation declared that a grand obstacle had been removed. The new dispensation was now enthroned without

[1] Epiphanius de Mens. et Pond., c. 15.

a rival. Nothing remained but in subjection to Christ. Throughout the whole world no sacrifice ordained of God was offered up, save in the name of Jesus.

Arrived at Jerusalem, Symeon was once again amidst the dearest objects of his memory. The Roman fire and mattock could not remove the Mount of Olives, nor Mount Calvary, nor the Mounts Zion and Moriah, however they may have destroyed the garden of Gethsemane, and the streets through which the REDEEMER had ridden in triumph to the Temple, or carried his cross to Calvary. How indescribable was the change! Where was now the priest? where was now the scribe? where was now the pharisee, with his long robes and phylacteries? The sword had devoured them, and their utter absence made the bosom more full of the presence of the LORD who had denounced and fulfilled this judgment upon them. Thus Symeon once again re-established the Church of Jerusalem on her ancient locality. Here, seated amid the ruins of the Temple, and of the palaces of kings, amid broken monuments of past grandeur, she signified to her children and to pilgrims, in the most lively manner, the endurance of whatever is CHRIST'S throughout all chances and changes of the things of earth. Amid departed friends, broken fortunes, yea, even lost country, the Christian stands erect, immovable, without essential loss. The enemy cannot destroy his temple, cannot remove his sacrifice, cannot slaughter his priest, cannot divest him of a single portion of his spiritual trappings and essential possessions[2].

And now that the centre of unity and rational use of the Jewish observances was gone with the Temple,

[2] Epiphanius says, that in Adrian's time the Christians had a church erected on the site of the Upper Chamber, to which the Apostles retired after the LORD'S ascension. If so, we must understand Josephus's account of the erasing of the city, (Bell. Jud. vii. 1. 1.) with some trifling exception.

we wonder at first why Symeon should still retain any part of them. A second consideration amply justifies him. We must recollect that, if the question of the circumcision of the Gentiles was not so clear, but that its solution required a solemn council of the Church with the Apostles at its head, the abandonment of its obligations by the Jew, could not appear so easy a question to Symeon as it appears to us. But, moreover, Symeon had good reasons for his retention. The fall of the Temple was likely to bring the better-minded among the Jews to their senses. It was a thundering blow which could not but startle them, and in which the LORD might call on many a Saul. But by abandoning the law at this moment, Symeon would have shut the door in the face of the converts, who were not prepared to forego what they esteemed, at the least, a national mark impressed by GOD Himself. He left the change for time, the safest innovator, to accomplish. And he was justified by the event. The hold of the law, gradually becoming more feeble, was soon at the mercy of the first accident, and in little more than twenty years after his death, his flock willingly forewent every badge of Judaism for the sake of the privilege of dwelling in Ælia, or the new Jerusalem which Adrian built, and made forbidden ground to every Jew[3].

Symeon had now attained the age of Moses, having seen a hundred and twenty years of prodigious events, as far exceeding in wonder and sublimity all that the former beheld, as fulfilment is more excellent than preparation. He had seen the prophet arise whom Moses had foretold; he had seen the Lamb slain which Moses had prefigured; he had seen the dreadful judgment descend which Moses had threatened; he had seen the covenant dissolved amid fearful prodigies and horrible ruin on Mount

[3] Epiphanius, ib. Sulpic. Sever. ii. 45. Euseb. H. E. iv. 6.

Sion, which Moses had made amid the thunder and lightning, and quaking of Mount Sinai. Thus he had been vouchsafed a view of the land, and now was ready to depart. The continual rebellions of the Jews, in which they engaged under the expectation of the coming of the MESSIAH, the Son of David, naturally provoked the Roman Emperors to seek out this family for extirpation. Domitian had begun the experiment[4], and the policy approved itself also to Trajan. The malice of the Jews turned against the Christians that which was intended against themselves, and Trajan's treatment of the Church gave them a double handle against Symeon. They charged him at the tribunal of Atticus, the governor of Syria, both with being of the seed of David and a Christian[5]. In consequence of this, he was put to severe torture for many days, and bore the long and sharp agony with such fortitude, as to excite the surprise of the governor and spectators, who wondered how an old man of a hundred and twenty could endure it. Unable to wring from him a denial of his Master, they ended with nailing his mangled body to the cross. On this painful seat, which was now the only throne of the house of David, and on which he succeeded his REDEEMER, he expired. With his death a thick veil descends upon the history of the Church of Jerusalem for many successions[6].—*Abridged, with a few alterations, from Mr. Evans's "Biography of the Ancient Church."*

REVERENCE DUE TO GOD'S WORD.

WHENSOEVER you take the Bible into your hands, remember Whose word it is: it is the Word of GOD Himself; and, therefore, beg of Him to open your eyes, that you may see the wondrous things that are

[4] Euseb. H. E. iii. 32. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. iv. 5.

there written. And then read it, not as you do other books, but with that reverence and godly fear, as if you heard what you read at that very moment uttered by a voice from Heaven, from whence it came at first. And, therefore, "laying aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls." And whether you read, or hear it read, "receive it, not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe."—Upon those who do not believe, it hath no effect at all; but it works effectually upon all that do. Which therefore that it may do upon you, you must be sure to mix every thing you read with faith, with such faith as is due to the Word of Him who cannot lie; and then you cannot fail of profiting by it.—For by this means, whilst other people are led only by their outward senses, minding little or nothing but what they see, or hear, or touch, or smell, or taste, you will have another kind of sense in your souls, a sense of those spiritual things that are revealed in God's Holy Word, so as to be touched to the quick by them, and affected more sensibly, than with any thing you meet with in this world. The Articles of the Christian Faith will not seem strange to you, but as evident as any thing that is so of itself: your senses will be exercised to discern both good and evil. You will "taste the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come." You will "look at those things which are not seen." You will not only know, but feel, that God is always present with you, that His eye is upon you, that His hand upholds you; that His only-begotten Son became man, and died for you; that "He was delivered for your offences, and raised again for your justification;" that He is now sitting at the right hand of the Father;" that He is your Advocate there, making intercession for you; that "in Him you have redemption through His

blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" that in Him ALMIGHTY GOD is your Father and your GOD; that whenever you meet together in His Name, He is in the midst of you; that whatsoever good thing you ask in His Name shall be granted you; that His HOLY SPIRIT is alway ready to direct, assist, and comfort you; that His Holy Angels minister unto you; that all things work together for your good. For these and many such like things you have the Word of GOD Himself in the Holy Scripture.—*Bp. Beveridge, Serm.* 60.

AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY.

(*Creed.*)

THE High Priest, once a year,
Went in the Holy place,
With garments white and clear;
It was the day of grace.

Without the people stood,
While, unseen and alone,
With incense and with blood,
He did for them atone.

So we without abide,
A few short passing years;
While CHRIST, who for us died,
Before our GOD appears.

Before His Father there
His sacrifice he pleads;
And with unceasing prayer
For us He intercedes.

Hymns on the Catechism.

CHURCH IN THE COLONIES. No. 8.

DIOCESE OF BOMBAY.

GUZERAT MISSION.

THE following account of this mission has been presented to the subscribers to the local Association in its aid, formed at Ahmedabad:—

"REPORT.

"Since the establishment of the mission in June, 1842, eleven persons have been admitted into the visible Church of CHRIST by baptism, in all cases after a period, varying from one to four months, of careful instruction on the nature and obligations of the sacrament; and in the absence of any secular inducement given or held out, the Missionaries would fain hope that conviction of the folly of idolatry and of their need of a SAVIOUR, have influenced them in taking that step. Those who have opportunity are regular attendants on the means of grace, and, as far as can be ascertained, are doing their duty with fidelity and diligence in that state of life to which it has pleased GOD to call them. The last three persons who were baptized were the leader and two principal members of a body of natives at Deesa, who had renounced idolatry, and had been accustomed to meet in the evenings for some time past, for the study of the Scriptures, and religious conversation. These parties are men of high caste, of respectable station and character, and well informed; and, if enabled by help from on high to walk consistently, can hardly fail to produce a beneficial influence on the community in which they dwell. Several others from the same body were desirous of baptism, but as their knowledge appeared scarcely to warrant it, they were postponed to a future visit. Similar bodies of inquirers after truth exist at Puttun and Pahlunpore.

"The English school at Ahmedabad has recently been removed into a central situation, the Dutch factory; and the monthly payment reduced, at the suggestion of the Government inspector of schools, to a merely nominal sum of two annas; it is also daily visited and superintended by the Missionaries. These changes have been productive of the happiest effects; the number now on the books is seventy-nine, and is rapidly increasing; the Scriptures are read by the upper class, and books of a religious character by the lower ones, accompanied by such explanations as may impress the leading truths of Scripture on the understanding and memory, in the hope and prayer that the word of God 'shall not return void, but accomplish that whereunto it is sent.' During the past year divine service has been celebrated on Sundays, and family worship, with a Scripture exposition, daily, in the native language; and, in the continued absence of a chaplain at this station, the duties of that office have been also discharged by the Mission.

"Translations have been made of the Morning and Evening Services, the Litany, with the occasional prayers and thanksgivings following it; and also of the Baptismal and Marriage Services, for the use of native Christians; whilst efforts have been made to influence the heathen population by visiting the various temples, and conversing with the people, by circulating tracts, and by distributing with discrimination the Holy Scriptures."

The Rev. G. Allen gives an interesting account of a band of inquirers whom he had been instructing at Deesa, a station of which his brother, the Rev. J. N. Allen, is at present chaplain:—

"I have mentioned the circumstances of my journey to this place, as well as its principal cause. You will be gratified to hear that by Divine blessing it has not been in vain; but that the two principal

people, the leaders of the body of inquirers after truth, who have for some time renounced idolatry, and have been studying the Scriptures and professing to be guided by them, have embraced Christianity, and have been received into the Church by baptism. There is a blind Catechumen whom I purpose (by God's permission) to baptize next Sunday; and there are others who have expressed a wish for baptism, but as they are very ignorant, and I have reason to fear offer themselves rather from imitation than conviction, I shall postpone them, till I have an opportunity, by Divine permission, of visiting them again. The three above mentioned are intelligent and well-informed men, of good caste, and in easy circumstances; nor is there any other apparent motive than conviction of the truth of the Gospel to be assigned for their receiving it.

"HISTORY OE NURROTAM.

"The history of the first of these persons is curious. He held an appointment in the engineers' department under Government, a sort of preferment much coveted by natives; he was afflicted with a long and dangerous sickness, and after trying various remedies in vain, and as vainly beseeching aid from various idols, he made a vow that if he recovered he would worship the GOD of the Christians, and devote himself to His service. He did recover, and, true to his vow, renounced idolatry, procured a copy of the Guzeratee Scriptures, and read them earnestly. He did this some time before he came into contact with any European or Christian with whom he could communicate. The first whom he met was, I believe, a Scotch Missionary, who explained some difficulties to him, and gave him a general outline of Christian doctrine. He has since sought out any persons within his range who could extend his information, and has thus seen the Bishop and several Missionaries, who have extended their tour in the cold

season to this frontier of civilization, for Deesa is just on the edge of the Scinde desert. He held also several conferences with the late chaplain here, Mr. Pemberton, but their intercourse being through a Mussulman, who either did not understand, or wilfully perverted what was said, it does not appear to have been of much use in removing his difficulties. He came to me a day or two after my arrival, and we were together about three hours. He had many passages of the Old and New Testament marked for inquiry, but I was delighted to find that they were chiefly of a practical kind—a circumstance the more remarkable, as the generality of the Hindoos, especially of well-informed and intelligent ones, are very metaphysical. He was anxious to make the Scriptures his rule of life, and sought information as to the manner of carrying out some of their directions, such as Romans xii. 1, how he should 'present his body a living sacrifice?' whether the practice of Barnabas and others mentioned in Acts iv. was binding still; and if so, to whose custody he ought to commit his property for distribution among the poor? with many similar questions. Amidst all his doubt and uncertainty he had, however, given one decisive evidence of the love of CHRIST being shed abroad in his heart, by the earnestness with which he had devoted himself to the instruction of others. A number of persons assemble at his house several evenings in the week, to the number of from forty to sixty, to whom, arranged in several classes, according to their proficiency, he reads and comments on the Scriptures. They conclude these instructions with a sort of short doxology, shouting together in native style—'To JESUS CHRIST be victory!' Their knowledge, as may be expected, was not very perfect, but they have a teachable spirit, and answered my questions almost in the words of the Ethiopian treasurer, 'How can we understand except some man should guide

us?' They said they had often prayed for an instructor, and looked upon my coming among them as a special answer to prayer. Their belief as to the unity, eternity, and holiness of GOD; the Deity, incarnation, and atonement of CHRIST; the universal depravity of man, and his utter helplessness, appeared sound. Incarnation and atonement are ideas familiar to a Hindoo; but on the personality and operation of the HOLY SPIRIT their notions were not clear. Nurrotam informs me that in several other places there are similar inquirers, whom, if it please GOD, I shall endeavour to visit hereafter.

"UNSETTLED STATE OF HINDOOISM.

"This state of things is a remarkable feature of the present time, because the usual character of a Hindoo is to remain perfectly content with what his father believed and did before him. Several unprincipled pretenders have risen up and availed themselves of this state of feeling for the purpose of founding new sects, and have deceived many. One in particular (a foster-son of the man whom Bishop Heber visited at Nerriad), Sanjee Nerein by name, pretends to be himself an incarnation of GOD. His doctrine is perfectly antinomian, i.e. that if a man's heart is right, which is shown by giving him (Sanjee) half a rupee annually, he may live as he pleases. This fellow is said to have 60,000 followers in Guzerat. There appears, however, nothing of this kind in Nurrotam. Thus there are symptoms of the field whitening for the harvest, but the labourers are few, very few."

"*June* 28.

"There is a movement beginning here amongst the Barrias, a class like the publicans of old, extortioners and most covetous people, somewhat similar to that at Deesa, though at present they are dreadfully afraid of persecution, and in want of a leader: every thing I see convinces me that the minds

of the people are rapidly preparing for some great moral revolution; may GOD direct it to the advancement of the kingdom of his dear SON! This district is in an unsettled state in other respects; the most daring robberies are committed on all sides; and at Deesa the brigade is obliged to use all the precautions usually observed in the face of an enemy. I think, however, that these marauders are chiefly Beloochees and Mahrattas from Scinde and Gwalior, and that no disaffection in the country people is to be inferred from them. If it were so, they might give much trouble.

"ATTACK BY ROBBERS.

"I was attacked on the Deesa road, about twenty-five miles from here, by a gang of thieves, on the night of May the 14th; my escort cut down; my bullock-cart rifled of every thing, and myself narrowly escaping being murdered. My cart bears the mark of a savage sword-cut made at me while I was alighting, which, had not the Bheel providentially miscalculated his distance in the dark, must have cut me nearly in two. I escaped almost naked into the jungle, and after remaining half an hour in a hole at the foot of a tree, in a condition more easily imagined than described, without hearing any tokens of pursuit, I set off to the next village, about three miles, where I found the alarm already given. I had not a farthing, or any thing to barter; was two days' journey from home, and could get nothing without payment; so that for the next twenty-six hours I could obtain nothing to eat. Such an outrage, however, is a rare occurrence; as far as Europeans are concerned, they generally travel in safety." —*From a Quarterly Paper of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Who hast never found a hindrance to the execution of Thy Divine Will; All-merciful GOD, whose very nature is mercy itself, and Who pardonest the most hardened sinners, when they beseech Thee with humbled and contrite hearts; grant us the inestimable gift of a healthful continence; restrain our passions and ill-ordered appetites by the fear of Thy judgments, by the apprehension of displeasing Thee, and inflame our hearts with pure and ardent charity; that so we may love Thee above all things, and our neighbour as Thou hast loved him, and for the love of Thee. And this we beg through the merits of JESUS CHRIST Thy SON. Amen.

This world is fallen on an easier way;
This age knows better than to fast and pray.

Dryden.

St. Paul himself declareth the desire of his heart, which was to be dissolved and loosed from his body, and to be with CHRIST, which (as he said) was much better for him, although to them it was more necessary that he should live, which he refused not for their sakes. Even like as St. Martin said, Good LORD, if I be necessary for thy people to do good unto them, I will refuse no labour: but else, for mine own self, I beseech thee to take my soul.

Homily against Fear of Death.

Faith's meanest deed more favour bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

Lyra Apostolica.

The Churchman's Monthly Companion.

DECEMBER, 1844.

DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE destruction of Jerusalem is a subject of extreme interest on many accounts, but especially from its being a kind of pledge to us of the future destruction of the world. CHRIST, in foretelling the circumstances of the one, foretold the circumstances of the other: the two predictions are so closely connected, that, in some parts, we cannot separate them. It seems, indeed, most probable, that the words are applicable immediately to the destruction of Jerusalem, but that from wishing that event to be a type, as it were, of the destruction of the world, our LORD purposely used language that will also describe that, and some of which was almost too magnificent for the humbler, though very terrible destruction of the guilty Jerusalem.

This destruction was foretold many centuries before Jerusalem was built: it was foretold by Moses himself, in a noble passage of Deuteronomy. "The LORD shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth;" and so on:—"and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst throughout all thy land.—And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the LORD thy GOD hath given thee, in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee:

so that the man that is tender among you and very delicate, his eye shall be evil toward his brother and toward the wife of his bosom, and toward the remnant of his children which he shall leave.—The tender and delicate woman among you, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness and tenderness, her eye shall be evil toward the husband of her bosom, and toward her son and toward her daughter, and toward her young one that cometh out from between her feet, and toward her children that she shall bear: for she shall eat them for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness wherewith thine enemy shall distress thee in thy gates: if thou wilt not observe to do all the words of this law that are written in this book, that thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, THE LORD THY GOD."

Now this singular passage, of which I have quoted but a part, was uttered sixteen hundred[1] years before the event it foretold! It foretold, that if the Jews refused to obey the words of that law, and to fear that glorious and fearful Name, then their city should be destroyed. This passage was inserted in the books of the Jewish law, as a threat intended to secure the obedience of all to whom that law was given. And, like all Jewish prophecy, it is not vague, general description, but particular: a nation may lose all its armies in the field, and with them the heart and the means to make a successful defence of the capital: if the capital is defended, it may be taken by storm; its gates may be thrown open by treachery: or it may be surrendered when honour has been satisfied and success is hopeless. But Moses foresaw, not the destruction only of Jerusalem, but the manner of it: he foretold, not what was most likely, that some powerful neighbour (the monarch of Babylon, or Persia, or Egypt) should destroy it; but a distant nation, and that,

[1] Exodus, 1586 or 1587 B.C. (Ordo Sæclorum).

after a siege, in which the Jews should suffer the most terrible distress by famine, so that even delicate women should devour their own offspring!

Well:—sixteen hundred years passed away,—and few of them without some fearful addition to the catalogue of the nation's sins: the original prediction had been repeated and enlarged by the prophets, but then JESUS came—JESUS who would have gathered Jerusalem, as a hen gathereth her young ones under her wings, but she would not:—JESUS came, and pronounced the final sentence, and all the particulars of its execution.

"As for these things," (He said to His disciples, who were speaking of the goodly stones and gifts with which the Temple was adorned,) "the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down!" His disciples were naturally eager to know the time of this event, and the signs of its approach. He foretold the coming of many pretended Christs,—rumours of wars and commotions,—the actual rising up of nation against nation, and kingdom against kingdom;—the occurrence of great earthquakes in divers places, and famines and pestilences;—and fearful sights and great signs should there be from heaven. He also told them, that before all these things, they should themselves have been persecuted as Christians, and brought before kings and rulers for His Name's sake. Now all this confessedly came to pass. The Christian teachers were persecuted and afflicted, they were brought before kings and rulers for CHRIST's Name:—Peter and John were brought before the Sanhedrim, or Supreme Council of the Jews; James and Peter appeared before king Herod; Paul and Peter before Nero, the Roman emperor; and Paul, before the governors or rulers Gallio, Felix, and Festus. The wars and rumours of wars, and rising up of nation against nation, are notorious. The Romans had wars with the Syrians

and Samaritans. The occurrence of earthquakes, pestilences, and famines, are recorded by the Roman historians, particularly a great famine in the reign of Claudius. Josephus, the Jewish historian, who would feel no anxiety to confirm a prophecy of that CHRIST whom he did not acknowledge, asserts the occurrence of many strange sights in the heavens, among which he mentions the appearance of a comet in the shape of a fiery sword hanging over the city. So, too, the Roman historian Tacitus, who probably derived his statement from Romans who were at the siege—for his ignorance of the Jewish history makes it probable that he had not read Josephus, says :—"Troops were seen to engage in the air;" and so on. So that making all allowance for superstitious terrour, we cannot doubt that He who had foretold the occurrence of signs in the heavens, did really cause such to appear,—to appear as signs, to alarm the wicked, and comfort the believing Christians. There is one particular in our LORD'S prediction that requires notice :—the Christians, who were to remain unshaken by all the preceding terrours, were to wait patiently for the last sign,—till Jerusalem should be actually compassed with armies. Now human prudence would of course say, it is too late to fly, when the evil you are to fly from has begun: he whose city is about to be taken by an enemy, must fly from it before that enemy has begun the siege! But CHRIST ordered the disciples to wait till Jerusalem was actually besieged: and they who did so wait, and then fled from the walls of the doomed city, were saved; not a hair of their heads was injured. Cestius Gallus, the governor of Syria, advanced to Jerusalem; he halted at about eight miles from the city, for his officers had been bribed to encourage delay, that the Jews might have time to prepare for resistance. The same secret influence made him break up the siege, after he had prosperously begun it, and commence his retreat at the very time when

the seditious despaired of further resistance! Thus, then, Jerusalem was compassed by armies, the faithful Christians remained there, even till hope must have been almost lost, if it had been derived from human considerations—but their Divine hope failed them not: the almost victorious army was withdrawn, and then the Christians, in a body, left the city, and retired to Pella, a town beyond the Jordan.

Soon afterwards the completion of Moses's prophecy began. The LORD brought a nation against them from far, from the end of the then known earth: the Romans, who had spread themselves over all the southern and central parts of Europe, and conquered the whole of the civilized world, brought their troops against Jerusalem, under the command of Titus, the emperor's son. When Moses wrote, nothing was known of Europe by the inhabitants of Asia, and Rome was not built till seven centuries afterwards; they were to come as swift as the eagle flieth, and the well-known Roman eagles were the standards under which they marched. It was the season of the Passover, when this memorable siege began: a time when the inhabitants of Judæa, and even the Jews in foreign countries, flocked to Jerusalem, to worship in the Temple: and it was the season when they had crucified CHRIST! One dreadful part of the horrours of this siege was the division of the city into terrible factions, struggling against each other for power, when all were on the very brink of destruction, and filling the wretched city with the blood of her own children. The land had long been filled with a lawless banditti, and now troops of these robbers had come into the city, and obtained the upper hand, after much bloodshed. They had assumed the name of Zealots, and pretended the most perfect devotion to the cause of religion: they put to death those who opposed them, appointed High-Priests, and exercised the most merciless tyranny over all.

Let us now consider the difference between this and, I believe, every other siege. The Jews, as a nation, had experienced the most surprising deliverances—they had prophecies foretelling the glorious reign of a Messiah;—they still, therefore, expected some signal deliverance, and continued to expect it till the last stone almost was cast down. Hence no despair united them all cordially for the common defence; they would all, indeed, fight against the Romans, but the moment they had driven them back, return to more cruel and sanguinary battles amongst themselves. Moreover, the introduction of Christianity had sifted, as it were, the good and bad: the good had believed in CHRIST, and withdrawn themselves from the devoted city: the bad remained, a vast multitude of robbers and persecutors, and sensualists, of men all condemned by GOD for unbelief. Again:—never was so vast a multitude shut up in so small a space: the Passover had brought immense numbers to Jerusalem, and all were enclosed in the net that GOD had thrown over the nation and the city that had crucified His SON, and prayed that His blood might be upon them and upon their children. Think of a vast multitude, from which the good had been sifted, cooped up within the walls of a besieged city, themselves divided into the bitterest factions, filling every place, even the Temple itself, with blood; and soon, of course, becoming a prey to the most terrible famine! The horrours of the famine are thus described by their own historian, Josephus:—"The robbers searched every private house for corn, torturing its inhabitants to confess that they possessed hidden stores of it: for a measure of wheat, the rich man sold valuable possessions, and the poor man gave his all for a handful of barley. Families hid themselves whilst they partook of their scanty meals, each man snatching from the hearth his half-baked cake, or devouring in silence unground and un-

dressed corn. Every moral feeling was extinct: the wife did not admit her husband to share her food; the son suffered his father to perish, and mothers snatched the morsel from their infants' lips." A man's eye was, indeed, evil towards his brother and towards the wife of his bosom, and towards the remnant of his children that he had left. The corpses soon ceased to be buried, and were thrown over the walls into the deep hollows that surrounded the city: deserters flocked to the Romans, but they were considered prisoners, and crucified, till neither wood, nor space for erecting the crosses remained; and the Roman soldiers hung them on these crosses in grotesque postures, unconsciously requiting the derision with which the nation had insulted their crucified REDEEMER! The terrible case foretold by Moses did actually occur:—a mother (Mary, the daughter of Eleazar) destroyed her infant child, dressed it, and offered a portion of it to the robbers, who were attracted by its savour. At length the city was taken; the Temple burnt to the ground, according to our LORD's prediction, but in spite of Titus's great desire to save it. Three towers were left indeed standing, but they had disappeared in the time of Hadrian:—not one stone was left upon another. The number of Jews who perished in this war, in Judæa and in the adjoining countries, is estimated at one million and a half!

In the exact fulfilment of every word of our LORD's prophecy with respect to Jerusalem, we have a pledge, as I before said, of the exact fulfilment of his prophecies about the end of the world. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

As the SON OF MAN came (not in person, indeed, and visibly) to destroy Jerusalem, according to His word, so certainly will He come, but in person visibly, and with great glory,—so certainly will He come upon the clouds of heaven to destroy the

world, and to judge its inhabitants. As He then saved His elect, so will He save them at the last day; He will send forth His Angels with the great voice of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other!

But there is one remarkable and very important difference between the destruction of Jerusalem and the destruction of the world. Minute signs were given to the Christians, by which they might understand that the time of the destruction of Jerusalem was at hand, and the time for flight arrived: it is not so with the destruction of the world: that day will come like a snare on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth: it will come upon us with the stealthy tread of a thief in the night! We are not to take measures to avoid that, when we learn that it is near, but to be taking such measures throughout our whole lives! Faith and obedience, holiness and love;—these are the means by which alone we can escape from that terrible destruction,—and from the doom of eternal misery. "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always:"—this is our LORD'S direction, "that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the SON OF MAN." Heaven and earth shall pass away, but CHRIST'S words shall not pass away. It is certain that CHRIST will come to judgement; that the heavens and the earth that now are, will be destroyed; that we, every one who reads these words,—every one whom we have ever known,—that, in short, every one that has ever breathed,—will be summoned before His throne, and tried by the all-righteous and omniscient JUDGE, according to his works. Who could bear to be tried by JESUS CHRIST this day, according to his works? O, who can tell that one other day, or even the remaining part of to-day, will be allowed him for preparation?

THE JUDGEMENT-DAY.

LORD JESUS, never let our hearts
Forget Thy judgement-day,
When all this heaven and earth shall pass,
Like a burnt scroll, away.

When Thou shalt come, and all Thy hosts,
In glorious array,——
LORD JESUS, never let our hearts
Forget Thy judgement-day.

When Thou shalt come, our every deed
And every thought to weigh,——
LORD JESUS, never let our hearts
Forget Thy judgement-day.

When Thou shalt come, and to Thy foes
Just retribution pay,——
LORD JESUS, never let our hearts
Forget Thy judgement-day.

When Thou shalt come, and on Thy saints
Pour joys that mock decay.
LORD JESUS, never let our hearts
Forget Thy judgement-day.

CALCUTTA.

(From Bp. Heber's Journal.)

THE approach to the city from the fort is striking. We crossed a large green plain, having on the left the Hooghly, with its forest of masts and sails seen through the stems of a double row of trees. On the right hand is the district called Chowringhee, lately a mere scattered suburb, but now almost as closely built as, and very little less extensive than, Calcutta. In front was the esplanade, containing the town-hall, the government-house, and many handsome private dwellings; the whole so like some parts of Peters-

burgh, that it was hardly possible for me to fancy myself any where else. No native dwellings are visible from this quarter, except one extensive but ruinous bazaar. Behind the esplanade, however, are only Tank-square, and some other streets occupied by Europeans. The Durrumtollah and Cossitollah are pretty equally divided between the different nations, and all the west of Calcutta is a vast town, composed of narrow crooked streets, brick bazaars, bamboo huts, and here and there the immense convent-like mansion of some of the more wealthy "Baboos," (the name of the native Hindoo gentlemen, answering to our esquire,) or Indian merchants and bankers. The town-hall has no other merit than size, but the government-house has narrowly missed being a noble structure; it consists of two semicircular galleries, placed back to back, uniting in the centre in a large hall, and connecting four splendid suites of apartments. Its columns are, however, in a paltry style; and instead of having, as it might have had, two noble stories and a basement, it has three stories, all too low, and is too much pierced with windows on every side. I was here introduced to Lord Amherst; and afterwards went to the cathedral, where I was installed. This is a very pretty building, all but the spire, which is short and clumsy. The whole composition, indeed, of the church, is full of architectural blunders; but still it is, in other respects, handsome. The inside is elegant, paved with marble, and furnished with very large and handsome glass chandeliers, the gift of Mr. M'Clintoch, with a light pulpit, with chairs on one side of the chancel for the governor-general and his family, and on the other for the bishop and archdeacon. We dined to-day at the government-house; to a stranger the appearance of the bearded and turbaned waiters is striking.

October 12.—This was Sunday. I preached, and we had a good congregation.

October 13.—We drive out twice a day on the course. I am much disappointed as to the splendour of the equipages, of which I had heard so much in England; the horses are most of them both small and poor, while the dirty-white dresses and bare limbs of their attendants have, to an unaccustomed eye, an appearance of any thing but wealth and luxury. Calcutta stands on an almost perfect level of alluvial and marshy ground, which a century ago was covered with jungle and stagnant pools, and which still almost every where betrays its unsoundness, by the cracks conspicuous in the best houses. To the east, at the distance of four miles and a half, is a large but shallow lagoon of salt water, being the termination of the Sunderbunds; from which a canal is cut pretty nearly to the town, and towards which all the drainings of the city flow; what little difference of level there is, being in favour of the banks of the river. Between the salt lake and the city the space is filled by gardens, fruit-trees, and the dwellings of the natives, some of them of considerable size, but mostly wretched huts, all clustered in irregular groups round large square tanks, and connected by narrow, winding, unpaved streets and lanes, amid tufts of bamboos, coco-trees, and plantains, picturesque and striking to the sight, but extremely offensive to the smell, from the quantity of putrid water, the fumes of wood smoke, coco-nut oil, and above all the ghee, which is to the Hindoo his principal luxury. Few Europeans live here, and those few, such as the missionaries employed by the Church Missionary Society in Mirzapoor, are said to suffer greatly from the climate. Even my sircar, though a native, in speaking of the neighbouring district of Dhee Intally, said that he himself never went near the "bad water" which flows up from the salt-water lake, without sickness and head-ache.

To the south a branch of the Hooghly flows also into the Sunderbunds. It is called by Europeans

Tolly's nullah, but the natives regard it as the true Gunga, the wide stream being, as they pretend, the work of human and impious hands at some early period of their history. In consequence, no person worships the river between Kidderpoor and the sea, while this comparatively insignificant ditch enjoys all the same divine honours which the Ganges and the Hooghly enjoy during the earlier parts of their course. The banks of the Tolly's nullah are covered by two large and nearly contiguous villages, Kidderpoor and Allypoor, as well as by several considerable European houses, and are said to be remarkably dry and wholesome. To the north is a vast extent of fertile country, divided into rice-fields, orchards, and gardens, covered with a thick shade of fruit-trees, and swarming with an innumerable population[1]. This tract resembles, in general appearance, the eastern suburb, but is drier, healthier, and more open; through it lie the two great roads to Dum Dum and Barrackpoor. Westward flows the Hooghly, at least twice as broad as the Thames below London-bridge, covered with large ships and craft of all kind, and offering on its further bank the prospect of another considerable suburb, that of Howrah, chiefly inhabited by ship-builders, but with some pretty villas interspersed. The road which borders Calcutta and Chowringhee is called, whimsically enough, "the circular road," and runs along nearly the same line which was once occupied by a wide ditch and earthen fortification, raised on occasion of the Maharatta war.

From the north-west angle of the fort to the city, along the banks of the Hooghly, is a walk of pounded brick, covered with sand, the usual material of the roads and streets in and near Calcutta, with a row of trees on each side, and about its centre a flight of steps to descend to the river, which in the morning, a little after sunrise, is generally crowded with per-

[1] Occupying the large suburbs of Cossipoor, Chitpoor, &c.

sons washing themselves and performing their devotions, of which, indeed, ablution is an essential and leading part. The rest consists, in general, in repeatedly touching the forehead and cheeks with white, red, or yellow earth, and exclamations of "Ram! ram!" There are some Brahmins, however, always about this time seated on the bank under the trees, who keep counting their beads, turning over the leaves of their banana-leaf books, and muttering their prayers with considerable seeming devotion, and for a long time together. These are "Gooroos," or religious teachers, and seem considerably respected. Children and young persons are seen continually kneeling down to them, and making their little offerings; but the wealthier Hindoos seldom stop their palanquins for such a purpose. Where the esplanade-walk joins Calcutta, a very handsome quay is continued along the side of the river, resembling in every thing but the durability of material the quays of Petersburgh. It is unhappily of brick instead of granite, and is as yet unfinished, but many houses and public buildings are rising on it, and it bids fair to be a very great additional ornament and convenience to Calcutta. Vessels of all descriptions, to the burden of six hundred tons, may lie almost close up to this quay, and there is always a crowd of ships and barks, as well as a very interesting assemblage of strangers of all sorts and nations, to be seen. Of these perhaps the Arabs, who are numerous, are the most striking, from their comparative fairness, their fine bony and muscular figures, their noble countenances and picturesque dress. They are said to be extremely intelligent, bold, and active, but very dirty in their ships, and excessively vain and insolent whenever they have the opportunity of being so with impunity.

The crowd on this quay, and in every part of Calcutta, is great. No fighting, however, is visible, though we hear a great deal of scolding. A Hindoo

hardly ever strikes an equal, however severely he may be provoked. The Arabs, as well as the Portuguese, are less patient; and at night frays, and even murders, in the streets are of no unfrequent occurrence, chiefly, however, among the two descriptions of persons whom I have named. There are among the Hindoos very frequent instances of murder, but of a more cowardly and premeditated kind. They are cases chiefly of women murdered from jealousy, and children for the sake of the silver ornaments with which their parents are fond of decorating them. Out of thirty-six cases of murder reported in the province of Bengal, during the short space of, I believe, three months, seventeen were of children under these circumstances.

Though no slavery legally exists in the British territories at this moment, yet the terms and gestures used by servants to their superiors, all imply that such a distinction was, at no distant date, very common. "I am thy slave," "Thy slave hath no knowledge," are continually used as expressions of submission and of ignorance. In general, however, I do not think that the Bengalee servants are more submissive or respectful to their masters than those of Europe. The habit of appearing with bare feet in the house, the manner of addressing their superiors by joining the hands, as in the attitude of prayer, at first give them such an appearance; but these are, in fact, nothing more than taking off the hat, or bowing, in England; and the person who acts thus is as likely to speak saucily or neglect our orders as any English footman or groom. Some of their expressions, indeed, are often misunderstood by new comers as uncivil, when nothing less than incivility is intended. If you bid a man order breakfast, he will answer, "Have I not ordered it?" or, "Is it not already coming?" merely meaning to express his own alacrity in obeying you. They are, on the whole, intelligent, and are very attentive to supply your wishes, even

half, or not at all expressed. Masters seldom furnish any liveries, except turbans or girdles, which are of some distinctive colour and lace; the rest of the servant's dress is the cotton shirt, caftan, and trowsers of the country; and they are by no means exact as to its cleanliness. The servants of the governor-general have very handsome scarlet and gold caftans.

At Barrackpoor[1], for the first time, I mounted an elephant, the motion of which I thought far from disagreeable, though very different from that of a horse. As the animal moves both feet on the same side at once, the sensation is like that of being carried on a man's shoulders. A full-grown elephant carries two persons in the "howdah," besides the "mohout," or driver, who sits on his neck, and a servant on the crupper behind, with an umbrella. The howdah itself, which Europeans use, is not unlike the body of a small gig, but without a head. The native howdahs have a far less elevated seat, and are much more ornamented. At Calcutta, or within five miles of it, no elephants are allowed, on account of the frequent accidents which they occasion by frightening horses. Those at Barrackpoor were larger animals than I had expected to see! two of them were at least ten feet high. That which Lord Amherst rode, and on which I accompanied him, was a very noble fellow, dressed up in splendid trappings, which were a present from the king of Oude, and ornamented all over with fish, embroidered in gold,—a device which is here considered a badge of royalty. I was amused by one peculiarity, which I had never before heard of; while the elephant is going on, a man walks by his side, telling him where to tread, bidding him "take care," "step out," warning him that the road is rough, slippery, &c., all which the animal is supposed to understand, and take his measures accordingly. The mohout says nothing, but guides him by pressing

[1] The country residence of the governor-general.

his legs to his neck on the side to which he wishes him to turn, urging him forwards with the point of a formidable goad, and stopping him by a blow on the forehead with the butt-end of the same instrument. The command these men have over their elephants is well known; and a circumstance lately occurred of one of them making a sign to his beast, which was instantly obeyed, to kill a woman who had said something to offend him. The man was executed before our arrival.

THE INCARNATION.

God became Man. He hath vouchsafed to us a nearness to Himself, which he gave not to Angel or Archangel. What He gave not to Michael, the Captain of the Heavenly Host, to whom He gave power to cast forth Satan out of Heaven; nor to the Angels who ever stand before Him, and behold His face, and are filled with His glory; nor to the Seraphim, who, ever kindled with the fire of His love, live in continual nearness of contemplation; nor to any of the Thrones, or Dominions, or Principalities, or Powers who fill the court of Heaven;—that He has bestowed upon us, the last and lowest of His rational Creation, and that, when fallen. "He took not on Him the nature of Angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." In his unutterable humility He passed by all that was pure, and holy, and obedient; in His awful justice He passed by the fallen spirits, and came to us, in ourselves of all the least, and now having on us that loathsome taint of sin by which we were steeped through and through, so that we had no soundness left, He took us, "the likeness of our sinful flesh," our very flesh, Himself without sin.—"The Word became flesh."

Most of us have heard so often, and have prepared ourselves so little, year by year, fitly to celebrate this Divine mystery, when, placed before our very eyes,

we might almost see our LORD, "for us men and for our salvation come down from heaven," and become a little child: we so little meditate, that this deepest depth of Divine mercy affects us but little, and love waxes cold, and other faith becomes unsound, because people have never filled their minds with the belief of this. Of old the Church, when it uttered the words of the Creed, "And was incarnate of the HOLY GHOST," fell down on its knees to worship Him, bowed down to the earth by the sense of His boundless love and gracious lowliness; it sunk adoring to the earth at the thought of the awful mercy of its GOD.—*Pusey.*

PRAYER.—*(St. Chrysostom.)*

"Continue in prayer," says St. Paul, "watching in the same with thanksgiving." For since continuing in prayers frequently makes persons listless, therefore he saith watching, that is sober, not wandering. For the Devil knoweth, he knoweth how great a good prayer is, therefore he presseth heavily. And Paul also knoweth how careless many are when they pray; wherefore he saith, Continue in prayer, as if somewhat laborious; watching in the same with thanksgiving. "For let this," he saith, "be your work, to give thanks in your prayers both for the seen and the unseen, and for his benefits to the willing and unwilling, and for the kingdom, and for hell, and for tribulation, and for refreshment." For thus is the custom of saints to pray, and to give thanks for the common benefits of all."

I know a certain holy man who prayeth thus:—

"We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits shown forth upon us the unworthy, from the first day until the present; for what we know and what we know not, for the seen and for the unseen, for those in deed, those in word, those with our wills, those against our wills; for all that have been bestowed

upon the unworthy, even us; for tribulations, for refreshments, for hell, for punishment, for the kingdom of heaven. We beseech Thee to keep our soul holy, having a pure conscience, an end worthy of Thy loving-kindness. Thou that lovedst us so as to give Thy Only-begotten for us, grant us to become worthy of Thy love; give us wisdom in Thy word and in Thy fear, Only-begotten CHRIST; inspire the strength that is from Thee. Thou that gavest Thy Only-begotten for us, and hast sent Thy HOLY SPIRIT for the remission of our sins, if in aught we have wilfully or unwillingly transgressed, pardon and impute it not. Remember all that call upon Thy name in truth; remember all that wish us well, or the contrary, for we are all men."

Then having added the Prayer of the Faithful[1], he there endeth, having made that prayer as a certain crowning part, and a binding together for all.

REVERENCE FOR WHAT IS GOOD.

THE feeling of reverence for what is good and holy is the most important feeling that we can cultivate; it is a feeling that is to be as immortal as our own souls; it is to outlive even that faith which it here accompanies and cherishes; for faith will no more exist when we see face to face; there is no room for belief, or faith, when we know and cannot doubt. But reverence will not die in heaven, but grow and flourish there. All purest natures, the natures of, not glorified saints only, but of angels and archangels, reverence, and will for ever reverence, as they will for ever love, the all-holy, the all-perfect GOD, in Whose presence they live and rejoice. Reverence, therefore, for what is good and holy is the principle that it should be the business of our lives to cultivate, both in ourselves and in our children. Faith itself,

[1] The Lord's Prayer.

to which the promises are given, if it could be separated from reverence and reverential fear, would be worthless; it would be no Christian faith, no justifying faith, but a faith of devils, a condemning faith. The devils both believe in GOD's existence and fear GOD's power; but they do not and cannot love Him, whom they know to exist; they do not reverence Him whom they fear. And being thus without reverence or love for GOD, there is no seed of good in them that can be warmed and cherished into life by Him who is the Sun of righteousness; and thus their fall has no recovery; no place of penitence is left for them, no restoration to favour and grace is possible.

As you value, then, the precious souls of your dear children, nurse and cultivate in them the feeling of reverence, which is, be assured, very closely connected with tenderness of conscience, and that trusting spirit, that is the germ from which holy faith springs forth, with her blossoms of hope, and her fruits of charity and good works.

When our SAVIOUR took the little children in His arms, He blessed them, and taught the disciples, and through them the world, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and surely, besides their comparative innocence, purity, and guilelessness, one great part of what is heavenly in the mind and character of childhood, is the trusting spirit with which they listen to the words of those whom they respect and love. Imagine an intelligent child listening to a tale of some foreign land, of sunnier skies and brighter flowers than are known in our northern climate, of strange customs and strange animals, and so on. No doubt betrays itself on the earnest, eager face of the little listener; the words thus attentively drunk in are the words of one older and wiser than the child, and who, as such, is respected. And so, when we hear of glories unknown to this world, of a heavenly Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with pure gold, and

the LORD GOD is the light thereof, we should listen with no particle of doubt, with the full, the reverential belief of a child—a child with the simplicity, the trustingness (if I may so say), the reverence of its character still uninjured by the world.

Richly will those parents be, in all probability, rewarded, who do, in a Christian spirit, cultivate in their children this feeling of reverence; for they are the objects towards whom the feeling will principally exist, (I mean of earthly objects.) And oh! how sweet it is to a parent to find that the child preserves, as it grows up, the respect, the reverence, that gave grace to its earlier love. How very sweet it is to receive from the grown man or woman the signs and proofs of respectful though tender affection! If any of you who are parents, are not happy enough to have had experience of this, you may know the opposite of it,—how bitter the pain is to be slighted by a child, despised by one for whom you have done and suffered so much, for one who exists but by your care, and whom you love, or have loved, with so tender an affection.

For the sake, then, of your own happiness, for the sake of your children's happiness, both in this world and in the next, teach them to reverence all things and persons to whom reverence is due.

In the first place, you must teach your children to reverence yourselves. You must require from them respectful behaviour to you, and immediate exact obedience to your commands. They are to learn reverence for GOD by practising reverence towards you; they are to learn obedience to God by practising obedience to you. Your word is to be their law; and you are never to allow yourselves to be treated by them with disrespect.

Now, to secure this respect you must try to deserve it; to secure their obedience, you must try to make it possible for them to pay you a willing obedience. Their respect is best secured, of course, by

good conduct generally, and by kind and temperate conduct towards them. They will not respect you, if they see you violent, or coarse in language, dirty in habits, selfish, drunken. Such parents cannot long be respected even by their children. Nor will a cold manner, much less a harsh manner towards them retain their affection; and without affection, reverence or respect has but a poor chance of living long. Their obedience must be secured by letting your rules be few, but kept to without any exception. They should also be, as far as possible, well known. If it often happens that a child is scolded or punished for what it did not know to be wrong or forbidden, it will be vexed, impatient, soured, always living in uncertainty, and therefore never obeying known rules cheerfully, because never sure that that will be enough to save them from punishment, and secure approbation.

It will not be enough, however, that your children should be taught to reverence you, they have duties towards others: they must respect both the feelings and the rights—both strict rights and fair claims—of others. It is very important that you should remember this; for it is more and more forgotten, I fear, every day, in this selfish and conceited age of ours. To be courteous, to render honour to whom honour is due; in honour to prefer one another; to suffer long; to forgive all the offences that men can crowd, or conceive it possible to crowd, into a day: —such are the duties of a Christian. And will a Christian by baptism perform such duties? will he have such feelings as can—not make him, but—let him perform them, unless they are cultivated, and nursed, and strengthened by practice in childhood? The child is, in this sense, the father of the man:—the child makes the man what he is; and the child must be made courteous, if the man is to be courteous; must be made to be respectful to others, and to observe their rights, if the man is to be respectful

to others, and to observe their rights. This is a great point: you must feel that a great principle is at stake; and that the character of a child is formed in its little games and goings-on of every day, in its intercourse with its play-fellows. Never allow a child to use angry words to its brothers and sisters, or its other companions: never let it take away their play-things: encourage it in the wish and readiness to lend its own: make the younger obey the elder, the elder be kind and considerate to the younger:—teach them to submit cheerfully to the little wrongs and injuries (little in themselves, but great to them), which will occasionally be committed against them by others. Insist upon their respect to their superiors in rank, and upon kind attention to their inferiors: and when they have little friends to visit them, teach them the duties of all the members of a family towards the guests of a family, who are, as such, to be first considered and attended to. So will your children rise above that roughness, that inconsiderate conduct towards others, that selfishness, that standing up for rights (real or fancied—fancied nine times out of ten), that are such common, such disagreeable faults of character; and, what is far worse, such utterly unchristian tempers and habits.

I need hardly say, that reverence and respectful conduct towards man, is chiefly valuable as it leads to reverence towards GOD, and towards such places, seasons, and persons as are dedicated to GOD'S service.

The first great lesson of reverence to GOD must be in your conversations to the child about GOD, and in its first prayers. Be sure, in your conversations about GOD, to speak to your children in a grave, earnest tone; and make your children repeat their simple prayers in the same serious manner. Never let them begin to pray, till they have been, for a few minutes, quiet and composed: always make them kneel down, at your knees, or by the side of their beds, with their little hands placed together—and

then, as I before said, let their utterance be slow, earnest, and reverential—but simple, not affected in tone, but natural; and a solemn earnest tone is very natural to a child, and requires but little encouragement. When the prayer is ended, put the child to bed at once, without allowing more play, or even questions or chattering about common subjects.

Again, let Sunday be a day on which riotous playing is forbidden: it is important that the child should begin early to restrain itself on this day, and to hallow it. Of course this sort of observance need not begin till the child is old enough to understand the nature of the day, and the commanded duty of hallowing it.

Lastly, your children must be taught to reverence GOD'S church and GOD'S ministers. You may teach a child very early, that a church is a building where GOD has promised to hear men's prayers, even more than in their own houses; that GOD and CHRIST are present there, in some higher sense than that in which they are present every where: you can teach them, therefore, how awful the place is; how they should love it, and fear to behave ill, or merely carelessly, in it. You can teach them, where they ought to kneel, and where to sit and stand; where the service is prayer, and where it is praise, and where it is reading GOD'S word. You can teach them what Baptism is: you can bring them, too, to see other little children brought, to be there made CHRIST'S children! You can tell them often, how they were made CHRIST'S by baptism; and how it was promised for them, that they should love and obey CHRIST. You can show them why Christian men love to be buried in holy ground around a church,—that even in death their bodies may not be separated from the neighbourhood of the Church's intercessions and prayers and praises!—you may teach them why the body is to be reverenced; and why the place is to be reverenced where the bodies

of Christian men are laid, to show their faith in CHRIST'S promises through the Church, and the faith of their friends and survivors.

Oh, my brethren, let us who are parents faint not in this task of training up the young to a reverence for GOD and man!—a reverence for all holy things, and times, and persons. So shall we do what in us lies, to bring round again that holy and humble feeling, that courtesy, that meekness, that charity, that forgiveness of injuries, that sinking of a man's self and his own interests in the Church and the eternal interests of the Church, and therefore of all its members and the whole world, that once formed the character of CHRIST'S disciples,—the humble, earnest, reverential holiness of Christian men!

CHRIST'S COMING.

IN patient faith, till CHRIST shall come,
To call his duteous servants home,
  Our hearts and minds we keep;
Still looking for that glorious day
When heaven and earth shall melt away,
  And saints awake from sleep.

Then earth's rebellious tribes shall wail,
And sinful hearts with terror fail;
  While saints, despised so long,
From east and west, and south and north,
By angel-trumpets summoned forth,
  Raise one triumphant song.

Rev. J. Moultrie.

THE END.

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